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A VISIT TO THE SHRINES OF OLD VIRGINIA.



"MASTER DON'T 'LOW HIS HORSES TO BE OVER-DRUV."

IT was thirty years ago. Since that time the wheels of Progress have been rattling onward with remorseless speed: the times have changed, and men and manners have changed with them. Among the ruins are many things which we cannot regret, and some things which we may find both sweet and profitable to remember. It was thirty years

ago, on a pleasant autumn morning, that I stepped from the deck of the James River steamer on to the rickety pier at Grove Landing, a point some thirty miles above Norfolk. The approach of the boat aroused the only occupant of the wharf, a drowsy, frowzy negro, who sat astride of a log apparently absorbed in angling, but who, perceiving a couple

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VOL. XXIII.—25

353

of gentlemen passengers landed, rubbed his eyes, drew up his line and examined the hook, from which the bait had been nibbled; then, adjusting his rags, came forward and obsequiously offered to tote our luggage to the shore. His services being accepted, he balanced himself with a travelling-bag in each hand and led the way by the long platform which stretched across the shallow water between the



"KIN I TÔTE YOUR LUGGAGE, SAH?"

landing and the shore, then up the bank, through a grove of overshadowing trees, to a forlorn wooden shanty which served the purpose of store, dwelling, stage-office, hotel and grogshop, combining all the attractions and conveniences of a village under one dilapidated roof.

From this description it will be readily understood that Grove Landing was not the terminus of mine, nor likely to be of any one else's journeying, but only a place of transit; and I may take this opportunity to reveal the fact that I was bound for the city of Williamsburg, once the proud capital of the Ancient Dominion, and still the central point of its early history and traditions.

My fellow-traveller was a native of the soil, an officer of the United States navy

on leave and proposing to spend Christmas among his kindred. He had recently returned from a long voyage to the antipodes, while I was visiting the classic ground for the first time; so we readily fraternized in our eagerness to get over the seven miles which lay between us and our destination. But "luck in leisure" seemed to be the watchword at Grove Landing, and during the two hours we waited for the hack we sincerely regretted that human joys and sorrows were not even more transitory than they are generally represented.

It was high noon before we got started, but the roads were level and reasonably good, and our black Jehu, exhilarated by the movement, sung, whistled and cracked his whip with an energy that cheered our hopes and restored our good-humor. After a spurt of half a mile, however, the enthusiasm began to subside. The driver laid up his whip and commenced droning a Methodist hymn in long-drawn semibreves, while the horses jogged and our antiquated vehicle swayed and creaked in lazy consonance. Amidst the unbroken level of empty stubble-fields and dim woodlands there was nothing either to attract the eye or amuse the mind. My fellow-passenger evidently chafed to realize the long-anticipated home-greeting. I was a

philosopher—that is to say, on occasions—but for several hours I had been cherishing an enviable appetite until it had become perhaps unenviable. Anticipating famous cheer at Williamsburg, and determined not to commit "prandicide," I had contemptuously rejected all the ignoble lunches of crackers and cheese, cakes and beer, herrings and whiskey, suggested at the landing. So, when the impatient sailor at length opened on the driver and team with the most caustic and expressive terms in the marine vocabulary, I joined him with a will. The impassive brutes paid less heed to our well-meant efforts than they might have done to the song of a mosquito. Conscious of failure, we tacked and manœuvred with civil remonstrances and en-

treaties. Softened by these, our Jehu dropped a stave or two of his hymn and informed us that his "master didn't 'low the critters to be over-driv." We next condescended to bribery, and, contributing a quarter each, chucked them to the conductor with the remark that his team was more likely to suffer from being "under-driv." At this he smiled from ear to ear, pocketed the cash, took up the whip and chirruped briskly to his horses.

The next mile was accomplished merrily. There was a long stretch of level road before us, and through the haze we could faintly discern the distant steeples of Williamsburg rising above the woods. Suddenly its speed was checked, and our vehicle brought to a full stop in the re-entering angle of a worm fence. The driver shuffled down from his box, unharnessed his horses, and, jumping the fence, started for a barn about half a mile distant. The officer shouted after him to demand the meaning of this sudden desertion.

"Gwine to feed, sah," he replied, and, stumbling on his way, was soon beyond reproach or remonstrance.

"Becalmed in sight of port!" said my comrade with a sigh, then settled himself for a nap.

Half an hour later the neighing of the horses signalled the return of the driver, who was accompanied by a lad of his own race, each hugging an armful of husked corn. This was deposited in the fence-corner under the noses of the expectant animals, who spent another half hour or more in munching it. This operation was overlooked by the negroes from the top rail, where they sat gossiping and caw-cawing like a pair of crows. When the horses had worried through their allowance we started again, and soon trotted gayly through the main street of Williamsburg, passing the Raleigh and drawing rein in front of Hansford's City Hotel, in its exterior and internal appointments resembling an old-fashioned village inn.

It was three P. M.: the usual dinner-hour was past, but my appetite brooked no further ceremony, so I ordered some-

thing cold to be served as soon as possible. After a very reasonable delay I was ushered into the dining-room, where I found the benign and corpulent landlord standing at the head of a table that would have seated and supplied a dozen persons, although I was the only guest in the house at the time.

- Indicating my seat by a courteous wave of the hand, he proceeded to deliver him-



"THE HAM, SAH, WAS A FAILURE."

self of an apology for the absence of the crowning dish of every meal in Old Virginia: "I am sorry to say, sah, the ham to-day was a failure, sah. I sent that black rascal to the farm this morning, and he brought me a ham that was a little suspicious—so much so that I couldn't allow it to appear, sah. Niggers have no judgment, sah—never will learn anything, sah. Very sorry, indeed, sah."

The board over which this apology was delivered was spread with a superb saddle of roasted mutton, cold, with a salad and potatoes, flanked by five dishes of fresh and succulent York River oysters—stewed, fried, broiled, scalloped and raw. Sharp-set as I was, I made a ceremonious response to mine host's speech, expressing my appreciation of the noble spread before me, and regretting that I

might not be able to do it full justice. My performance, however, quite relieved the good man's mind in regard to the ham, and certainly rewarded me for the abstinence and vexations of the day.

The friend whom I expected to meet here, and who was to be my *cicerone* in this interesting region, had not yet arrived, so I only glanced at the broad, grass-grown streets and antiquated buildings of the quiet city, and then retired to arrange the fossils and botanical specimens I had collected, and finally to rest.

As the next morning was fair, and my friend would probably not arrive until the afternoon, I concluded to occupy the time by a visit to the site of old Jamestown, seven or eight miles distant. The landlord furnished the horse, and I took the road after an early breakfast. My steed was spirited and well-gaited, the road through level woodlands admitted of rapid travelling, and after an hour's ride I found myself near a farm-house on the banks of the swampy bayou which separates Jamestown Island from the mainland. I here discovered that I had missed the direct road, which by means of a causeway and bridge affords a dry passage over to the island.

I had the alternative of seeking this road by a circuitous and somewhat confused path, or of leaving my horse and boating across the bayou directly to the tower, which seemed quite near at hand as it loomed up above the low horizon. I accepted the latter, and tying my horse securely to a tree embarked in a heavy scow, and with much labor rolled and paddled up the stream toward my destination. Half an hour of this work quite exhausted me, and the tower seemed as far off as when I started; so, pushing my leaky and unmanageable vessel through an extensive thicket of rushes and cat-tails, I at length effected a landing on terra firma, and thence on foot made a bee-line for my landmark. A weary walk through tangled grass and over ploughed fields brought me to the site of ancient Jamestown, and here, upon a broken tombstone, I sat down to rest and woo the melancholy Muse of History.

It was on this spot (May 13, 1607) that

our ancestral adventurers planted the seed whose growth in two centuries and a half has overshadowed the New World. The settlement is thus described by an old writer: "The place they chose was a peninsula, two-thirds thereof being encompassed by the river Powhatan, and the other third by a small narrow river, capable, however, of receiving vessels of an hundred tons almost as far as the main river; and at spring tides it overflows and runs into the Powhatan, making the place a perfect island, containing about two thousand acres of firm land, besides a great deal of marshy ground; which situation was looked upon as a great security against the attacks of the Indians." . . . "They landed all the men here that were intended to be left in the country, and began to erect a slight fort, which they barricaded with trees, and built some few huts, to which they gave the name of *Jamestown*."

It was natural and appropriate enough that these loyal Englishmen should have remembered their most gracious sovereign and patron in naming their first establishment in this new land, but posterity will ever regret their bad taste in substituting the funkeyish appellation of "Jeems's River" for the euphonious and majestic "Powhatan."

The facilities for acquiring land in this wild country so encouraged and exaggerated the Englishman's characteristic passion for rural independence that neither the inconveniences and dangers of isolation nor governmental authority could induce these settlers to remain in towns, or even in convenient proximity to each other. The very mechanics imported for the needs of the colony quitted their trades and turned planters. For this reason city building has never flourished in Old Virginia, and Jamestown in its palmiest days was never more than a very modest village. In 1698, after having been the capital and chief town of the colony for ninety-one years, it was nearly destroyed by fire, and Governor Nicholson took advantage of the circumstance to remove the seat of government to the Middle Plantations. From this double misfortune Jamestown never recovered, but

continued to depopulate and perish gradually. A writer describing it in 1737 says it had not more than three- or four-score houses, chiefly storehouses and sailors' taverns. Thereafter it sunk into such obscurity that history fails to note the precise date when the last light twinkled in its darkening windows and its last hearth-stone grew cold. There are those yet living who can remember when several ruined chimneys, some lines of brick foundation-walls and one decaying, tenantless

house were still visible; but beneath the grinding ploughshare and the encroaching waters of the river these have long since disappeared. Now no trace of the ancient settlement remains, except this lonely church-tower and the graveyard overgrown with trees and wild vines. The tower is of brick, ten or twelve feet square, from twenty-five to thirty in height and picturesquely draped with a growth of the Virginia creeper. The graveyard adjacent is quite small, probably less



VIEW OF JAMESTOWN POINT, LOOKING UP THE RIVER.

than twenty yards square, enclosed by a low crumbling wall and crowded with memorials of the dead. Some of the tombs are of fine marble richly carved, with inscriptions in Latin, others of coarser material and workmanship, lettered in antiquated English, the whole so worn and blackened by time, broken and scattered by iconoclastic idlers, overgrown by roots and wild briers, that I found not a single epitaph fully legible. One fragment only remains impressed upon my memory, that of some innocent "child-wife" of two hundred years ago gone to her early rest—"Ursula Beverly, wife of . . . Beverly, aged 17 years . . ."

It is evident that the graveyard, with all its brick and marble memorials, will shortly be absorbed, literally devoured

by the vigorous growth which occupies and overshadows it. The undermining river is also perceptibly approaching the site of the tower, and in a few years there will be nothing left of Jamestown but a tradition.

At this point in my reflections I was interrupted by the approach of a stout, red-faced man in a broad-brimmed hat, who rode up and saluted me with that frank courtesy which is native to this region. We mutually introduced ourselves. He was overseer of the Jamestown Island estate, now belonging to Mr. Allen of Clifton: I was a sentimental tourist visiting the ruins—both well-understood characters and requiring no further explanations. Seeing it was now past noon, he politely entreated me to

visit the plantation-house and partake of some refreshment; and as I was afoot and the house nearly a mile distant, he dismounted, urgently insisting that I should use his horse. This I declined with thanks, but accepted the invitation to refresh; so he rode rapidly homeward to prepare for my coming, while I followed at my leisure. The plantation-house was a large double brick mansion located in a pleasant grove of trees near the river, which is a mile or more in width at this point. Here I found a substantial lunch already served, of which I partook, prefacing it with the essential dram—a lowland custom supposed to counteract the effects of malaria and bad water.

Amid the perishing ruins of bricks and mortar and the mouldering tombs of many successive generations it is pleasant to observe how bravely a people will cling to the good old customs of their ancestors. More than two centuries ago a writer thus described the habits of the Virginia settlers: "The English inhabitants are very courteous to travellers, who need no other recommendation but the being human creatures. A stranger has no more to do but to inquire upon the road where any gentleman or good housekeeper lives, and there he may depend upon his being received with hospitality. This good-nature is so very general among their people that the gentry, when they go abroad, order their principal servants to entertain all visitors with everything the plantation affords, and the poor planters who have but one bed will very often sit up or lie upon a form or couch all night to make room for a weary traveller to repose himself."

Taking leave of my entertainer, I walked back by the road across the causeway to the point where I had left my horse. I was somewhat shocked at missing him from the spot where I had tied him, but was agreeably relieved presently to find him safely stabled and revelling in corn and fodder. The farmer had volunteered this civility during my long absence, remarking that "he didn't like to see a critter suffering," and then declined my offer of remuneration with a look of dig-

nified surprise. An hour's gallop took me back to Williamsburg, where I was sincerely gratified to meet the friend I had been expecting.

This gentleman had been from his youth a zealous collector of the family records and local traditions connected with the history of his native State, and by simply observing the cast of features, voice and bearing of any dashing youth he chanced to meet could name his race and ancestry with surprising accuracy; while there was not a decaying plantation-house, lonely chimney, mouldering tombstone or archaeological brick in the land with whose legend he was not familiar. In the great house and the cabin he was always a welcome and honored guest, and landed magnate, learned professor, sallow oyster-scaper or superannuated negro all alike met him with a smile of friendly recognition and claimed a shake of his venerable hand.

If with such a Mentor as my companion in this land of traditions I have failed to note anything especially worthy of remembrance, or have fallen into errors and misconceptions, it must be charged to my flippant and superficial nature, for thirty years ago I esteemed the things of the past as lightly as I now do those of the present.

This site was first settled by Englishmen in 1632 under the name of the "Middle Plantations." Sixty-six years afterward, when Governor Nicholson made it the seat of the colonial government, it seems to have been still an insignificant village of not more than thirty or forty scattered houses. There seem also to have been differences of opinion among the old-time folks about capital-moving, just as there are nowadays. One writer says: "Soon after his [Governor Nicholson's] accession to the government he procured the Assembly and courts of judicature to be removed from Jamestown (where there were good accommodations for people) to Middle Plantations, where there were none. There he flattered himself with the fond imagination of being the founder of a new city. He marked out the streets in many places, so that they

might represent the figure of a W, in memory of His late Majesty, after whose name the town was called Williamsburg: there he procured a stately fabric to be erected, which he placed opposite to the college and graced with the magnificent name of the Capitol." Judging the past from the present, we may imagine the sarcastic tone of this paragraph to have been prompted by an interest in Jamestown lots.

The Williamsburg speculator views the

subject through different glasses, thus: "The first metropolis, Jamestown, was built in the most convenient place for trade and security against the Indians, but often received much damage, being twice burnt down, after which it never recovered its perfection, consisting at present of nothing but abundance of brick rubbish and three or four good inhabited houses." . . . "When the Statehouse and prison were burnt down, Governor Nicholson removed the residence



THE OLD CHURCH-TOWER, JAMESTOWN.

of the governor, with the meetings of the general courts and General Assemblies, to Middle Plantations, seven miles from Jamestown, in a healthier and more convenient place and freer from the annoyance of moschetoes." . . . "Here he laid out the city of Williamsburg, in the form of a cipher made of W and M, on a ridge at the head-springs of two great creeks, one running into the James and the other into the York River, which are each navigable for sloops within a mile

of the town; at the head of which creeks are good landings and lots laid out and dwelling-houses and warehouses built; so that this town is most conveniently situated in the middle of the lower part of Virginia, commanding two noble rivers, not above four miles from either, and is much more commodious and healthful than if built upon a river."

Notwithstanding all these advantages, and the governor's zeal to build up his new city, Williamsburg, during the eighty

years of its capitoline honors, never contained more than two thousand inhabitants. In 1779, following the predestined "course of empire," the seat of government was removed to Richmond. Since that date the city of Williamsburg has continued to dwindle. Its broad avenues and spacious areas have grown into green and pleasant pasture-grounds; an occasional conflagration has hastened the ruin of its empty government buildings; and even the famous college, with its seven endowed professorships, although reckoned among the things of life, stands like "some banquet-hall deserted," having at



A LANDED PROPRIETOR.

this session but seventeen students in attendance. Notwithstanding these general indications of decadence, Williamsburg still retains much to remind us of its ancient dignity. This was evidently no common village huddled together for the convenience of artisans and hucksters. The haughty individuality of its quaint, one-storyed, hip-roofed dwellings, each standing apart in its own grounds, recalls the characteristic pride of the old colonial planter, who, lured into city-life by the charms of society or courtly ambition, still affected to spread himself in aristocratic scorn of contiguity.

The all-pervading quiet is also impres-

sive—not as suggestive of death or stagnation, but rather of

That repose
Which marks the caste of Vere de Vere,

as if the venerable city held her traditions too sacred to be disturbed by the clatter of trade, and, once having worn a diamond, despairs for evermore the vulgar pretensions of Progress.

In full sympathy with the prevailing sentiment, my friend and I passed the day visiting the ancient sites and cultivating a dreamy intimacy with bygone generations, all the more pleasing as it was unvexed by any of those obtrusive anachronisms which are so apt to interrupt one's historic reveries in less-favored localities.

Our first thought leads us to the time-honored minster of Bruton Parish, a pile of dark brick masonry, cruciform, solid, with a certain air of antiquated stateliness, its tombs, memorial tablets and high-backed pews reminding us of the loyal piety or pious loyalty of the early colonists. From hence we direct our steps to the site of the old Capitol. The transition from Church to State was brief and natural enough in those old times—scarcely perceptible, in fact—but now how distant and how striking the contrast! From the enduring and unshaken walls of the church the music of the solemn chant, the murmur of the fervid litany, the recitative of the sublime creed still bear witness to an imperishable faith and proclaim the hope of an eternal future, while the ancient Capitol (in its day the most noble and commodious state building in British America) has disappeared in dust and ashes, like the authority, state-craft and political creed to which it owed its passing existence.

The Capitol erected by Governor Nicholson in 1689 was destroyed by fire in 1746. Its successor met a similar fate in 1832: traces of the foundation-plan and a few crumbling bricks alone indicate its location, which was in the centre of a spacious area at the end of a broad avenue, facing the college, about a mile distant.

After Church and State, the University appears in regular order to complete the English political trinity. From the ear-

liest settlements there had been individual efforts and liberal donations to establish schools for the benefit both of the colonists and aborigines, but the pressing necessities and sharp vicissitudes of their new life were not calculated to impress men's minds with the advantages of book-learning. Planting tobacco, fighting Indians and literary culture are not homogeneous. Moreover, the prevailing predilection of the settlers for a life of isolated independence on their own freeholds was in itself an insuperable barrier to anything like an organized system of schooling. It is not surprising, therefore, that more than half a century had rolled over colonial Virginia before the plan of an educational establishment was seriously determined on by her rulers. Meanwhile, the wealthier gentry had been accustomed to send their sons to the English universities, while the poorer and less ambitious got what they could from home-teaching, assisted perhaps by some wandering pedagogue or reputable clergyman. At length, in 1660-61, the House of Burgesses passed a bill authorizing a subscription for the purpose of establishing a college, to the end "that the Church of Virginia may be furnished with a seminary of ministers of the gospel, and the youth may be piously educated in good letters and manners, and that the Christian faith may be propagated amongst the Western Indians to the glory of Almighty God."

Sir William Berkeley, then governor of the colony, in reply to some questions from England, expresses himself thus: "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope ye shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!" These were doubtless the orthodox and ruling opinions of that day, and not inconsistent with the governor's warm approval of a colonial "Oxford" to educate the clergy and gentlemen of his realm. But while everybody was willing, the project lingered until 1691, when, through the efficient zeal of the Rev. James Blair, a

charter with additional endowments was obtained from the Crown, and the college, called William and Mary after its royal patrons, actually established at Williamsburg.

The after-history of the institution is a record of struggles and vicissitudes. It seems never to have been very numerously attended nor popularly prosperous, but the long list of eminent names appearing in its catalogue proves how nobly the more important and practical branches of its mission have been fulfilled. The Indian school is now but a



A PROFESSOR OF THE HUMANITIES IN THE INDIAN SCHOOL.

romantic tradition. Speaking of it in 1724, Hugh Jones says: "The young Indians, procured from the tributary or foreign nations with much difficulty, were formerly boarded and lodged in town, where abundance of them used to die, either through sickness, change of provision and way of life, or, as some will have it, often for want of proper necessaries and due care taken with them. Those of them that have escaped well, and have been taught to read and write, have for the most part returned to their home, some with and some without baptism, where they follow their own savage

customs and heathenish rites. A few of them lived as servants with the English or loitered and idled away their time in laziness and mischief." The intention was at least humane and generous, and about as successful as any "Indian policy" undertaken elsewhere or since by people of the English race.

At this date the college is the most imposing edifice extant in Williamsburg. The original plans were furnished by Sir Christopher Wren—not in his ambitious style, however, but plain, economical and adapted to the purpose, reminding one of the old London brick architecture of the past century. It stands in a spacious *campus*, the entrance to which is guarded by two stunted live-oaks and a statue of Norborne Berkeley, baron of Botetourt, a governor of the colony and liberal patron of literature and the arts, who died in 1770.

And this brings us to the era of transition from English colonial history to that of American independence—a period of which Williamsburg contains many interesting memorials.

We may remark that the statue before us is noseless and otherwise mutilated, the record (it is said) of a patriotic mob of 1776. Farther on we find the remains of the palace where Lord Dunmore, the last of the English governors, kept royal state. The palace was burnt by the French troops in 1781, and nothing is left of it now but two stiff, pragmatical-looking brick buildings staring at each other across a grassy courtyard—one the old guard-room, the other occupied for offices.

Another reminiscence of Dunmore is the old magazine on Capitol Square, familiarly called the "Powder-horn." Alarmed at the rebellious manifestations around him, in 1774 he had all the ammunition secretly removed from this building to a British ship of war lying in the river—an act which caused an armed assemblage of the Virginians, who, led by Patrick Henry, demanded and received pecuniary satisfaction from the secretary of the colony. This building is an octagon of stone with a sharp peaked roof, and is still in perfect preservation.

Then, above all, there is the old Raleigh Tavern, a low-browed, old-fashioned wooden building, still kept as an inn and parading a bust of Sir Walter Raleigh over the front door. Here one may enter the very room and sit in the same chairs where high questions were discussed in tones whose echoes have not yet ceased to reverberate through the world—where that trenchant blade was whetted which at one bold stroke severed royal authority, Church bigotry and caste education, the triple chain which had hitherto bound the new people to the old. Standing here, it is easy to identify one's self with the past—in fancy to participate in the hopes, the fears and enthusiastic resolves of the opening contest—then to skip some weary years and again recall the emotions of pallid citizens as from the housetops they watched the battle-cloud rising over the distant woods and listened with bated breath to the awful voices of those brazen-mouthed orators uttering the *ultima ratio regum* which brought that contest to a glorious conclusion. But we must not anticipate. Yorktown is only twelve miles distant, and we will visit it to-morrow.

During our morning's round my companion had so enlivened the gravity of our historic studies by anecdotes of the lords, ladies, governors and ancient gentry who had once figured on this deserted stage that I began to feel annoyed with a sense of my personal anachronism in such ornate society and half ashamed of my slopshop kersymeres and plumeless hat. I had gone back two centuries without changing my clothes.

Dinner was refreshing and consolatory, although there was nothing about mine host's table or manners to recall the progressive era from which I had retrograded. The ham was baronial; the hominy pounded and cooked by a recipe descended directly from the favorite wife of King Powhatan; the teal and red-head ducks, opened at the back and broiled over the coals, were a savory memento of Captain John Smith and his fellow-adventurers of 1607; the scalloped oysters were served in fossil shells of pre-

historic ages; the very hearty yet deferential urgency with which these tempting viands were offered and commended to the guests belonged to other times. Then, when the distinguished professor of law, just informed of our coming and hospitably jealous of the time already lost, hastened over to move us to his house, bag and baggage, the polished yet glowing cordiality of his manner fully realized my golden dreams of colonial courtliness. Nevertheless, Mentor and I had arranged our plans otherwise, thinking it better to remain at our inn, and I, being the stranger, assumed the ungracious task of declining the invitation. Our stay in the city must be but brief; we should be occupied early and late in visiting the various objects of interest in the vicinity, studying botany in the woods and swamps, rummaging records and digging for fossils in marl-beds; my room was already lumbered with specimens which I desired to preserve, and which could not be moved without an unreasonable amount of time and trouble. We thanked him most sincerely, and regretted, etc., etc.

The professor listened with the courtesy of a gentleman and the practised patience of a judge, then with an ejaculation of indignant surprise exclaimed, "What! will my old kinsman here and his friend persist in staying at a public tavern when my house is open for them just across the street?"

I was obstinate, adding that under the circumstances I feared lest we might be troublesome and unprofitable guests.

He replied with a look of disappointment, "Well, gentlemen, as you reject my hospitality, perhaps you will condescend to take tea with me this evening?" This we cheerfully agreed to do, and were prompt at the appointed hour.

The house was of the old style—not too stately, but broad and roomy, with floors of polished parquetry, grooved in semicircles where the heavy oaken doors had been dragged open and shut for a century or more. The furniture was substantially comfortable and elegantly un-

obtrusive. The walls were adorned with ancestral portraits in the costumes of past generations. The supper *en famille* completed a most delightful picture of Old Virginia's domestic life.

When this bountiful meal was concluded, the professor with his guests withdrew to a cozy sitting-room, where they were presently joined by his grown daughter, a girl of romantic beauty and



OBSOLETE.

most engaging manners, who at her father's request entertained us with some pleasant music. Very soon two or three collegians dropped in, and the company separated into natural and appropriate groups. The young people were merry and musical. I was grouped with the elders, who for my edification continued the subject of Virginia and her history. But I was not old then, and the poetic light of a fair young face had for the hour banished the antique shadows that had been haunting my fancy, and my ears followed the merry music instead of the learned and instructive discourse of my friends. Thus I might have lost the motive of the evening but for a diversion caused by the entrance of a negro servant bearing a service of massive sil-

ver. Our grizzled Ganymede was of a type now obsolete—of those who filled their humble offices so loyally as to invest even slavery itself with an air of patriarchal dignity. The centre-piece of the service was a pitcher of steaming punch, which scented the room with an unmistakable odor of "Scotch orthodoxy." The silver tankards were filled. The Freshmen of course declined the courtly professor's invitation: this was not "milk for babes." I now cheerfully resumed my position in the Senior class: that peat-smoked "mountain-dew" was of rare antiquity and had a history worth discussing.

A sense of increasing comfort reminded us that a November storm was brewing without, and the zest of our punch was possibly heightened by the patterning of frozen rain-drops against the windows. Punch is of an absorbing nature, and we soon forgot everything else but our Virginia traditions. So we sipped and talked, and the conversation waxed and warmed: the theme was inexhaustible, and so, it seemed, were our tankards. I imbibed and absorbed industriously, hoping to finish my mug and turn it down, but whenever I returned to it I was mystified to find it always full and steaming hot. I shook my head significantly at the gray-haired butler, who smiled like a beneficent sphinx. Meanwhile, the Freshmen took their leaves and departed. The fair daughter kissed her father and gracefully bid his guests good-night. Still the ancient nectar-bearer stood his ground, and still, like the miraculous cruse of the widow of Zarephath, our steaming tankards "failed not." Between the alternating anecdotes of Washington and Harry Lee and Jefferson and Randolph I frequently endeavored to catch our old conjurer at his pleasant tricks, but his art eluded my subtlety. So passed the genial and profitable hours until at length (prematurely, as it seemed to me) my Mentor suggested that it was time to go: the finger of the mantel-clock indicated midnight. Then we rose, and, effusive with thanks and compliments, bade adieu to our host. He signalled the major-domo, who obediently

deposited his silver pitcher, and, taking up two lighted candles, led the way to the hall. There we proposed to resume our hats and cloaks, but the massive outer door, near which we had left them, was closed and barred, and the lights beckoned us persuasively toward the broad stairway.

"But we left our wrappings here," said I, groping about and hesitating to follow the candles, which had already commenced the ascent.

Our conductor waved us upward with the bland assurance that he was leading us directly to the object of our wishes. Hot punch lubricates a stubborn will as warm suet does a stiff neck, and we followed up the easy grade without further resistance and dreamily uncertain as to the dénouement.

On reaching the upper hall I was ushered into an elegantly-furnished chamber, and as the major placed the candle on the dressing-table a smile of triumph twinkled through his habitual obsequiousness. "Here," said he, "you will find everything agreeable, I hope;" and bidding me good-night he retired and closed the door.

My bewilderment increased as I proceeded to inventory the contents of the room. There in good faith hung my hat and cloak, more neatly brushed than usual. There too was my portmanteau, and beside it my extra boots polished almost beyond recognition. Certain changes of linen raiment which I had sent to the hotel laundry lay on the wardrobe, starched, crimped and properly folded. My sketch-book, papers, travelling inkstand and pen were conveniently adjusted on a table, while a roomy recess contained my museum of shells, fossils and botanical specimens arranged with more order and intelligence than I was capable of bestowing on them. Now, I was never superstitious, yet I must acknowledge these unaccountable appearances, joined with the mystery of the punch-tankard and the reputation of the African race for conjurations and enchantments, did so obfuscate my brain that I concluded to sleep before attempting a solution of the

problem. Thereupon I sank into the curtained bed and slept luxuriously until morning. My Mentor had occupied a room across the hall, and we met the professor and family at the breakfast-table as recognized members of the household, nor was there ever after the slightest allusion made by anybody to the mysterious manner of our transfer.

Head-quarters being thus happily established, and the morning promising,

we took a carriage and drove to Yorktown. Although it was high noon when we reached there, we saw no living soul in its grass-grown streets and no sign of life about its decaying houses. Like Goldsmith's "deserted village," it was dramatically desolate. This sentiment was quite appropriate to the purposes of our visit, but then our horses must be fed, and three hours' drive had sharpened our own appetites; so we groped about for



THE MOORE HOUSE, WHERE LORD CORNWALLIS SIGNED THE ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION.

a tavern. At length we perceived a slender smoke curling from the kitchen-chimney of a very ancient, decrepit-looking wooden house, which, from the absence of everything like care or comfort, we guessed might be a place for public entertainment. So we mounted the rickety steps which led to the open front entrance, passed through the naked, unfurnished hall, knocking by the way at irresponsible doors, and thence across a bare, dirty court to the kitchen. Here we found an old negress sitting in the chimney-corner smoking a corncob pipe. She told us this was really a public-house, "but not many people cum thar. Master was now asleep up sta's, but didn't

like to be woke up," even to receive customers. However, she in her capacity of head-cook served us a lunch of bread, milk and ham, while the coachman and horses were directed to the stable to help themselves.

Yorktown was established in 1705, and for a time enjoyed a modest share of commercial prosperity, although at best its size was insignificant. A writer, describing it immediately after the surrender of Cornwallis, says: "It contains about sixty houses: some of them are elegant, many of them are greatly damaged, and some totally ruined, being shot through in a thousand places and honeycombed ready to tumble to pieces. Rich

furniture and books were scattered over the ground, and the carcasses of men and horses, half covered with earth, exhibited a scene of ruin and horror beyond description." Now, imagine the rich furniture and dead bodies properly disposed of, and Yorktown as we saw it must have looked very much as it did just after the event which has made its name famous in history. Its church and dwellings still show the scars of cannon-shot: rubbish-heaps of brick and mortar, lonely chimneys and charred timbers mark the places where its elegant edifices once stood. Here were the British earthworks, bastion and curtain still complete in outline, and so little changed in profile by the abrading elements that they might still have been defensible. Here too the curious searcher on the grass-grown parapets or weedy enceinte might often find leaden bullets and the rusty relics of arms and accoutrements.

Continuing our walk beyond these works, we presently came upon the traces of the two advanced redoubts stormed respectively by the Americans led by Colonel Alexander Hamilton and the French under the baron de Vioménil. Searching still farther, we encountered a venerable negro carrying a pumpkin in one hand and in the other a basket of oysters fresh scraped from the river. On being questioned concerning the road we were on, he deposited his burdens and, saluting us respectfully, replied, "Dis road, sah? Dis is de French army road, sah. And dat field? Dat is General La Fayette's field, sah, whar dey camped—all growed up in pines now, dough. And dat house over dere? Dat was General Washington's head-quarters, sah."

"You appear to know all about it, uncle: were you at the siege?"

Uncle chuckled and reflected: "'Spec' I was too young dem days to do any fightin', but I puffeckly 'members how scared I was when I heard de big guns a-boomin'."

"How old are you, uncle?"

The old man's face showed perplexity, and he began counting on his fingers: "T'ree years ago missis told me

den I was a-risin' of seventy: how old is dat, sah?"

"Quite satisfactory. You must be about seventy-three, and as the siege took place in October, 1781, only sixty-eight years ago, you were then about five years old."

So we parted mutually pleased, he with his silver coin and we at having found a veritable living link.

Returning by way of the bluffs, we examined a cave said to have been used by Lord Cornwallis as a council-chamber when the town got too hot for cool counsel. Ascending hence to the brow of the bluff overlooking the water, we found a grassy plateau where the British flagstaff was planted, and where their surgical head-quarters were established during the bombardment. Human bones, bleached and decaying, still lay scattered around. When La Fayette came to America in 1824, he revisited Yorktown, and on this spot was ceremoniously welcomed by a delegation of Virginians headed by the distinguished Benjamin Watkins Leigh. But our interest in the ruins and glories of history is for the moment superseded by the magnificent view from the plateau, embracing the course of York River far inland and outward until lost in Chesapeake Bay, the graceful line of wooded bluffs on the York side, and the county of Gloster, pleasantly diversified with field and woodland, on the north. It is a scene of surpassing beauty, and all the pride and glory of our race sinks into insignificance as we bow before the eternal and unchanging majesty of Nature.

Yet the story of Yorktown is a stirring theme for historian or poet, and, although a "thrice-told tale," can never be heard without a thrill of patriotic emotion. Time is pressing, however, and its repetition must be deferred for a more convenient season.

Returning to the village, my cicerone conducted me to the clerk's office, where we found the custodian of the public records asleep on three chairs. He woke amiably, and, recognizing my friend, seemed pleased with the incident which interrupted the inane monotony of his official life, and in the most obliging

manner assisted us in rummaging his files of dusty parchments and antiquated record-books. Among other objects of interest he showed us a manuscript plan of Yorktown and its defences, drawn by some officer who had assisted in the military operations of 1781. From hence, resuming our carriage, we returned to our hospitable friends at Williamsburg.

Thus, within a range of less than twenty miles I had galloped over nearly two hundred and fifty years of American history, and visited the sites of the three great events which have fixed the seat of empire in the Western World and have given direction to the aspirations and efforts of humanity: *the lonely tower* at Jamestown, which marks the first permanent settlement of the English race on this continent; the old Raleigh Tavern at

Williamsburg, where the ideas of the Revolution of 1776 were promulgated; the battle-field at Yorktown, where the triumph of these ideas was definitely assured. Yet it is curious to observe that while the impulse given to mankind by



A CUSTODIAN OF THE PUBLIC RECORDS.

these events has continued to strengthen and spread with accelerated progress, the region which gave them birth still sleeps in monumental immobility.

DAVID H. STROTHER (*Porte Crayon*).

ENGLISH VIGNETTES.

I.

TOWARD the last of April, in Monmouthshire, the primroses were as big as your fist. I say "in Monmouthshire," because I believe that a certain grassy mountain which I gave myself the pleasure of climbing, and to which I took my way across the charming country through lanes where the hedges were perched upon blooming banks, lay within the borders of this ancient circumscription. It was the festive Eastertide, and a pretext for leaving London had not been wanting. Of course, it rained—it rained a good deal—for man and the weather are usually at odds. But there were intervals of light and warmth, and

in England a couple of hours of fine weather, islanded in moisture, assert their independence and leave an uncompromised memory. These bright episodes were even of longer duration: that whole morning, for instance, on which, with a companion, I scrambled up the Skirrid. (I like to write the name: it is a penful of local color.) One had a feeling of being very far from London; as, in fact, one was after six or seven hours in a smooth, swift English train. In England this is a great remoteness: it seemed to justify the half-reluctant confession which I heard constantly made, that the country was extremely "wild." There is wild-

ness and wildness, I thought; and though I had not been a great explorer, I compared this rough district with several regions in another part of the world that passed for tame. I went even so far as to wish that some of its ruder features might be transplanted to that relatively vacant landscape and commingled with its suburban savagery. I went over the elements of this English landscape, and of human life in the midst of it, and wondered whether, if I were to enumerate them and leave them to be added up by the dwellers beyond the sea, the total would be set down as a wilderness. We were close to the Welsh border, and a dozen little mountains in the distance were peeping over each other's shoulders. But Nature was open to the charge of no worse disorder than this. The Skirrid (to repeat the name) wore, it is true, at a distance, the aspect of a magnified extinguisher; but when, after a bright, breezy walk through lane and meadow, we had scrambled over the last of the thickly-flowering hedges which lay around its shoulders like loosened strings of coral, and began to ascend the grassy cone (very much in the attitude of Nebuchadnezzar), it proved as smooth-faced as a garden-mound. Hard by, on the flanks of other hills, were troops of browsing sheep, and the only thing in which there was any harshness of suggestion was the strong, damp wind. But even this had a good deal of softness in it, and ministered to my sense of the agreeable in scenery by the way it blew about the pearly morning mists that were airing themselves upon neighboring ridges, and kept shaking the vaporous veil that fluttered down in the valley over the picturesque little town of Abergavenny (pronounced Abergenny). A breezy, grassy English hilltop, looking down on a country full of suggestive names and ancient memories, belongs (especially if you are exhilarated by a beautiful walk, and you have a flask in your pocket) decidedly to the category of smooth scenery. And so with all the rest of it.

On Sunday I stayed away from church, because I learned that the sacred edifice

had a mediæval chill, and that if I should sit there for a couple of hours I might catch a lumbago three hundred years old. The fact was formidable, but the idea was, in a certain way, attractive. There was nothing brutal in a rheumatism which descended from the Norman times. Practical considerations, however, determined me not to expose myself to this venerable pain; so in the still hours, when the roads and lanes were empty, I simply walked to the churchyard and sat upon one of the sun-warmed gravestones. I say the roads were empty, but they were peopled with the big primroses I just now spoke of—primroses of the size of ripe apples, and yet, in spite of their rank growth, of as pale and tender a yellow as if their gold had been diluted with silver. It was indeed a mixture of gold and silver, for there was a wealth of the white wood-anemone as well, and these delicate flowers, each of so perfect a coinage, were tumbled along the green wayside as if a prince had been scattering largesse. The outside of an old English country church in service-time is a very pleasant place; and this is as near as I often care to approach to the celebration of the Anglican mysteries. A just sufficient sense of their august character may be gathered from that vague sound of village music which makes its way out into the stillness, and from the perusal of those portions of the Prayer-Book which are inscribed upon moulderings slabs and dislocated headstones. The church I speak of was a beautiful specimen of its kind—intensely aged, variously patched, but still solid and useful, and with no touch of restoration. It was very big and massive, and, hidden away in the fields, it had a kind of lonely grandeur: there was nothing in particular near it but its out-of-the-world little parsonage. It was only one of ten thousand: I had seen a hundred such before. But I watched the watery sunshine upon the rugosities of its ancient masonry; I stood a while in the shade of two or three spreading yews which stretched their black arms over graves decorated for Easter, according to the custom of that

country with garlands of primrose and dog-violet; and I reflected that in a wild region it was a blessing to have so quiet a place of refuge as that.

Later, I chanced upon a couple of other asylums which were more spacious and no less tranquil. Both of them were old country-houses, and each

in its way was charming. One was a half-modernized feudal dwelling lying in a wooded hollow—a large concavity filled with a delightful old park. The house had a long gray façade and half a dozen towers, and the usual supply of ivy and of clustered chimneys relieved against a background of rook-haunted elms. But



CASTLE AT ABERGAVENNY.

the windows were all closed and the avenue was untrodden: the house was the property of a lady who could not afford to live in it in becoming state, and who had let it, furnished, to a rich young man "for the shooting." The rich young man occupied it but for three weeks in the year, and for the rest of the time left it a prey to the hungry gaze of the passing stranger, the would-be redresser of aesthetic wrongs. It seemed a great aesthetic wrong that so charming a place should not be a conscious, sentient, beneficent home. But in England all this is very common. It takes a great many plain people to keep a *gentleman* going: it takes a great deal of wasted sweetness to make up a property. It is true that

in the other case I speak of the sweetness, which here was even greater, was less sensibly squandered. If there was no one else in the house, at least there were ghosts. It had a dark red front and grim-looking gables: it was perched upon a sort of terrace quite high in the air, which was reached by steep, crooked, mossy steps. Beneath these steps was an ancient bit of garden, and from the hither side of the garden stretched a great expanse of turf. Out of the midst of the turf sprang a magnificent avenue of Scotch firs—a perfect imitation of the Villa Borghese transplanted to the Welsh hills. The huge, smooth stems in their double row were crowned with dark

parasols. In the Scotch fir or the Italian pine there is always an element of grotesqueness: the open umbrella in a rainy country is not a poetical analogy, and the case is not better if you compare the tree to a colossal mushroom. But, without analogies, there was something very striking in the effect of this enormous, rigid vista, and in the grassy carpet of the avenue, with the dusky, lonely, high-featured house looking down upon it. There was something solemn and tragical: the place was made to the hand of a romancer, and he might have found his characters within: the leaden lattices were open.

II.

The Isle of Wight is disappointing at first. I wondered why it should be, and then I found the reason in the influence of the detestable little railway. There can be no doubt that a railway in the Isle of Wight is a gross impertinence: it is in evident contravention to the natural style of the place. The place is minutely, delicately picturesque, or it is nothing at all. It is purely ornamental: it exists for the entertainment of tourists. It is separated by Nature from the dense railway system of the larger island, and it is the corner of the world where a good carriage-road is most in keeping. Never was there a better place for sacrificing to prettiness: never was there a better chance for not making a railway. But now there are twenty trains a day, and the prettiness is twenty times less. The island is so small that the hideous embankments and tunnels are obtrusive: the sight of them is as painful as it would be to see a peddler's pack on the shoulders of a pretty woman. This is your first impression as you travel (naturally, by the objectionable conveyance) from Ryde to Ventnor; and the fact that the train rumbles along very smoothly, and stops at half a dozen little stations where the groups on the platform enable you to perceive that the population of the island consists almost exclusively of gentlemen in costumes suggestive of unlimited leisure for attention to cravats and trousers (an immensely large class in England), of old ladies of the spe-

cies denominated in France *rentières*, of young ladies of the highly-educated and sketching variety, this circumstance fails to reconcile you to the mathematical cicatrix which constitutes your course. At Ventnor, however, face to face with the sea and with the blooming shoulder of the Undercliff close behind you, you lose sight to a certain extent of the superfluities of civilization. Not, indeed, but what Ventnor has been diligently civilized. It is a well-regulated little watering-place, and it has been subjected to a due measure of cockneyfication. But the glittering ocean remains, shimmering at moments with blue and silver, and the large gorse-covered downs rise superbly above it. Ventnor hangs upon the side of a steep hill, and here and there it clings and scrambles, it is propped and terraced, like one of the bright-faced little towns that look down upon the Mediterranean. To add to the Italian effect, the houses are all denominated villas, but it must be added that nothing is less like an Italian villa than an English one. Those which ornament the successive ledges at Ventnor are for the most part small semi-detached boxes, predestined, even before they had fairly come into the world, to the entertainment of lodgers. They stand in serried rows all over the place, with the finest names in the British *Peerage* painted upon their gate-posts. Their severe similarity of aspect, however, is such that even the difference between Plantagenet and Percival, between Montgomery and Montmorency, is hardly sufficient to enlighten the puzzled visitor. An English watering-place is much more comfortable than an American: in a Plantagenet villa the art of receiving "summer guests" has usually been brought to a higher perfection than in an American boarding-house. But what strikes an American, with regard to even so charmingly-nestled a little town as Ventnor, is that it is far less natural, less pastoral and bosky, than his own fond image of a summer retreat. There is too much brick and mortar; there are too many smoking chimneys and shops and public-houses; there are no woods

and brooks and bosky headlands; there is none of the restful loneliness of Nature. Instead of these things, there is an esplanade, mostly paved with asphalte, bordered with benches and little shops

and provided with a German band. To be just to Ventnor, however, I must hasten to add that once you get away from the asphalte there is a great deal of boskiness. The little village of Bonchurch,

VENTNOR.



which closely adjoins it, is buried in the most elaborate verdure, muffled in the smoothest lawns and the densest shrubbery. Bonchurch is simply delicious, and indeed in a manner quite absurd.

It is like a model village in imitative substances kept in a big glass case: the turf might be of green velvet and the foliage of cut paper. The villagers are all happy gentlefolk, the cottages have plate-

glass windows, and the rose trees on their walls are tended by an under-gardener. Passing from Ventnor through the elegant umbrage of Bonchurch, and keeping along the coast toward Shanklin, you come to the prettiest part of the Undercliff, or, in other words, to the prettiest place in the world. The immense grassy cliffs which form the coast of the island make what the French would call a "false descent" to the sea. At a certain point the descent is broken, and a wide natural terrace, all overtangled with wild shrubs and flowers, hangs there in mid-air halfway above the water. It is impossible to imagine anything more charming than this long, blooming platform protected from the north by huge green bluffs, and plunging on the other side into the murmuring tides. This delightful arrangement constitutes for a distance of some fifteen miles the south shore of the Isle of Wight; but it is perhaps at its best, as I have said, during the four or five miles that separate Ventnor from Shanklin. Of a lovely afternoon in April these four or five miles are an enchanting walk.

Of course you must first catch your lovely afternoon. I caught one: in fact, I caught two. On the second I climbed up the downs, and rejoiced in their great, breezy stretches of turf embroidered with golden gorse. If the Undercliff is a charming walk, the downs are a capital riding-ground. Since I turned my back upon the Roman Campagna I had seen no better chance for a long, soft gallop. I perceived also that it was possible to put them to quieter uses—to devote them to sedentary pleasures. A long lounge in the lee of a stone wall, the lingering, fading afternoon light, the reddening sky, the band of blue sea above the level-topped bunches of gorse,—these things, enjoyed in harmony with the conversation of an amiable compatriot, seemed indeed a very sufficient substitute for that restful loneliness of the absence of which I ventured just now to complain.

III.

It was probably a mistake to stop at Portsmouth. I had done so, however,

in obedience to a familiar theory that seaport-towns abound in local color, in curious types, in general picturesqueness. But these charms, it must be confessed, were signally wanting to Portsmouth, along whose meagre streets I strolled for an hour, vainly glancing about me for an overhanging façade or a group of Maltese sailors. I was distressed to perceive that a famous seaport could be at once untidy and prosaic. Portsmouth is dirty, but it is also dull. It may be roughly divided into the dock-yard and the public-houses. The dock-yard, into which I was unable to penetrate, is a colossal enclosure, signalized externally by a grim brick wall as featureless as an empty blackboard. The dockyard eats up the town, as it were, and there is nothing left over but the gin-shops, which the town drinks up. There is not even a crooked old quay of any consequence, with brightly-patched houses looking out upon a forest of masts. To begin with, there are no masts; and then there are no polyglot sign-boards, no overhanging upper stories, no outlandish parrots and macaws perched in open lattices. I had another hour or so before my train departed, and it would have gone hard with me if I had not bethought myself of hiring a boat and being pulled about in the harbor. Here a certain amount of entertainment was to be found. There were great iron-clads and white troopships that looked vague and spectral like the floating home of the Flying Dutchman, and small, devilish vessels whose mission was to project the infernal torpedo. I coasted about these smooth-edged islets; and then, to eke out my entertainment, I boarded the Victory. The Victory is an ancient frigate of enormous size, which in the days of her glory carried I don't know how many hundred guns, but whose only function now is to stand year after year in Portsmouth waters and exhibit herself to the festive Cockney. Bank-Holiday is now her great date: once upon a time it was Trafalgar. The Victory, in short, was Nelson's ship: it was on her huge deck he was struck, and in her roomy bowels

that he breathed his last. The venerable vessel is provided with a company of ushers, like the Tower of London or Westminster Abbey, and it is hardly less solid and spacious than either of those

edifices. A good man in uniform did me the honors of the ship with a terrible displacement of *h*'s, and there seemed something strange in the way it had lapsed from its heroic part. It had car-



CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

ried two hundred guns and a mighty warrior, and boomed against the enemies of England: it had been the scene of one of the most thrilling and touching events in English history. Now, it was hardly more than a mere source of income to the Portsmouth watermen — an objective point for Whitsuntide excursionists — a thing that a foreign observer must allude to very casually,

for fear of seeming vulgar, or even serious.

IV.

But I recouped myself, as they say in England, by stopping afterward at Chichester. In this dense and various old England two places may be very near together and yet strike very different notes. I knew in a general way that

there was a cathedral at Chichester: indeed, I had seen its beautiful spire from the window of the train. I had always deemed an afternoon in a little cathedral town a high order of entertainment, and a morning at Portsmouth had left me in the mood for not missing such an exhibition. The spire of Chichester at a little distance greatly resembles that of Salisbury. It is on a smaller scale, but it tapers upward with a delicate slimness which, like that of its famous rival, makes a picture of the level landscape in which it stands. Unlike the spire of Salisbury, however, it has not at present the charm of antiquity. A few years since the old steeple collapsed and tumbled into the church, and the present structure is but a modern fac-simile. The cathedral is not of the highest interest: it is rather plain and bare, and, except a curious old detached bell-tower standing beside it, has no particular element of unexpectedness. But an English cathedral of restricted grandeur may yet be a very charming affair; and I spent an hour or so lounging around this highly respectable edifice without the spell of contemplation being broken by satiety. I approached it, from the station, by the usual quiet red brick street of the usual cathedral town—a street of small, excellent shops, before which, here and there, one of the vehicles of the neighboring gentry was drawn up beside the curbstone, while the grocer or the bookseller, who had hurried out obsequiously, was waiting upon the comfortable occupant. I went into a bookseller's to buy a Chichester guide which I perceived in the window: I found the shopkeeper talking to a young curate in a soft hat. The guide seemed very desirable, though it appeared to have been but scantily desired: it had been published in the year 1841, and a very large remnant of the edition with a muslin back and a little white label and paper-covered boards was piled up on the counter. It was dedicated, with terrible humility, to the duke of Richmond, and ornamented with primitive woodcuts and steel plates: the ink had turned brown and the page musty: and the style it-

self—that of a provincial antiquary of upward of forty years ago impressed with the grandeur of the aristocracy—had grown rather sallow and stale. Nothing could have been more mellifluous and urbane than the young curate: he was arranging to have the *Times* newspaper sent him every morning for perusal. "So it will be a penny if it is fetched away at noon?" he said, smiling very sweetly and with the most gentlemanly voice possible; "and it will be three halfpence if it is fetched away at four o'clock?" At the top of the street, into which, with my guide-book, I relapsed, was an old market-cross of the fifteenth century—a florid, picturesque little structure. It is a stone pavilion with open sides and a number of pinnacles and crockets and buttresses, besides a goodly medallion of the high-featured visage of Charles I., which was placed above one of the arches at the Restoration in compensation for the violent havoc wrought upon the little town by the Parliamentary soldiers, who had wrested the place from the Royalists, and who amused themselves, in their grim fashion, with infinite hacking and hewing in the cathedral. Here, to the left, the cathedral discloses itself, lifting its smart gray steeple out of a pleasant garden. Opposite to the garden was the Dolphin or the Dragon—in fine, the most genteel inn. I must confess that for a time it divided my attention with the cathedral, in virtue of an ancient, musty parlor on the second floor with hunting-pictures hung above haircloth sofas; of a red-faced waiter in evening dress; of a big round of cold beef and a tankard of ale. The prettiest thing at Chichester is a charming little three-sided cloister attached to the cathedral, where, as is usual in such places, you may sit upon a gravestone amid the deep grass in the middle and measure the great central mass of the church—the large gray sides, the high foundations of the spire, the parting of nave and transept. From this point the greatness of a cathedral seems more complex and impressive: you watch the big shadows slowly changing their relations; you listen to

the cawing of rooks and the twittering of swallows; you hear a slow footstep echoing in the cloisters.

V.
If Oxford were not the finest thing in England, Cambridge would certainly be.

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.



Cambridge was so, for that matter, to my imagination for thirty-six hours. To the barbaric mind ambitious of culture, Oxford is the usual image of the happy

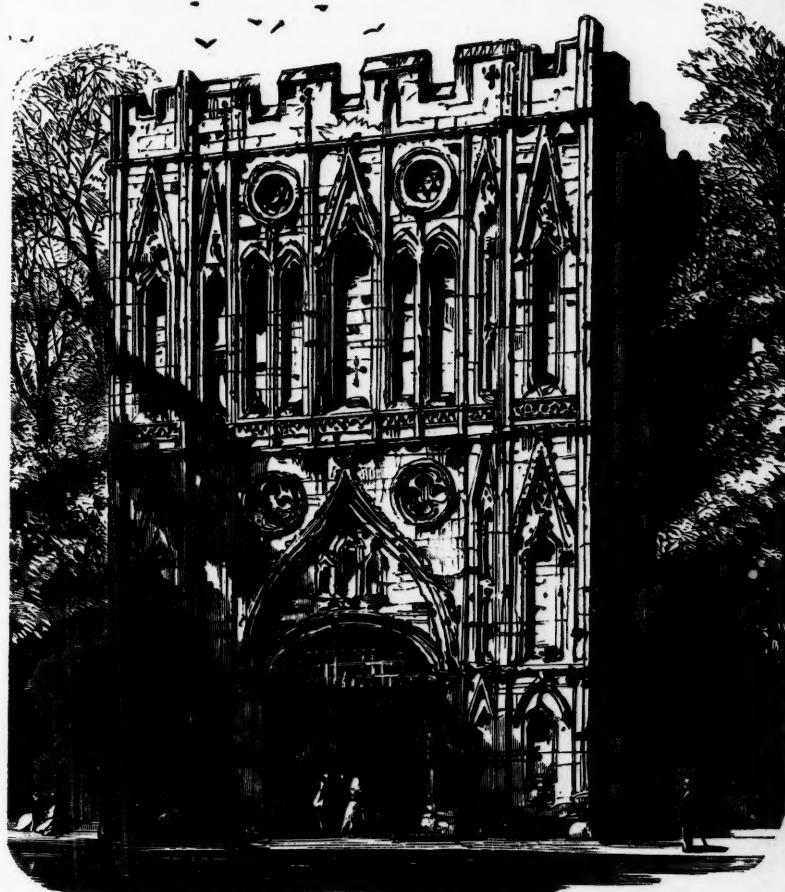
reconciliation between research and acceptance. It typifies, to an American, the union of science and sense—of aspiration and ease. A German university

gives a greater impression of science, and an English castle or an Italian villa a greater impression of idle enjoyment; but in these cases, on one side, knowledge is too rugged, and, on the other, satisfaction is too trivial. Oxford lends sweetness to labor and dignity to leisure. When I say Oxford, I mean Cambridge, for a barbarian is not in the least obliged to know the difference, and it suddenly strikes me as being both very pedantic and very good-natured in him to pretend to know it. What institution is more majestic than Trinity College? what can be more touching to an American than the hospitality of such an institution? The first quadrangle is of immense extent, and the buildings that surround it, with their long rich fronts of time-deepened gray, are the stateliest in the world. In the centre of the court are two or three acres of close-shaven lawn, in the midst of which rises a splendid Gothic fountain where the serving-men fill up their buckets. There are towers and battlements and statues, and besides these things there are cloisters and gardens and bridges. There are charming rooms in a kind of stately gate-tower, and the rooms, occupying the thickness of the building, have windows looking out on one side over the magnificent quadrangle with half a mile or so of Decorated architecture, and on the other into deepbosomed trees. And in the rooms is the best company conceivable—distinguished men who are thoroughly good fellows. I spent a beautiful Sunday morning walking about Cambridge, and attempting, as the French say, to *débrailler* its charms. These are a very complicated affair, and I do not pretend, in memory, to keep the colleges apart. There are, however, half a dozen points that make ineffaceable pictures. Six or eight of the colleges stand in a row, turning their backs to the river; and hereupon ensues the loveliest confusion of Gothic windows and ancient trees, of grassy banks and mossy balustrades, of sun-chequered avenues and groves, of lawns and gardens and terraces, of single-arched bridges spanning the little stream, which is small and shallow, and looks as if it had been

"turned on" for ornamental purposes. The scantily-flowing Cam appears to exist simply as an occasion for these enchanting little bridges—the beautiful covered gallery of John's or the slightly-collapsing arch of Clare. In the way of college courts and quiet scholastic porticos, of gray-walled gardens and ivied nooks of study, in all the picturesque accidents of a great English university, Cambridge is delightfully and inexhaustibly rich. I looked at these things one by one, and said to myself always that the last was the best. If I were called upon, however, to mention the prettiest corner of the world, I should heave a tender sigh and point the way to the garden of Trinity Hall. My companion, who was very competent to judge (but who spoke, indeed, with the partiality of a son of the house), declared, as he ushered me into it, that it was, to his mind, the most beautiful *small* garden in Europe. I freely accepted, and I ardently repeat, an affirmation so cunningly conditioned. The little garden at Trinity Hall is narrow and crooked: it leans upon the river, from which a low parapet, all muffled in ivy, divides it; it has an ancient wall, adorned with a thousand matted creepers on one side, and on the other a group of extraordinary horse-chestnuts. These trees are of prodigious size: they occupy half the garden, and they are remarkable for the fact that their giant limbs strike down into the earth, take root again, and emulate, as they rise, the majesty of the parent tree. The manner in which this magnificent group of horse-chestnuts sprawls about over the grass, out into the middle of the lawn, is one of the most picturesque features of the garden of Trinity Hall. Of course the single object at Cambridge that makes the most abiding impression is the famous chapel of King's College—the most beautiful chapel in England. The effect it attempts to produce within belongs to the order of sublimity. The attempt succeeds, and the success is attained by means so light and elegant that at first it almost defeats itself. Grandeur usually has more of a frown and straddle, and it is not until after you

have looked about you for ten minutes that you perceive that the chapel is saved from being the prettiest church in England by the accident of its being one of the noblest. It is a cathedral without aisles or columns or transepts, but (as

compensation) with such a slender stateliness of clustered tracery soaring along the walls, and spreading, bending and commingling in the roof, that its simplicity seems only a richness the more. I stood there for a quarter of an hour on



THE ABBEY GATE, BURY ST. EDMUND'S.

a Sunday morning: there was no service, but in the choir behind the great screen which divides the chapel in half the young choristers were rehearsing for the afternoon. The beautiful boy-voices rose together and touched the splendid vault: they hung there, expanding and resounding, and then, like a rocket that spends

itself, they faded and melted toward the end of the building. The sound was angelic.

VI.

Cambridgeshire is one of the so-called ugly counties; which means that it is noticeably flat. It is for this reason that

Newmarket is, in its own peculiar fashion, so thriving a locality. The country is like a board of green cloth: the turf presents itself as a friendly provision of Nature. Nature offers her gentle bosom as a gaming-table: card-tables, billiard-tables are but a humble imitation of Newmarket heath. It was odd to think that amid this gentle, pastoral scenery there is more betting than anywhere else in the world. The large, neat English meadows roll-away to a humid-looking sky, the young partridges jump about in the hedges, and Nature does not look in the least as if she were offering you odds. The gentlemen do, though—the gentlemen whom you meet on the roads and in the railway-carriage: they have that indefinable look—it pervades a man from the cut of his whisker to the shape of his boot-toe—which denotes a familiarity with the turf. It is brought home to you that to an immense number of people in England the events in the *Racing Calendar* constitute quite the most important portion of contemporary history. The very air about Newmarket appears to contain a vague echo of stable-talk, and you perceive that this was the landscape depicted in those large colored prints of the "sporting" genus which you have admired in inn-parlors.

The destruction of partridges is, if an equally classical, a less licentious pursuit, for which, I believe, Cambridgeshire offers peculiar facilities. Among these is a certain shooting-box, as they say in England, which is a triumph of accidental picturesqueness (the highest order) and a temple of delicate hospitality. The shooting belongs to the autumn, not to this vernal period; but as I have spoken of echoes, I suppose that

if I had listened attentively I might have heard the ghostly crack of some of the famous shots that have been discharged there. The air, I believe, had vibrated to several august rifles, but all that I happened to hear by listening was some very excellent talk.

In England, I said just now, a couple of places may be very near together and yet have what the philosophers call a strangely different connotation. Only a few miles beyond Newmarket lies Bury St. Edmund's, a town whose tranquil antiquity makes horse-racing, and even partridge-shooting, appear a restless and fidgety mode of passing the time. I confess that I went to Bury St. Edmund's simply on the strength of its name, which I had often encountered, and which had always seemed to me to have a high pictorial value. I knew that St. Edmund had been an Anglo-Saxon worthy, but my conviction that the little town that bore his name would afford entertainment between trains had nothing definite to rest upon. The event, however, rewarded my faith—rewarded it with the sight of a magnificent old gatehouse of the thirteenth century, the most substantial of many relics of the great abbey which once flourished there. There are many others: they are scattered about the old precinct of the abbey, a large portion of which has been converted into a large, shady botanic garden, the resort at Whitsuntide of a thousand very modern merrymakers. The monument I speak of has the proportions of a triumphal arch: it is at once a gateway and a fortress: it is covered with beautiful ornament, and it is altogether the lion of Bury.

H. JAMES, JR.

WOMEN'S HUSBANDS.

II.—THE FALSE PRINCE.

PART I.

CERTAIN women set themselves up as beauties with a determination which nobody can resist. They establish their title, and wear it triumphantly, despite the cavils of prettier women who have been unable to obtain the general suffrage, and the demurrs of the men who dispute their claims. Some men do the same thing with equal success, and one of these was Valentine Germaine. He was of a good height, tall, but not too tall; his features had that negative regularity which, without displaying a single fine line, cannot possibly be called ugly; so that, if he had little on which to found the reputation of an Adonis, there was no actual impediment to his pretensions. A long, smooth, flamen moustache, hair of the same shade carefully brushed and parted in the middle, finger-nails polished and pared to a point, and the best tailor, bootmaker and hatter in the country, did the rest. Valentine owned to himself that Nature had been kind to him about his coloring: with a dark moustache he felt he should have made no headway. His complexion was a little pasty; he had a smooth, pale forehead, which he ranked among his advantages; large, light, somewhat fishy eyes, whose fixed gaze was in keeping with a slight stiffness of bearing, intended for repose of manner. He was made of material which takes varnish easily, and shows it to advantage. He was the son of an honest man who lived in Minniskunk, a town on the western border of one of the Middle States, and who had invented a very good sort of biscuit called the "skipper biscuit," the production of which brought him in a comfortable income. He died when Valentine was twenty-one, by which the latter came into possession of fifteen hundred dollars a year: he at once declared that he would not be a burden to his mother, and moved to lodgings, to begin a separation from his family

which he intended to increase as time went on. His elder brother, who was in the biscuit business, stayed at home and carried it on in his own behalf and his mother's and little sister's, in order that they might not be obliged to leave the house which his father had built or alter their quiet but liberal mode of living.

Valentine had graduated at the so-called university of the place, where he had made the acquaintance of a couple of New Yorkers sent there to be educated out of harm's way, as it was hoped. From this intimacy, which dropped entirely on their leaving college, he derived the views which decided his future. He was studying civil engineering at the time of his father's death, but gave it up forthwith, and devoted himself temporarily to the only occupation for which he had the smallest ability—turning over money. For five years he lived upon five hundred dollars, using his thousand in speculating in railroads and watching the stock-market: by the end of this time, having been very prudent and very lucky, he had doubled his capital. He chose a propitious moment for "realizing," and removed to a distant city, where he did not know a human being. After looking about him for a few days, he took rooms in a building over the principal restaurant of X—, in which a number of young men of good position had a sort of mess. The upper part of the house was laid out in flats occupied by small families, with a few suites of bachelor apartments, one of which he was able to secure. His first care was to find out the tradesmen patronized by the set of young men just mentioned—his next for his financial concerns and to find safe investments for his small fortune: then he gave his mind to the regulation of his conduct toward achieving the end he had in view. He took his meals at a small table by himself, reading the New York papers at breakfast, the

English ones at dinner, and smoking the best cigars afterward. He dressed very well, went down town in the morning to look after his interests, walked about in the afternoon because he had nothing to do, and for the same reason went to the theatre or opera in the evening. He spoke to nobody, looked at nobody; so by and by the young men's natural curiosity and gregariousness impelled them to speak to him. He received their advances with a rather solemn suavity, yet not in such a manner as to cause them to set him down as offish. But while he did not speak or look, he saw and heard, and gained a great deal of useful information. It did not take him long to discover that the cock of the walk was a fine-looking young fellow, George Wilkyns by name, who was living in that house because his family were in Europe.

One morning he got possession of the bathroom of his floor at the hour when Wilkyns usually took his cold plunge, and at dinner-time made him a very handsome apology for it.

"Don't say a word, my dear fellow. My watch stopped and I was late, but no man who takes a bath every morning need ask my pardon for anything."

To which Valentine replied by a smile of intelligence, by which he at once put himself on the level of his new acquaintance.

Thus before a fortnight was over he was on easy terms with the whole set, who asked him to dine at their table. Shortly afterward Dick Allen offered to put him up at their club—the club—to which Valentine responded amiably, but not heartily, that he was a little tired of club-life, but that if he could be invited for a month he would see; which caused the others, who had thought Allen precipitate, to vote solidly in his favor at the end of the month, and Germaine was elected. The next step was an invitation to a ball at Mrs. Jack Wilkyns's, George's sister-in-law. The usual stages of progress in a new society followed, and by the end of three months he was fairly started on the career which he had traced for himself, and with the best possible sponsors. The latter answered the in-

quiries which were made about Germaine with the customary generosity of young men who are "putting through" a fellow whom they have taken up, whether they know anything about him or not. Valentine had said that he was of a West Indian family—which was remotely true—and that X—suited his health—which was absolutely so, but then it had been perfectly good when he came there. He was not communicative about himself, although he had no air of concealment; so that when somebody asked who he was, and somebody else answered that he was a rich West Indian who had come to live at X—on account of the climate, both thought that they knew everything about him. One day somebody remarked that Germaine was the earl of Fitzjermyn's family-name; after which inquirers were informed of this fact also, whereby it soon came to be stated that Valentine belonged to a younger branch of that noble house. He was not uneducated, as has been mentioned, but he was entirely without reading or information, and had not a single accomplishment beyond playing a good game of billiards, which he did every day—for exercise, as he said. Of dancing, riding, driving, even cards, he always spoke with a cold smile, as among the follies which a man soon outlives: he disposed of all dissipation on the same score; and in truth he had tried it in the brutal simplicity in which it was to be had in Minniskunk, and found that he had no taste for it: besides, in X—it was expensive. The effect upon the young men of his quiet tone of disillusion was to impress them with the amount of living he must have done for a man of his age. Nevertheless, it was not wise to appear indifferent to too many things: foreign politics were easy to read about—even to talk about for one who talked so little—so he chose them as his favorite topic, and it seemed the most natural one for a man who had been so much about the world.

Thus Germaine began in X—, and by the end of five years he was as much at home as if he had been born and bred there. A man of leisure, if he takes care not to bestow too much of it upon others,

has a great advantage in our busy communities: it marks him as one apart. Women are gratified by his presence at their receptions and kettledrums; he is able to pay them visits at hours when they are alone, with time hanging heavy on their hands; such visits are apt to have an interest and charm for the fair sex for which they cannot altogether account—which bestow a fictitious value upon the visitor and lend some excitement to his next appearance if it be neither too soon nor too long afterward. Men who are trying to get up a yachting- or shooting-excursion are glad of somebody who is neither a bore nor a blackguard on whom they can count to make up the party; so that Germaine went frequently, yet the others always felt obliged to him somehow, and called him good-natured for going. In this way he met men from other places, and was asked to their ducking-clubs and shooting-boxes: he was a fair shot himself, having practised early and late on meadow-larks and fly-up-the-creeks on long summer-day trudges with his brother when they were boys; but he spoke of shooting too as one of the things which he had given up.

In the course of these years he came to be a referee in questions of etiquette which arose at the club or about subscription-balls and *fêtes champêtres*: the young men had appealed to him from the first in these matters, as if he must be an authority, but for a long time he declined, as a stranger, giving his opinion on such delicate points, until, by listening to the discussions, and hearing what men from other places said in the everlasting talking over cases of putting up, blackballing, dropping, etc., he formed sufficiently correct notions of the code, and when he gave his verdict it generally coincided with that already expressed by George Wilkyns or some equally safe person. He had, moreover, naturally, considerable social tact, and was too cautious to make mistakes.

When Germaine was thirty-one or two a piece of unexpected good luck befel him. The only real estate which his father had owned besides his bakery

was the house in which the family lived, paying Valentine a small rent for his interest in it. It stood in the outskirts of the town, with an acre of ground and some trees about it. Now an enterprising brewer wanted it for a summer beer-garden. Robert Germaine, the elder brother, who had a head for business, drove a hard bargain for it. The mother mourned and wept a little at leaving it, although they had gradually become built in by a low German population; but Robert had made many sacrifices for her, and she said that it was her turn. He had had a struggle at first to keep the business going without his father's experience and with the depleted capital, but for several years past they had done very well. He at once put his share of the purchase-money into the bakery, and his mother and sister did the same with theirs. His first act was to offer himself to a pretty girl to whom he had long been attached, and whom he could now marry without prejudice to the interests or comfort of his mother and sister. He had been disgusted by Valentine's course after their father's death, but the management by which he had trebled his small property in ten years—for the speculations and investments had been going on—commanded Robert's respect. He had long wished to establish a branch of the business in one of the principal cities, and by selling their biscuits themselves to the trade pocket the profits which now went to middlemen; but hitherto he had not seen his way to it. He made a journey to X—with the object of proposing to Valentine to put some of his money into the venture as the head of a house at X—, becoming a partner of the firm with equal profits in the whole business—a very liberal offer, considering all the circumstances. It was the first time since Valentine had left home, six years before, that he had seen a member of his own family or anybody whom he had previously known. Robert had grown stouter, redder and a little bald. Valentine, without having changed in any particular, was transformed: the alteration in his general appearance was so great that his brother would have passed

him in the street without recognition, yet it had been so gradual that his friends in X— had not been aware of it: they sometimes said that he had improved, but could not tell in what particular. He was by no means enchanted by Robert's unexpected visit, but received him decently: he gave him an elaborate dinner at an hour when none of the usual set were at the restaurant, and when Robert proposed that they should walk about and see the town, Valentine had provided against the emergency by a trotting-wagon and pair of horses, in which he drove his brother through the deserted park and about the environs. He broke an engagement in the evening to take him to the theatre, in order to secure himself against Robert's undesirable habit of making acquaintance and exchanging a certain amount of personal information: he walked round to the hotel and smoked a cigar with him afterward while Robert packed his bag to be ready for an early start the next morning; and on the latter's praising the weed, the like of which he had never inhaled before, Valentine generously emptied his cigar-case into his brother's hat. Needless to say, he declined the business proposals, and urged strongly, but with tact, the advantages of Cincinnati or St. Louis over X—for establishing a branch house: he had the relief of hearing Robert say that they could not undertake it anywhere unless Valentine would enter into the scheme.

The elder brother departed the next day, conscious that he had no just cause of complaint. He had been impressed in spite of himself by his younger brother—by the elegance of his dress and air, the handsome suite of rooms which he occupied, the *recherché* dinner, the many fine houses which he had pointed out as belonging to friends of his, the style of a party of ladies who had smiled and nodded to him with gracious familiarity in coming out of the theatre. These things belonged to a mode of life which Robert perceived to be beyond anything that existed in his own town, even in those higher circles amid which he was aware that his family did not move. He

could not entirely withstand the effect of all this upon himself, yet there was a grain of dissatisfaction from which he suffered all day at X— with a moral sensation akin to the small obdurate lump of dyspepsia: it increased steadily during his eighteen hours' journey, during which he thought more about Valentine than about his sweetheart, until, on getting out of the train in the middle of the night, he dismissed him for "a d—d conceited, cold-hearted upster, as he always was."

Valentine, on his side, had experienced an unpleasant shock, but he consoled himself by the reflection that there was less chance than before of Robert's dropping upon him, and congratulated himself on having escaped so well. On the whole, he was in a high state of satisfaction. By this windfall his income was considerably raised—was enough, indeed, for his purposes present and future, though he remembered that at his mother's death he would have something more. He had contrived with adroitness, and without downright lying, to give the impression of being much better off than he was. He knew that the modesty of his stock-operations, and even the state of his bank-account, could not be kept secret from the inquisitive; so that on the rare occasions on which he alluded to his affairs he intimated that part of his property was invested elsewhere, and that he only speculated for amusement. Now he resolved to speculate no more: he had been prudent and far-sighted, but he had also had an extraordinary run of luck, for he had never lost a dollar. He could not expect that his vein would never change, and as he was not remarkable for nerve, he made up his mind to run no more risks. But he wished to change his mode of life, or, rather, to expand it. His apartment was furnished luxuriously, and not in worse taste than most gentlemen's houses were ten years ago; but Sir Charles Eastlake had begun to shed his rays into our inner darkness, and for some time past Germaine, having got the cue, had taken to growling gently about atrocious forms and combinations of color. He gave up

his suite of rooms and took a whole flat in the same building, stating that he would furnish it faultlessly if the thing could be done in this country. He was conscious, however, that he had no knowledge which would enable him to fit it up for himself, and there was no *Marcotte* in X—. After due deliberation he applied to the lady to whom of late his afternoon visits had been most frequently paid, Mrs. Jack Wilkyns, his first female acquaintance in X—. She had gone to Europe about six months after his arrival, and had returned only a year before Valentine's accession of fortune. Having forgotten his existence, she was surprised by his coming to meet her, with George Wilkyns, as an old friend: the latter had been intimate with Germaine so long that he forgot how slightly his brother and sister-in-law had known him. She was one of those people who never forget a face, and she recognized him from the window of the train, recalling at the same time the little she knew of him. She was astonished when she found that he was there to meet her, but, seeing him well dressed and good-looking beyond her recollection, was not displeased, and responded to the deferential joy of his greeting with frank friendliness. She had been pretty enough when she went away, but nothing more: she had grown strikingly handsome, as some women do at thirty—had an inexhaustible supply of French clothes, a slight tendency to be fast and a secret desire to dash. Her husband's fortune, position and disposition favored this inclination, and her return after a long absence gave her a start. She had lived in the American society in Paris and Florence, and been to a few great routs in London and Rome on invitations obtained through the American legation. Nevertheless, this was more of the world than she had seen in her life before, and driving in the Prater, the Cascine, the Villa Borghese, the Bois de Boulogne and Hyde Park, and shopping in all the capitals of Europe, do enlarge and multiply the ideas in an unaccountable way, and make ordinary men and women more lively in conversation. Of art she knew no more than when she left

home, but she was distracted about interior decoration—had brought back carpets, curtains, cases of furniture and some beautiful bronzes and china, which made her house the handsomest in X—. To this lady Germaine had been very attentive for the last twelvemonth, finding her a most agreeable addition to his life, and making himself exceedingly acceptable to her. They now took the ground of being very old friends—he tacitly rather than by assertion; she with gay audacity. Her husband was puzzled at first to fix the date of this intimacy, but he did not trouble himself much about his wife's doings, knowing her to be sufficiently discreet, and ended, like other people, by taking everything for granted.

To Mrs. Wilkyns, therefore, Germaine had recourse for help to furnish his rooms. "You know you have always let me come to you when I am in trouble," he said, looking at her sentimentally as he sat holding his hat correctly in one hand and stroking his light moustache with the other.

"I hope you will never have worse trouble than this," she replied, laughing. "I shall never have trouble in which you cannot help me."

"Then you never expect more than this, I suppose?"

"The only real trouble I could have would come from you;" this in a lower tone, leaning a little nearer to her: he was very near already.

"Then you're all right," she answered, laughing again, and coloring. "When shall we set about our furnishing? We must begin with carpets and paper, or will you paint your walls?"

It may be imagined that the discussions, consultations and expeditions to which this undertaking gave rise were many and long. George Wilkyns was sometimes called in as umpire, since a lady's opinion could not be infallible in furnishing a bachelor's abode. Drives and walks were unavoidable, as well as appointments at shops, and even occasionally at Germaine's rooms. This lasted for three or four months, and was immensely enjoyed by both parties—by Mrs. Wilkyns because she delighted in

dadoes, friezes, Eastern rugs, Japanese screens and the modern science of upholstery; because she had no objection to being seen constantly with a presentable young man; thirdly and chiefly, because his looks, voice, manner, his way of making love mildly and covertly, the shades of his scarfs, the perfume which he used, were grateful to her: in short, he was personally agreeable to her, and she liked to have him about her, though she could scarcely have said why. Germaine enjoyed it because he liked pretty, well-dressed women of good social standing, especially if they were lively and amusing; because he was learning a great deal from Mrs. Wilkyns unconsciously to herself, as he seemed to know beforehand everything she told him; because she flattered him; because he liked to know that people were talking about him and a woman with certain advantages—liked it even better than the woman's society or her preference for him. And of course everybody knew that Mrs. Jack Wilkyns was helping Germaine to fit up his rooms. When they were at length in order he gave a supper to inaugurate them: he would have preferred a dinner, in ordering which he thought himself particularly strong, but Mrs. Wilkyns, in whose honor it was given, voted a supper jollier; so a supper it was, not indeed very jolly, but in the best style. He next set up a T-cart with a neat groom, and engaged one of the waiters of the restaurant, whose capability he had observed, as his private servant, and put him into a quiet livery. He bought a couple of pictures by modern masters with famous names: they were poor specimens, but nobody discovered that immediately. By this time his reserve-fund was exhausted, but he had what he wanted: he had never spent his income, and even on this new scale of splendor he could live considerably within his increased means.

Hitherto, Germaine's chief strength had lain in silence, non-commission, a masterly inactivity. Now, not unnaturally, he lost his head a little, and probably, next to one's character, nothing once lost is so difficult to regain. He grew less prudent: he knew as little as

ever about most things, but no longer withheld his opinion so carefully; he became supercilious, talked now and then about caste and breeding, began to give himself airs, and under the influence of Mrs. Wilkyns took to bric-à-brac. His flirtation with her did not relax, and although it did not go much faster or farther than before, its duration attracted attention. Perhaps this was why Jack Wilkyns was the first person to discover the change in Germaine, and one evening, after coming in late to find him *tête-à-tête* with his wife, pronounced him on his departure a puppy.

"A puppy!" she exclaimed, half angry, half frightened. "You never said so before."

"No, for the queer thing about Germaine is that he seems to be ending as most men begin."

Louisa looked down vexed and mortified, wishing to retort in her favorite's defence, but a little intimidated by the first exhibition of jealousy she had seen in her husband and the demoralizing effects of a guilty conscience, albeit guilty only of peccadilloes.

Wilkyns was not pleased with himself: he would rather have vented his drop of spleen on some other occasion, apropos of Valentine's horses or pictures or upholstery: he thought himself a fool for being jealous of his wife, and doubly a fool for showing it. He walked about the room, looking for a new subject of conversation, while Louisa sat thinking how she could get up and go to bed without seeming to be out of temper or frightened, being in some measure both.

But before she moved her husband spoke again: "What's gone with that cream-colored pot which used to stand on this corner of the mantelpiece?"

"You mean that bit of old Satsuma?"

"I suppose so. The housemaid again?"

"No. I—I gave it to Mr. Germaine. Poor Jane is innocent this time, though I dare say before long it would have followed the majolica dish and the bowl from Salviati's."

"If you weren't going to keep it, it wasn't worth while to buy it; and it

cost its weight in gold—gold at 18½ too—besides the infernal trouble with the custom-house."

"I gave it to Mr. Germaine for his drawing-room on the evening of his supper," she replied, flushing and roused beyond her tremor. "He is very fond of china, and a great judge of it. I did not know that you cared for anything of the sort or knew anything about it;" and with this thrust she rose and left the room as her husband responded, "No, hang it! I've something else to think of than crockery."

Valentine had given up foreign politics for pottery: his table was covered with books on "Ceramics" and "Keramique," and he filled his rooms with beautiful bits of modern Worcester and Wedgwood from Briggs in Boston, and treasure-trove of old Sèvres and Dresden from auction. Having average intelligence and an accomplished instructress, he soon knew all that was to be known about the subject except the vital difference between an old specimen and a reproduction, a genuine one and a spurious. Following his usual tactics, however, he said that china was his weak point: the rage had not begun abroad until after he came to X—: if it were antique pottery, Etruscan or Egyptian, it would be a different matter. His authority, however, was accepted unquestioned, and when the Kalæsthetic Club was formed they almost forced the presidency upon him. He refused, saying that he had no ambition for office, and did not like making his play work; nor could he be persuaded to become aught but a manager. They were greatly disappointed, and his value increased because he could not be had. Yet before summer several men made the same discovery that Jack Wilkyns had done early in the winter, and they agreed that the Wilkynses had spoiled him. His firm friend George, however, had expressed his opinion some time before that Val was spreading too much.

Germaine was too well satisfied with himself to perceive these unfavorable dispositions. He had not a keen sense of the ridiculous, and the idea of anybody's laughing at *him* never ruffled the

surface of his vast fatuity. He had ended by nearly believing all the things about himself which he wished others to believe—that he was very rich, that he was the handsomest fellow going, that he was a gentleman, a man of the world, a *connoisseur*: he had almost grown to believe, in dreamy after-dinner hours, that he had come from the West Indies and was related to Lord Fitzjermyn. He felt the edifice of his fortunes strong and solid: one thing was wanting, more as an insurance on the building than to complete its integral perfection, yet which would enhance its completeness in every respect. X— was one of the few remaining cities in which people still sometimes asked about a man, "Who is he?" Although that question had long been satisfactorily answered regarding himself, he felt that a wife whose family everybody knew would settle it for ever. He was thirty-three: he had plenty of time before him, and marriage would inevitably change his terms with Mrs. Wilkyns, which were so pleasant, but could they remain long unaltered in any case? Jack had been gruff several times lately; his wife was sometimes nervous and fluttered; she grew prettier every day, and, frog as Germaine was in temperament, he had found himself unable to sleep more than once after an unusually long and tender talk with her. It would be tame and tepid to go on for ever in the same way, yet he did not wish to go on in any other. His engagement would make a suitable ending to all this, and he had an anticipation of comfort and security, such as he had never actually enjoyed, which a good match would impart to his existence.

Summer dissolved his entanglements momentarily. He promised to go and see the Wilkynses at Newport in September, but that was nearly three months off. First, he was due at the country-house of Maynard, an acquaintance from another city, a member of a trout-fishing club to which Valentine belonged, and with whom he sometimes went to camp, although no human being had seen him throw a fly: the weather was always too hot or cold or wet. "'I leave such vio-

lent exercises to women,' like Pelham," he said.

In the neighborhood of the angler there lived a young girl of about twenty named Eveleen Forsyth, his sister's most intimate friend. She was one of that large class of women who have an inborn necessity for an enthusiasm. From childhood she had constantly been admiring and looking up to somebody who was often in no wise her superior. While at school she had several friends whom she fancied to be vastly more clever and handsome than herself: because she could not play, she thought their jingling the "Sleighbell Galop," or thrumming a march called the "Muffled Drum" with both pedals down at once, brilliant performances; because she did not draw, she thought their album-sketches on tinted paper with ready-made sky and clouds masterpieces. She lived on a fine old family-place, a manor of which they had the original grant, with elms two centuries old spreading over its thousand acres; but she sincerely thought the new villas of those same friends, with their Mansard roofs and twenty yards of trim turf and striped flower-border, stately and beautiful abodes. Not that she envied anybody their possessions: she accepted it as a decree of Fate that other people's houses, horses, clothes, looks, manners, talents and attainments should excel her own; and when these other people happened to be her particular friends she took pride in their surpassing her, while natural sweetness and joyousness preserved her from morbid self-continent. It had been her ill-fortune not to meet with people of genuine merit who would have given her legitimate objects of admiration and a standard by which to detect pinchbeck; but in her neighborhood such people were not so common as the other sort. Her family were sterling, unpretending gentlefolk, but uninteresting and a good deal behind the times. She was quick, fond of reading, eager for knowledge, novelty and "culture," in which she met with no sympathy from her parents or brothers and sisters, whom she loved deeply, but without enthusiasm. Eveleen had always lived in the country

except when at boarding-school, had been but little into society, and had never met before so polished and sophisticated a gentleman as Valentine Germaine. She had heard about him in advance—of his belonging to the Nova Scotia Trout Club and the Chesapeake Canvas-back Club; of his being the arbiter of all moot points in the society of X—; of his having the finest pair of horses and best collection of china and only Alma-Tadema in that city; so he was a hero to her imagination before she saw him. At first she was disappointed in his appearance, but she soon came to think him the handsomest man she had ever seen, and so elegant! so cultivated! It was therefore a pity, but no wonder, that she was carried off her feet when Germaine, charmed by her fresh loveliness, began to pay her marked attentions. Their common friends' magnanimity was severely tried by the turn of events, as her dearest Clara had counted on making a conquest of Valentine herself, and her brother the fisherman had been rejected by Eveleen the year before. The Maynards were very rich people—much richer than the Forsyths—but they were only on the rise, and Eveleen Forsyth was Clara's trump-card in town, as Germaine was her brother's. For Valentine had reached an eminence at which his intimacy conferred distinction, and some younger men talked about him as six years before he might have talked of George Wilkyns if he had been capable of so gross an error. So policy—and better feelings too—made the Maynards generous, and when Valentine and his friend set out for camp, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, at their children's instance, gave him a pressing invitation to return on his way home. He did return, and before he went away again offered himself to Eveleen, and was accepted. The young girl was excessively in love with him, or with what she imagined him to be, and could not conceive why he preferred her to Clara—could not believe in her own happiness.

When Mr. Forsyth asked Valentine what means he had of supporting his

daughter, Valentine mentioned without pretence or mystification the exact amount of his income, adding that it would probably one day be two or three thousand dollars more a year, but never much larger.

"I must warn you," said the old gentleman, "that I can give my daughter nothing now, nor will she ever have a great deal: she has brothers and sisters, and the old place must be kept up."

Primogeniture was practised by the Forsyths to a limited degree for the sake of keeping the manor intact.

"I had no expectations of anything: I have enough for us both," replied Germaine quietly. "That is, if you think Miss Forsyth will find it enough."

"I should hope so, I should hope so," returned the old gentleman emphatically. He had old-fashioned notions, and his children had not been brought up extravagantly. "And now another question: I understand that you are not originally from X——?"

"No: I am of a West Indian family," said Germaine, hesitating slightly: he then added with an imperceptible effort, "Had you not better inquire of some of your friends, sir? I should be better satisfied."

"Certainly," said Mr. Forsyth cordially, feeling sorry for the young man. "Let me see: it's a quarter of a century since I was in X——. Who is there left?"

"Do you know the Wilkynses?"

"I suppose they're the sons of my old classmate George: he's been dead these ten years."

"Yes—John and George: John is married."

"Well, then, I'll write to him, if you say so."

"Or to any one else you please, sir: the Wilkynses are particular friends of mine."

Germaine conducted himself like a gentleman in this ordeal: Mr. Forsyth appreciated it, and, although he afterward remembered a contemporary of his in X—— of whom he would rather have made inquiries about his daughter's suitor than of those young folks, he felt a compulsion of delicacy and honor

to abide by the understanding that he should write to Jack Wilkyns. Accordingly, about the beginning of September, when Louisa was looking wistfully for news of Germaine, one foggy morning at breakfast her husband, after an exclamation over one of his letters, tossed it across the table to her. At the first lines her heart contracted so sharply that she feared she must be turning pale, and got up from the table as if to go nearer the light: she stood with her back to the room, and read the letter very slowly to give herself time for composure. This news was a blow—not a deathblow, but it cut sharp and deep—and her limbs were trembling under her, but if she could only prevent her husband's seeing, suspecting, she could bear the pain.

"Well!" she said when longer silence became unnatural, "this is a surprise, but it's very nice. Of course you'll say everything that's right?"

"Hang me if I know what to say!" replied Jack, who had taken up the newspaper, but was watching her from the corner of his eye. "He wants to know all about Germaine: what the deuce do I know about Germaine?"

"Oh, how can you say so?" she exclaimed, finding that she could trust her voice and knees, and walking to the table. "You know *all* about him. We've known him for years and years: I fancy he hasn't an older friend than George in this country, and I suppose there isn't a more honorable, unexceptionable man in X——."

She spoke with warmth, the loyalty of her regard for Germaine mingling with a desire to show zeal in the matter of his marriage.

Her husband was completely deceived. "As to the last clause, you ought to be better informed than I," he said with a grin. "You've had charge of his morals for the last twelvemonth, haven't you? To be sure, I'll write a proper letter and put him through: he's a good fellow, though he is a pup. But if I were you I'd have that bit of chany back again."

"If I were you, I should be ashamed to mention that after your stingy, shabby behavior the last time it was spoken

of. I shall tell him I meant it for a wedding-present." So saying, she left the room, smiling saucily and tossing her head. On the stairs she met her two boys, fine little fellows of ten and eight, dressed like sailors, rushing down with their fishing-tackle to the rocks, loud in complaints against the fog, which would prevent their going off in a boat. She kissed them, and strained them in her arms so closely that the eldest drew himself back and looked at her, but she only bade them run along and not fall into the sea. Half an hour afterward her husband came to her with his letter to Mr. Forsyth to ask if it would do. He had said that Germaine had been a friend of theirs for years, that he was of a wealthy West Indian family—related, he had always heard, to the earl of Fitzjermyn—that he was a gentleman, an excellent fellow, and very much liked in X—. She ran her eye over it and nodded.

"I'm going to drive into town," he said, "and I'll drop it into the post-office as I go by."

"Wait five minutes and I'll give you a line to Valentine."

She wrote a couple of pages of cordial congratulation, dashed with reproach at his not having taken her into his confidence, and begged him to tell Miss Forsyth that she would find at least one friend when she came to X—.

Her husband came back as she was addressing the note, flushed by the effort it had cost her: he held out his hand, saying, "I should like to know the correct thing to say under the circumstances."

"The curiosity of men! When did I want to see a note of yours?" and she gave it to him.

As she heard the house-door close after him she drew a long breath, and threw herself upon a sofa with her hands clasped over her eyes. She had been very much in love with her husband once, and he with her: he was still fond of her—fonder than she was of him—and she knew it; yet, with a contradiction very common in such cases, she took more pains to be agreeable than

he did: in fact, there was no great difference between her manner to him now and before her marriage, while the difference in his was immense. She could not think of this without resentment, but she had plenty of common sense, and she reasoned with herself. She had long ago constructed a philosophy of marriage: Jack was a better husband than many of whom she knew; he took no trouble to please her, but he let her please herself in her own way; she really loved her children, and took great pride and enjoyment in them. She had wanted more than this, and she had found amusement, pleasure, solace and a prickle of excitement in her intercourse with Valentine; but she had known very well that it could not last for ever, and this was the natural end. She was not in love with him: the feeling was very different from that which she had felt for her husband. She sighed deeply at the remembrance of that girlish happiness which she had thought would last for ever, and wondered whether any married woman is really happy. But the pain she suffered from the conclusion of this last episode, as she called it to herself, seemed so out of proportion to what she had enjoyed from it that she made up her mind such recreations do not pay. This had been her first flirtation since her marriage: she resolved that it should be her last; and so it was, in truth, although she got credit for one or two more. The morning passed heavily, but not unprofitably. After several hours she got up from the sofa with a headache and a sore heart, bathed her temples with cologne-water, and went out into the soft, fresh fog to look for the boys.

Germaine's satisfaction in his wooing was disturbed from the first moment by the question of his family—how he should announce his engagement to them; how prevent their writing to Eveleen; how avoid their presence at his wedding. He had not kept up a regular correspondence with them. At first his mother wrote to him on anniversaries, but as he seldom answered she gradually gave it up. His brother had formerly accompanied the quarterly remittance of the rent with a

few lines containing any little household news that there might be to tell, which Valentine had duly acknowledged, adding love to his mother and sister; but since the sale of the house these communications had ceased, and he had not heard from any of them for over a year. He had been so invariably fortunate in his designs and calculations that he could not help expecting some bit of luck to help him out of his present difficulties.

He would not have minded the Forsyths knowing that his family were quiet, respectable people in trade in the interior, but he could not bring himself to share the disclosure with the whole of X—, and he could not request his betrothed and her parents to keep the secret. While he was waiting and putting off writing from day to day, it befel as he hoped. A letter came from his brother to say that he was to be married on the first of November, and asking Valentine to be one of his groomsmen. November had been already spoken of for the latter's marriage, and he now persuaded Eveleen to fix on the second of that month, that they might have the Indian summer for their honeymoon. This settled, he wrote to his brother announcing his engagement, and mentioning that as his own wedding would take place on the second of November he could not be at Robert's: he enclosed a diplomatic note to his mother, telling her of his happiness, regretting that his wedding—which was to be *very* quiet—should fall on the morrow of Robert's, since the distance would prevent either of them from standing by the other on the momentous occasion. He took care not to express even a regret that she and his sister should be absent, lest they should take it into their heads to sacrifice Robert to him. But no such idea occurred to them. Robert's bride was one of their friends, his sister was to be first bridesmaid, and there were gay doings on foot which she would not miss on any account. Valentine's mother, a mild, gentle, sentimental soul, who had given him his name because he was born on the 14th of February, had some unspoken yearnings to see the son who had passed so

strangely out of her life and the young lady who was to be his wife; but she had long ago understood that he wished to do without her, and had almost learned to do without him. In her answer to his letter there was a great deal of motherly love and gratification, for Valentine had been unable to forbear alluding to the aristocratic extraction of his bride, just as he had pointed out the houses of his fine acquaintance to Robert; but she only said she was sorry that he could not be with them at Robert's marriage, and sent her regards and his sister's to Miss Forsyth. Valentine felt a faint, transient emotion on reading this letter, and a momentary twinge of compunction, but they passed away quickly, and by the next day had given place to complacency that things had turned out so wonderfully well, and that his family evidently recognized and accepted the terms which he wished to establish. He once said casually to his betrothed that the only living relatives he knew of in this country lived in the West, and that he had not seen them for many years: this was the solitary intimation he gave her that he was not alone in the world.

The lovers did not see very much of each other during their engagement: Germaine would not abuse the Maynards' hospitality by prolonging his stay at the villa, and although, of course, he had a standing invitation to the manor, he thought it in better taste not to trespass too much on the short time which Eveleen had to be with her family. Moreover—for after-thoughts are the plague of people in his position—the less he saw of them the fewer opportunities there would be for embarrassing questions and compromising evasions. When practical matters came to be discussed, it turned out that Mr. Forsyth's doing nothing for his daughter meant giving her a furnished house, but she and Valentine agreed between themselves that it would be much better fun—though he never could understand what women meant by "jolly" and "good fun," nor in what it consisted—to begin life in the apartment of which she had

heard so much. As it was less than a year since it had been fitted up, there was nothing to do but turn the room he had furnished in order to be able to tie up a bachelor friend into a suitable bower for Eveleen, which was done under the superintendence of her married sister, Mrs. Martindale, who went to X—— on purpose, and returned with glowing accounts of the exquisite taste and luxury of the flat. By common consent, the wedding was to be a quiet one. Ger-

maine supplied a list of persons to whom cards were to be sent afterward, which included "everybody" in X—— and several well-known names in other cities. "If you can spare me a few cards and a box or two of cake," he said, "I will address them myself to some friends who live here and there, and save you the trouble." In this way he contrived that his own family should not be passed over, and his calculations were verified to a dot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOLK-SONGS.

I.

A LITTLE slumber! a little sleep!
I prithee, O Time, fly fast!
For who would sow for another to reap?
And who would win for another to keep?
 And the little green mound at last,
 When all is past?

If life could bide as the skies above,
 Come winter or bloomy May,
'Twere worth the while for the pretty ring-dove
To build him a nest for his own true-love;
 But loves that perish away
 Say nay! say nay!

II.

WHY did I bring thee, sweet,
 Into a world of sin—
Into a world of wonder and doubt,
With sorrow and snares for the little white feet—
 Into a world whence the going out
 Is as dark as the coming in?

III.

OH redly shines the autumn moon,
 And from the lovers' walk below
I hear two happy voices croon
 The songs of Long Ago.

The red moon swims o'er strand and town,
 A stormy tide begins to flow:
Oh rise, thou roaring sea, and drown
 The songs of Long Ago!

W. W. YOUNG.

MOLIÈRE: THE LIFE AND THE LEGEND.



JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN DE MOLIÈRE.

IT is now a hundred years since George Steevens wrote: "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is, that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there; went to London, where he commenced actor and wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried." The hard work of a century has failed to add much to this meagre account of Shakespeare. Of Molière we know more than this, but vast gaps still exist in the story of his life. In spite of the industry and skill of many patient and tireless investigators, ever at work, there are still many points in his career about which we are in doubt. And where fact fails, fiction quickly springs up. "Around Molière and his work," writes the editor of the still incomplete

standard edition of his writings, "there has formed a legend whose origin it is not easy to find; and even where it is a manifest usurpation it is not easily dislodged. . . . Here, as elsewhere, fiction is ordinarily more attractive than the dry truth, and has therefore succeeded in getting itself adopted. The anecdotes which compose it would have had no luck had they not been piquant and happy. When we believe them false, or at least improbable, it is our duty to say so, were it only for the honor of truth itself."

To set forth for American readers a few of the results of recent criticism and discovery, to explode a few of the falsehoods and fictions forming a nimbus of legend through which we must strive as best we may to see the real Molière, the man as

he was, is the object of this paper. And the work is the more needed as there is no standard life of Molière to which general reference may be had. Boileau's biography is, alas! lost; the scant memoir prefixed to the first authorized collection of his comedies, and probably from the pen of Lagrange, is all too brief; and Grimarest's life, though written with the aid of Baron's recollections and containing valuable matter, was composed too long after the poet's death to be wholly trustworthy, and has of late been shown to be frequently at fault; Taschereau's useful memoir is now out of date; and so by this time would, perhaps, have been the biography which Prescott once intended writing. There is no such life of Molière as, for instance, Mr. Lewes has written of Goethe—a biography broadly planned and constructed, into which the result of all subsequent investigation can readily be incorporated. And it is to this lack of a standard life that we may in great measure attribute the ease with which fiction has taken the place of fact.

Jean Poquelin, the father of Jean Baptiste Poquelin de Molière, belonged to the wealthy middle class. He was a *tapissier*, or dealer in furniture, hangings, decorations and so forth—no mean business then or now. In 1631 he obtained a place in the royal household, becoming *valet de chambre tapissier du roi*—a post held subsequently by his illustrious son. His wife, Marie Cressé, seems to have been a woman of sturdy good sense and worthy to be the mother of a genius as honest and hearty as Molière: she owned a Bible and a Plutarch, which at her death passed to her first-born son, Jean Baptiste, christened on the fifteenth day of January, 1622, which was perhaps also the date of his birth. When he was barely ten years old his mother died: a year later his father remarried.

In his boyhood Molière was trained in his father's trade—surely no great hardship when he could fairly look forward to succeeding his father in his honorable charge at court, the survivorship of which had been assured him. Yet he studied the humanities, theology, and even can-

on law: in all probability he was duly admitted to the bar; and thus without giving up the business which made the family circumstances easy and almost luxurious. Molière arrived at man's estate with an education which later enabled him to hold his own with Boileau and other learned friends. During the king's journeys in the spring of 1642, when Molière was twenty, it is highly probable that he replaced his father, in whose stead he performed all the duties of a *valet de chambre tapissier*—duties which were very light, and consisted for the most part in the superintendence of the royal bedroom and of the two sets of furniture and hangings which adorned it, alternating one with another as the king moved from place to place. Perhaps the young poet was present at the arrest of Cinq-Mars, a theme which has since inspired more than one poet.

And all these years he frequented the theatres, of which there were then three—the Hôtel de Bourgogne, the oldest, which was but a stone's throw from his father's house; the Théâtre du Marais, which had brought out the earlier plays of Corneille; and the company of Italian Comedians, acting at the Petit Bourbon and headed by Tiberio Fiorilli, who, playing constantly the character of Scaramouche, was generally known by that name. Tradition has it that Molière while yet a child was taken to the theatre by his maternal grandfather. His enemies would have it that he was an imitator of Scaramouche, and one of the bitterest of them, in one of the bitterest pamphlets ever published against any man, *Elomire hypocondre*, has declared that Molière took lessons of Scaramouche. There is no doubt that Molière was greatly interested in the Italian Comedians, and especially in Scaramouche: he preferred their light and lively comedies to the stiff and formal plays which obtained on the French stage. But all theatrical things began to interest Molière: he sought the acquaintance of actors; became intimate with the Béjart family, and the lover of the elder sister; and at last cast in his lot with theirs. In January, 1643, when less than twenty, he released to his young-

er brother the right to succeed their father as valet de chambre of the king, and for this release received six hundred and thirty livres. With this sum, and with other sums furnished by the Béjarts, was organized the "Illustre Théâtre," which

gave its first performances toward the end of the year, and continued to perform in Paris for two or three years with but slight success. The record of these years of severe schooling is obscure, but there is no doubt of the failure of the



ARMANDE BÉJART (WIFE OF MOLIÈRE).

Illustre Théâtre to please the taste of the theatre-going Parisians: we know that for its debts Molière was even once put in prison.

In 1645, or the year after, he shook the dust of Paris from his feet and set forth with the company, of which he had at length become the chief, upon a long pilgrimage through the provinces—a pilgrimage the stations of which are now scarcely to be identified. For twelve or thirteen years Molière led the life of a strolling actor, seeing the world under many aspects, studying in a hard school, storing up experience and wisdom against the time when they could stand him in good stead, struggling along—painfully enough at first, it may be—but gaining ground as his company grew in strength

and recruited itself to advantage from the disbanded rivals it surpassed. In time it became the foremost company of actors outside of Paris. No small part of this success was probably due to the plays which Molière had begun to write. In Lyons, some time between 1653 and 1655, he brought out the *Étourdi*. In Béziers, toward the end of 1656, he first performed the *Dépit amoureux*. Before this he seems to have written half a dozen lively little farces, sketched freely from Italian models, and serving afterward as raw material to be worked carefully into his more mature plays. Two of these earlier farces have been rescued from oblivion, and are now to be found in his collected works.

In October, 1658, having paid his

debts, and accumulated besides a sum equivalent to about twenty thousand dollars of our money, Molière, at the head of his company, returned to Paris. He was accorded the protection of Monsieur, the brother of the king. Toward the end of the month the company played before the king himself at the Louvre—with a success due especially to Molière's little afterpiece and to the speech to the king by which he introduced it. After this success the theatre occupied by the Italian Comedians was hired for their off-nights, Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the Italians reserving the other and more fashionable evenings. And here for fifteen years the company and Molière its chief enjoyed a prosperity rare in theatrical history. We have the full figures of the nightly receipts, with the bill of the performance and now and then a remark upon any untoward event which happened in the theatre: these are all regularly recorded by Lagrange, a member of the company, the right-hand man of Molière, and the editor after his death of the first standard edition of his works. In this *Registre de Lagrange*, which the Comédie Française has recently published with the utmost typographical beauty, we can see the success of each play as it came fresh from the author's pen. New plays followed each other fast with prodigal abundance. Molière sometimes put forth three masterpieces in one year. Beginning a year after his return with the *Précieuses ridicules* (1659), the long list contains, to mention only the greatest, the *École des Femmes* (1662), the *Critique de l'École des Femmes* (1663), *Don Juan* (1665), the *Misanthrope* (1666), *Tartufe* (1667), *George Dandin* and the *Avare* (both in 1668), the *Femmes savantes* (1672), until it ends in 1673 with the *Malade imaginaire*. And success failed to wait on but few of them—an attempt at a tragedy, for instance, and one or two more. It was a success, too, to be measured in money: at the time of his death Molière's income was not far from thirty thousand livres, and the purchasing power of a livre then was little less than that of a dollar now. But it was a

success which brought its author enemies in plenty. The *précieuses*, the marquises, the doctors, the rival actors and authors,—all these thought they had cause to hate him, and there were many who without cause cherished hatred against a man who had succeeded so abundantly, who lived so lavishly, who held an office at court—for the younger brother had by this time died and Molière again held the survivorship of his father's charge—and who was only an actor, after all.

In regard to Molière's relations with the court there is much which must needs be said. It is a popular belief that Louis XIV. accorded to Molière an unusual protection, and even allowed him a personal intimacy most gracious indeed on the part of a monarch flattered almost beyond credence. And this belief has at last crystallized itself in the legend that Louis XIV. permitted Molière to eat with him. At first sight there seems to be considerable evidence in favor of this story. We know that Molière was hereditary valet de chambre tapissier of the king, and therefore in frequent personal attendance on him. We know that the king took such a fancy to the company of actors of which Molière was the chief that he begged them from his brother, Monsieur, and took them under his own protection, giving them the title of *troupe du roi* and allotting to them a yearly pension of six thousand livres. We know that Molière was the author of many court-ballets, in which he and his company took part. We know that the king himself suggested to Molière the adding to the *Fâcheux* of one of its characters, thus collaborating with him, as Charles II. did with Dryden in *Aurungzebe*, which the "merry monarch" always esteemed the poet's best play. We know that the king, by proxy, stood godfather for Molière's first-born. And we are told that when the king heard of a refusal of the other valets de chambre to associate with the actor in the formal making of the royal bed, a part of their daily duty, he ordered the serving of the *en-cas de nuit*, the repast which always stood ready in case the monarch, both *gourmet* and *gourmand*, should feel hun-

gry in the night, and, bidding Molière sit down, he himself helped the actor to the wing of a chicken: then, causing the admittance of the courtiers, the king turned to them, saying, "You see me, gentlemen, engaged in letting Molière eat, whom my valets de chambre did not find good enough company for them."

This is a very pretty story, and very pretty indeed is the picture M. Gérôme has painted of it. It is perhaps a pity that it is not true. And almost as false are the deductions drawn from facts about which there is no doubt. The fact that Molière was a royal valet de chambre, and therefore in personal attendance on the king, did not prevent the marquis de la Feuillade from inflicting a gross personal insult on the author, whom he suspected of satirizing him. It is a fact that the king allowed Molière's company, the troupe du roi, a yearly pension of six thousand livres, raised in 1671 to seven thousand livres, but at the same time the royal pension to the Italian Comedians was fifteen thousand livres, and to the troupe royale it was twelve thousand; and it is to be noted that Molière's company was not the troupe royale, it was not the court company: it was the troupe du roi only, the personal company of the king. It was not considered as the equal of the earlier company at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, which in tragedy was probably stronger than Molière's.* It is a fact that Molière wrote ballets for the king, and that he and his company appeared in them; but other authors also composed for the royal festivities, and the other companies of actors took part in them as frequently and as prominently as Molière's. It is a fact that the king interested himself in Molière, but no more than he did in other actors, if as much—Floridor, for instance; or the harlequin Dominique, who was well worthy of attention; or Scaramouche, a low buffoon to whom the king extended especial favors, and whose funeral, followed by a great crowd, was held in the very parish of St. Eustache which not long before had refused to bury Molière.

* It is to be remarked that Lagrange declares that the royal pension was *never paid*.

The fact that the king and the duchess of Orléans were, by proxy, as was usual, the god-parents of Molière's child is no proof of signal favor, for the king was a frequent godfather to the children of the courtiers or of those attached to the court in any official capacity, or of those whom he personally affected, even when they



LE VRAI PORTRAIT DE M. DE MOLIÈRE EN HABIT DE SCARAMELLE. (FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.)

were without courtly office; among them the journalist De Visé, for instance, and the harlequin Dominique.

M. Eugène Despois, to whose most interesting volume on the *Théâtre Français sous Louis XIV.* all may be referred who desire a fuller discussion of the topic, gives the king credit for possessing better taste than most of the courtiers, wits and literary men of his reign. He seems to have really seen Molière's merit as author and actor when he had not yet proved his claim to a position far above the throng of now-forgotten authors and actors by whom he was surrounded. But that Louis XIV. saw the true greatness of Molière, or even suspected his superiority to his contemporaries, does not anywhere appear. Louis Racine, son of the author

of *Phèdre*, records that when the king asked Boileau who was the rarest of the great writers of his reign, the satirist answered, "Sire, it is Molière." To which the king replied, "I did not think it, but you know these things better than I." Louis XIV. seems, in fact, to have looked upon Molière mainly as a quick-witted deviser of court entertainments. Grimarest in his biography, which is more trustworthy when it records the speech of others than when it sets forth the doings of Molière, narrates that the king once declared that he had lost two men he could never replace—Molière and Lulli. Now, Lulli was a wily little Italian who managed the opera and composed the music for the court-ballets.

The cause of this general crediting of the king with a perspicacity he did not possess is not far to seek. Since Molière's merits have been acknowledged a wish has been felt to find out all about him as far as may be possible, and to this end all the records of the reign of Louis XIV. have been scanned in the search for the name of the dramatist, which has been discovered again and again coupled with the king's, until it began to be believed that there was an unusual intimacy between the poet and the king; and this the more readily as it is pleasant to think that a great man has always been appreciated and honored as we appreciate and honor him. But a more careful investigation of the records shows that the favors which seemed unusual were not so, and that at best the king appreciated and honored but one of the many facets of Molière's brilliant genius.

And this leads us to the consideration of what M. Despois calls the legend of the *en-cas de nuit*, the story that the actor sat at table with the king and ate with him. This anecdote is first to be found in the memoirs of Madame Campan, published in 1823. Before 1823 it had never been heard of anywhere. It is just the sort of "characteristic anecdote" which the pen of a ready writer delights to repeat. It is moreover dramatic: we have the condescending urbanity of the monarch, the modest diffidence of the poet and the discomfited

surprise of the courtiers. It lends itself easily to the pencil of the painter: it has been depicted by Ingres and by Gérôme, and its popularity is thereby perpetuated. But it is safe to say that the story is not true. The evidence in its favor is so slight as to be almost valueless, while the evidence against it is so strong as to be wellnigh overwhelming. Madame Campan, writing under Louis XVIII., declares that she had the anecdote from her father-in-law, who in turn had it from an old physician-in-ordinary to Louis XIV. This is but the second-hand authority of an anonymous old man, and it is the only evidence in support of the anecdote. The testimony against it is chiefly negative, but none the less strong for that. It amounts in short to this: the story is not on record, therefore it is not true. In the fierce light which beat upon the throne we can see the life of Louis XIV. as it is given to us to see the lives of few men. Every incident of his long reign is down in black and white in the interminable memoirs and correspondence of the time. Nothing is too trifling to be recorded: we know when first the king wore a wig; we know his slightest indigestions; we know every pimple which broke out upon the royal skin, to the consternation of the courtiers; we know his condescensions—not so many that they could not all be set down; we know that when a boy he once in jest poured out a glass of wine for Scaramouche, to whom Mazarin at once pointed out the great honor the greatest monarch in the world had done him. But in neither letter nor diary is there any reference to an incident which in the eyes of the courtiers would have been of unexampled importance. And not only would those who surrounded the king have noted the circumstance had it ever happened, but Molière's friends, his biographers, his early critics, the historians of the French stage, who dwell with satisfaction on the fact that an actor like Molière was allowed to hold an office about the king's person,—these would all have recorded an honor so extraordinary. In short, as M. Despois suggests, it needs but a slight acquaintance with the memoirs and correspondence,

and thereby with the feelings, the manners and customs, and, above all, the etiquette, of the times, to see the extreme improbability of such a thing happening at all, and the absolute impossibility of its happening without record. And there is positive evidence to corroborate the negative. The duke de Saint-Simon, than whom surely any one more punctilious of etiquette in its utmost refinements never lived,—Saint-Simon in his memoirs, where he writes out of the fulness of knowledge about all the royal affairs, noting minutely every infraction and variation of the social code as it obtained in his time, declares positively that "except in the army the king never ate with any man under whatsoever circumstances, not even with the princes of the blood, who have only eaten with him at the wedding-feasts the king gave them."

Around the long-delayed production of *Tartufe* clusters another collection of legends. It is, for instance, gravely related that when an order of the Parliament came forbidding its performance, Molière went before the curtain and said, "Messieurs, we counted on having the honor of giving you to-day the second representation of *Tartufe*, but M. the First President does not wish us to play him—*qu'on le joue*." This story cannot be true, as it is simply inconceivable that Molière or any other actor of the time should dare to speak thus disrespectfully of so high a personage. While there can be no doubt about this tale, there is great uncertainty about other points in the history of *Tartufe*. It has been commonly taken for granted that Molière originally aimed it at the Jesuits. Recently an attempt has been made by M. Louis Lacour to prove that it was the Jansenists, and not the Jesuits, that the satirist meant to scourge. M. Lacour shows that the Jesuits were rich and powerful at court and friendly to the stage, allowing their pupils to act plays, and even to dance in ballets, while the Jansenists were eyed askance by the king and opposed all forms of amusement. M. Lacour seeks to show that Molière would not have dared to attack

the Jesuits, and that it was with their connivance, and at the instigation of the king himself, that *Tartufe* was written as an assault on the Jansenists. As Racine wrote at the time, "It was said that the Jesuits were shown up in this piece: the Jesuits, on the contrary, flattered themselves that it was meant for the Jansenists." The exact fact would seem to be that Molière was too great a writer to confine himself to a bare portrait of any one sect: he idealized and generalized; he sought to draw the picture of a hypocrite, whether Jesuit or Jansenist.

On no point has the memory of Molière been more attacked, at no point is it harder to peer through the mists of the legend to see the truth as it is, than in regard to his wife. Was Mademoiselle Molière (only ladies of high rank were at that time designated as *madame*) the vicious, heartless creature she was called in contemporary satire? Was Molière himself the complaisant husband his enemies chose to declare him? The charges against Mademoiselle Molière are to the effect that she was an unfaithful wife, carrying on intrigue after intrigue in her husband's house and under his eyes. These accusations were current during Molière's life: they were a weapon ready to the hand of his enemies, of whom he had many, who knew his love for his wife and knew also his overpowering jealousy—the passion he used as the mainspring of most of his plays. Persistently urged by those who hated the author, the actor or the man, they acquired certain credence at the time—a credence they have more or less retained to this day, in great part because they were condensed and set forth in a vindictive and venomous pamphlet inspired doubtless by feminine spite. This anonymous libel, called *La Fâcheuse Comédienne*, appeared years after Molière's death and years after his widow had remarried: it was directed against her personally, and only struck Molière incidentally; and although its untrustworthiness is self-evident even on a cursory examination, it has blackened the name of Molière's wife and cast a shadow over the story of his life which it is

perhaps too much to hope now ever to remove.

Madeleine Béjart, the master-spirit of the original *Illustre Théâtre*, and for a time the mistress of its future chief, had a younger relative, in all probability her sister, called Armande, who grew up, as it were, under Molière's eye. When she was but seventeen years of age, and when he was forty, he married her. What was to be expected from such a union—a union to which the groom brought not merely his years, but his irritating and nervous anxieties as author and as manager of a company not always easily handled, his deep-rooted, humorous sadness, and, above all, his absorbing thirst for love and a jealousy always his greatest tormentor—to which the bride brought her youth, her gayety, her natural desire to see the world and to shine in it, her coquetry, innocent though it were, her inexperience, her independence, and, I fear me, no great love for the great man who was her husband?

Surely here was but little hope for happiness. These things are enough to account for all the misery we know Molière to have suffered. There is no need to impute guilt to the wife as the cause of a separation which we know to have taken place, and for which this patent incompatibility was reason enough. While Molière was alive Mademoiselle Molière was quick to defend her reputation: who does not know the story of the suit she won against the President Lescot, from whom she recovered damages for the injurious language he had used toward her—he, poor man! having been tricked by an imitation Mademoiselle Molière, much as in the affair of the diamond necklace the cardinal de Rohan was deceived by a false Marie Antoinette? And after Molière's death it is to be noted that Mademoiselle Molière retained the friendship of Lagrange, the true friend of Molière.

Although Molière and his wife always occupied the same house, they did for a time separate, and then after a time they tried again to live together; and they were so doing when Molière died. Now, if Molière was the man we all hold him to be; if Molière was the man Goethe

declared him to be ("What a grand and pure soul Molière had! Yes, this is the exact word which needs to be said about him: his was a pure soul"); if Molière was the man his works show him to be, a hater of evil, a despiser of the mean, the petty and the paltry; if Molière was the man all the records he has left behind him of his doings declare him, honest and upright, and incapable of aught in any way dishonorable or debasing,—then surely we have a right to believe that he knew his wife better than we do, and that he knew she had not been unfaithful to him.

But, fortunately, we have his own words to confirm this view. It is recorded that in a long talk with M. de Rohaut about his married life he said, "Yes, I am the most unhappy of all men, and I have only what I deserve. I did not think that I was too austere for domestic life. I thought my wife ought to subject her conduct to her virtue and to my wishes. . . . She is lively, she is witty, she delights in the pleasure of being appreciated: all this irritates me in spite of myself. I find fault with it, I complain. This woman, a hundred times more reasonable than I am, wishes to enjoy life agreeably: she goes her way, and, *assured of her own innocence*, she disdains to subject herself to the precautions I ask from her. . . . But my wife, *who would be exempt from all suspicion* by any man less restless than I am, leaves me to my torments: occupied only by the desire of *pleasing* in general, like all women, with no special object, she laughs at my weakness."

This is surely clear enough and emphatic enough. George Sand well says: "Molière would have despised and forgotten a dissolute wife: I believe that he could always esteem his, and that he only suffered from her ingratitude, her coquetry, her freaks, her hardness; and that these were quite enough to kill him." Perhaps she was hardly as bad even as Madame Sand here makes her out. In all probability, she was, as M. Laugel has forcibly phrased it, only the ordinary wife of an extraordinary man.

In all probability, she did shorten his life, but none of the family were long-

lived: of Marie Cresse's seven children, only four survived her, and of Molière's own children, only one grew to womanhood. And after the reconciliation his time was short. On Friday, the tenth of February, 1673, was the first performance of his last play, the *Malade imaginaire*, with the real sick man in the leading part. Sunday and Tuesday it was again acted, and for the fourth time on Friday, the seventeenth, and Lagrange marks the date in the margin of his register with a long black mark, and pauses in the statement of plays and profits to set down these simple words: "This same day, after the comedy, about ten o'clock in the evening, Monsieur de Molière died in his house, Rue de Richelieu, having played the part of the imaginary invalid, much troubled by a cold and pain in the chest, which gave him a hard cough—so much so that in the great efforts he made to spit he broke a vein in his body, and lived but half an hour or three quarters after the breaking of the said vein. His body is buried at St. Joseph's, attached to the parish of St. Eustache. He has there a tomb raised a foot above the soil."

No part of the received legend of Molière is less exact than the story of his death and burial. Improving on the account of Grimarest, most writers tell us that in revenge for *Tartufe*, Harlai de Champvallon, archbishop of Paris, refused him burial, and that a menacing crowd surged around his house until appeased by the handfuls of money thrown from a window by Mademoiselle Molière.

M. Loiseleur, in his valuable volume on the *Points obscurs de la vie de Molière*, has sought to set before us the real facts. The ritual of 1645, which obtained in Paris at the time of Molière's death, condemned the stage, and only allowed the administration of the communion by a priest when the actor *in articulo mortis* declared his repentance and promised in case of recovery to renounce "a profession infamous and unworthy of a Christian." Certain priests construed this liberally, and the Abbé Bernard of St. Germain l'Auxerrois was one of them: he seems to have been the con-

fessor of Molière's family, and had Molière died in his parish, where he had long lived, and where his theatre was, there would doubtless have been no delay about the funeral. But the curé of St. Eustache, in whose parish he did die, perhaps remembered *Tartufe*, perhaps did not know Molière personally, and certainly had cause to dislike the theatre, for his predecessors for a hundred years had been protesting against the near neighborhood to them of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. So he stood upon the strict technicality: Molière had not received the sacrament or made his peace with the Church; so the curé would not bury him. Mademoiselle Molière appealed at once to the king, acknowledging that Molière had died without the last offices of religion and just after having acted, but declaring that he had died in the sentiments of a good Christian, as he testified in the presence of two nuns lodging in the house, and that M. Bernard, curé of St. Germain, had administered the sacrament to him the previous Easter. In consequence, no doubt, of the widow's appeal to the king, the archbishop—who in spite of his notorious bad character seems to have acted in this case with no especial feeling—ordered the curé of St. Eustache to bury Molière in the cemetery of his parish, without any pomp and with two priests only, and not in the daytime; that he should make no solemn service for him, either in the said parish of St. Eustache or elsewhere; and that this permission should be without prejudice to the rules of the ritual. A contemporary letter, giving an account of the burying, shows that the instructions of the archbishop were even exceeded by the curé, who, it is to be noted, made out a burial certificate in which Molière nowhere appears as an actor, but only as valet de chambre tapissier of the king. This letter gives us also the germ of Grimarest's story of the angry mob bought off by the frightened widow. Here is the part of the letter of importance to us now: "Tuesday, February 21, about nine o'clock in the evening, was had the funeral of Jean Baptiste Poquelin Molière, tapissier valet de cham-

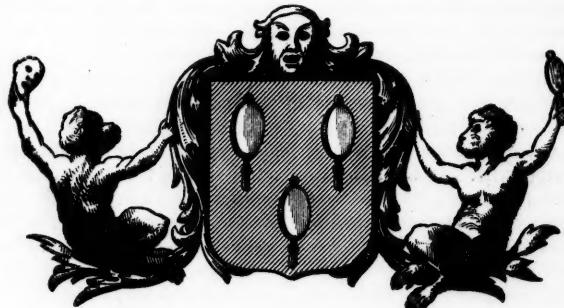
bre, illustrious comedian, without any pomp, except three ecclesiastics: four priests bore the body on a wooden bier covered with the hangings of the Tapis-siers; six blue boys bearing six lights in six silver candlesticks; many lackeys bearing lighted torches of white wax. The body, taken from the Rue de Richelieu, opposite the Hôtel de Crussol, was carried to the cemetery of St. Joseph and buried at the foot of the cross. There was a great crowd of people, and a distribution of from a thousand to twelve hundred livres was made to the poor present there, to each five sous. The said

Molière was deceased Friday, in the evening, February 17, 1673. The archbishop had ordered that he be buried without any pomp, and had even forbidden the curates and officers of the diocese to make any service for him. Nevertheless, a number of masses for the deceased were commanded."

Thus died and thus was buried the man of whom La Fontaine, at a time when in France ancient authors were unduly reverenced, wrote thus:

"Sous ce tombeau gisent Plaute et Térence,
Et cependant le seul Molière y git."

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.



LE BLASON DE MOLIÈRE.

TREES IN THE CITY.

WHEN I behold how beauteously they rear,
From out the engirding pavements dull and plain,
Boughs that for genial meadow or fragrant lane
Have longed, perchance, through many a lonely year,
My sympathy wakens dubious yet sincere,
Conjecturing the immitigable pain
Of lives that yearn toward bournes whence they retain
The balm of no remedial souvenir.
But when the spirit of Spring breaks cold eclipse,
I dream that every wind which fleetly slips
Through the broad city is bearing in soft wise,
From happier branches under far free skies,
Compassionate tidings on æolian lips
Of sweet affinities, tender kinsmanships.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE HOOSIERS AT HOME.

IT is sweet to think how gayly many a young couple start out in their cotton-topped wagon with an old mare and colt and a little "plunder," as Hoosiers call household gear, on the joyous excursion of looking for a home. Stopping at night to kindle a fire and sup, travelling by day in the summer weather, laughing at obstacles, and careless of evilmens because they never come to pass, on they go until they reach the most beautiful lake- or river-strand, the fairest hill or vale, where the chimneys of their future home are to rise. And happy they are after finding their home. On this delightful globe nothing is finer than life in the forest, nothing is pleasanter than living in a new country, for there hope is the ruling sentiment of the entire community—a sentiment that makes people gay, genial and kind.

Every American family can tell of kinsfolk who walked or rode out West in their youth, and thus founded the fortunes of their house. The young imagine that they could kiss the shore with rapture that is only far enough away, and this idea of going away somewhere else after felicity takes them past good lands into bad. Thousands skip the deep mould of Indiana and plod westward, or perhaps southward, to thin-soiled plains fit only for the negro with his one mule, that, like himself, brays at the first fatigue. The early settlers of Wisconsin went on as far as their oxen could travel across fertile tracts to regions that became a desert after one or two crops, and there they poured their sweat upon the sands, and there they dug their graves.

Going out West to look for a home is like going out into the universe. "Rustic" in the West has not its ancient meaning: it suggests not old homes, snugly-sheltered barns, orchards and immemorial elms, but level, immensurable fields of corn and still, enormous woods. It means endless expanses of grain, glittering, rustling in the sun, with

Vol. XXIII.—28

here and there a house or hamlet peeping far, far across the vast loneliness; and the dwellers therein speak not of going into the country, but of going out on the prairie, as islanders talk of going out to sea. Painters and poets have not yet discovered the prairie, beautiful in its immensity as mountain or cataract. The prairie is light, space and color: it has full harmonies of color—brilliant purples and yellows, dull, soft, tawny browns, great waves of jonquil and lilac, and an atmosphere that gives the sense of freedom and aspiration. On seeing a prairie's huge roudure the first thought is, There is wealth without excessive toil. To a prairie-man nothing is so unnecessary or so disgusting as a hill.

Indiana offers the seeker for a home prairies with woods and waters: Indiana has the temperature of Bordeaux in France. Its spring is not a brief dream of sweetness after stormy March, but a long, gentle season, when the east wind flows from fragrant hills and forests, and the fields sprout in the temperate warmth of the sun. Its June brings "low thunder and the mellow rain," streams flowing full over their pebbles, woods richly colored and an intense perfume of white clover. Its July and August are so resplendent with light and heat that from the zenith to the dark, jagged line of forest about the horizon few clouds may then be seen. The showers of August, abundant but brief, do not refresh the air. Then the human frame acquires a grievous weight, and the study of life becomes how to endure the heat: then the gardens are splendidly effulgent, though their owners are

Most like stricken deer, who care for none
Of those delightsome flowers they die upon.

And then the musk-melon, wondrous fruit of Indiana, is delicious beyond words. There is no poetry about the August air flowing through an open window in Indiana: it is scorching, it is shrivelling. Baths, fans, linen raiment, do not make

such an air tolerable: an old Italian palace, with freshly-sprinkled stone floors, might—nothing else could. During Indiana's sunny autumn the sky is a drinking-cup,

That pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold

till Christmas Eve while the soft, dry south wind sounds like a spinning-wheel. Winter is keen and bright, with little very cold weather, which is a thing resembling Wagner's music: nobody likes it, though some try to.

A home-seeker in Indiana who can pull up weeds is sure of his reward. It is a place where "a penny-man" cannot help getting rich. Where you see clean tillage in Indiana you see eighteen haystacks shaped like meeting-houses standing in a row to be fed on the farm, and not sold off. And you see threshing going on in a hundred-acre wheat-field with a steam-engine, a straw-stack like a cathedral, an elevator carrying up the flying gold, a mountain of bags of wheat, teams coming and going, and the master of the realm enthroned in his light buggy. And you see the object foremost in the ranks of time, the Moline plough, whereon the ploughman sits riding comfortably as he ploughs.

What wealth the State might possess if better peopled none can say, for, spite of its sparse and partly idle population, it is wealthy. In summer, when Indiana farmers are ringing bells in the railway-stations and vainly shouting, "Two dollars a day in the harvest-field!" crowds of idlers haunt the groceries and saloons of the towns, and the poorhouses are full. The State is so opulent its paupers are luxuriously kept, have hired folks to wait on them, have baths and clean beds, and twenty dozen eggs laid up for a holiday, and plenty of bread and meat to throw away. They have a right to waste, the Indianians: they have more than they can use. Waste makes a market.

Indiana is in the "tender-line" of the world. If instead of eating their spring chickens its inhabitants should raise them and set them a-laying, it would take all the money in the country to move the egg-crop. The Hoosiers are

not likely to disturb our finances in any such way. Horace Greeley pronounced their State the weediest in the Union. Too frequently its railway-stations are overshadowed by weeds; its fences are rotting away, hidden from sun and air under weeds; its paths are thick set with may-weed or dog-fennel, as the Hoosiers name the strange weed that grows only where men tread. Certain of the Indianians are not so furiously enterprising as Americans are usually expected to be. A part of Indiana's first settlers were the offshoots of families who came to North Carolina from the Western Isles of Scotland before the Revolution. The descendants of these Scotch-Carolinians in Indiana are the true and most characteristic Hoosiers. They are a people who have deeply influenced their neighbors, though they do not themselves change with the lapse of ages. They left their bagpipe behind them—which was a good thing to do, for it is an instrument fit only to be seen in a picture or in a deaf-and-dumb institution—otherwise they have retained their original peculiarities. If you want to know how Fingal and Ossian kept house, enter a Hoosier cabin. Among our careworn and hurried Americans they are a nonchalant and unhurried race. They have an Oriental indifference, a masterful indisturbance, which they brought across Tartar and Teutonic lands and kept among the roaring Hebrides. De Quincey's "Hurry! hurry! for the flying moments they hurry," would not impress them in the least.

A Hoosier is uninpressible, incurious and incapable of awe. He lives on an inaccessible height of self-respect, where he neither knows nor cares in what sort of estimation he is held by others. His inherent sense of his own superiority gives him perfect self-possession, with no uneasy self-consciousness, no vulgar anxiety about his manners and appearance. But he is not one to perform high achievements or to pursue an object with unflagging obstinacy: he has none of the Anglo-Saxon quality of loving to do work well simply for the sake of doing it well. The Hoosier is quite unlike the Buckeye of Ohio, who, being of Puritan

strain, is bluff and English-looking, and does everything with such vehement relish that his library, fountain, music, temperance crusade, spelling-bee, wake the nation.

Hoosiers are never ridiculous: they cannot be derided in their grave dignity. They are never scrubby or stumpy-looking or pug-nosed, but are tall and powerfully strong, and as a race handsome and picturesque. In the aggregate their faces are modelled according to the laws of beauty as accepted by the human family for the last two thousand years. Their complexion is a fine, rich brownish-yellow, sometimes with a glow of red in the cheeks of the young. Their eyes are calm, deep, steady and tranquil, as if imbued with the imagery of the vast solitudes on which they rest. There is no scudding under bare polls with the Hoosiers: their heads are heavily thatched, and they wear a wild of streaked yellow or brown beard, the slantwise-streaming moustache occasionally faded to maize-color. Stalking through the crowd in the streets of Indianapolis may be seen stalwart, sunburnt young men whose almost perfectly Attic faces wear a fixed, attentive gravity. They are dressed in black slouched hats with frayed and faded edges, and in faded clothes, perhaps with the coat hung indolently over one shoulder. The Hoosier women are not so good-looking as the men, being sun-dried and weather-beaten, as are all women who live in houses built after the domestic architecture of the Stone Age. There are many houses without windows in Indiana. 'Tis unknown what toil women have in keeping house without pantry, storeroom, closet, cellar, cistern or stovepipe-hole. The brown-yellow Hoosier farmer, in whose clothes the dew and damp of swamps and rivers appear to have settled, with his lean and leathery wife holding a shabby baby over her shoulder and followed by a troop of solemn-eyed children, is a common sight in Indianapolis. The children have pathetic and wistful countenances, neat, compact American features—not rounded, poor dears! but refined—and their eyes have the steady Hoosier look, a

look of patience, and one that enforces respect wherever it is seen. The children scan the splendors of rich Indianapolis quietly observant. They are beautiful, they are sad, with their mother's despair of anything better in this life. The "anciency" among the Hoosiers are thoroughly picturesque. An old man who has all his life seen the white mist rising of mornings from the "sloo," whose farm goes "squish" under his feet for lack of drainage, and is posted along its roadside fences with advertisements of "The Great Ague Cure," makes a wonderful picture. Take him out in a high wind, and West's *King Lear* is nothing compared with him in point of whiskeriness and blowziness. The excellently well-drawn features of this old man are of a "Dantesque leanness," and his complexion of swart "old gold" is set off by white hair and beard perfectly sublime in their abundance. He rides in a rattling old wagon with a bedquilt over his knees, he drives old horses in harnesses tied together by means of strings, and as his deep eyes peer from beneath the white arch of his wagon-cover he looks as if he might be the last of the Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Heruli, Hippomolgians—Mares'-Milk-Drinkers—or I know not what forgotten people, riding away out of the world.

The Hoosiers are taciturn. They have a singular grunt which means yes, and another that means no. Ask one a question, he passes on without replying. "Are your babies twins?" asks the affable traveller. "Yes, they be," snaps the Hoosier mother. They speak with a drawl. The phrase, "A pot on top of a box," would be thus pronounced by them: "A pawt awn tawp awv a bawx." They have slang of their own, as "He needn't come here putting on his dog," meaning style, and "I won't be bullrang around;" and when confused, "I can't tell my head from a hole in the ground." They have foresters' expressions. Walking in town, they say of their homeward street, "This is our hole out." Their weather-lore is like this: "When the smoke goes straight up, the rain comes straight down," and "A black Christmas makes good wheat."

Hoosiers cannot become servants. You may hire a Hoosier maid in Indianapolis for seventy-five cents a week: you would pay fifty dollars a minute rather than keep her. Instructing her is casting pearls before a giraffe. She makes no secret of her scorn for you and your works. Answer her according to her folly, she will turn again and rend you.

An out-and-out Hoosier farmer plants corn on his land twelve years running, leaves ploughs, harrows, reapers and tedders in the fields all the year round, lets his crops rot on the ground in bad seasons. He never takes advantage of the windy and half-rainy days, when an industrious farmer would shake up his grain and save it. He never stooks wheat with a cap-sheaf—that is, one bound low near the bottom and then spread out inverted over the group of twelve sheaves called the stool. "Let 'em rot," says he: "I'll be shot if I'll work without decent weather." All the woes that a prudent man would ward off beset him—all the difficulties that would fire an energetic man floor him. His chickens, pigs and cows die; his wagon breaks down with a load away from home; he gets stuck in the woods with a span of horses, and has to sleep on the ground all night, and is sick after it—his horses are sick too; he has only one newspaper a week, and nobody but his own folks to talk to; he doesn't like his German Catholic nor his Quaker neighbors—says they can't say anything but "thee and thou and thum;" his farm is so silent as he sits on his fence he can hear nothing but "them darned cuckoos." It is a misfortune to him that he can work every day of his mild winter. "Oh yes, that's fun!" says he.

He envies the mechanics of the city. During the labor-troubles, when men were searching for masters to hire them, none remembered that ten miles from the shops in Indiana were noble farms to be had on shares, with fuel and house-timber thrown in.

The home-seeker in Indiana perceives that the citizens of the State whose farms and mines thrive are of a separate race and kind. To the prosperous Indianian might be applied the ancient word *lautus*, which meant clean, well-bred, noble, rich, splendid and jovial. The successful Indians are men bubbling with hope and force, and quick to co-operate in every conceivable enterprise. They have the Western trait of not being able to enjoy themselves in an old town, where "nothing is going on" because everything is built and done. One of their class being sent during the war to recover from his wounds at North Hadley, Massachusetts, thus burst forth in the Northampton paper:

My time passes sadly,
I suffer most madly.
Oh won't I leave gladly
This damned town of Hadley!

An Indianapolitan experiences absolute satisfaction only when walking a street in which builders' scaffolds overhang his head, and whose sidewalk is made of planking laid across cellars in process of excavation, and where the roadway is a general chaos of digging, scraping, levelling and putting in of gas- and water-pipes. Such men are the sort to drive along the process of living, and they become the mighty masters of whatever land they live in.

MARY DEAN.

THROUGH WINDING WAYS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A YEAR later I was taking my usual morning stroll in the garden of the Tuileries, when I came upon a man sitting on a bench, his cap in his hand, over which he was bending, his crisp, curly golden hair glittering in the sunshine. The blond, close-clipped head reminded me of my college days. I looked closer, and saw that he was using his cap as an easel and sketching something on a morsel of paper.

"Dart!" cried I at a venture, "Harry Dart!" and in an instant we were shaking hands with interjections of pleasure.

"What good luck!"

"By the merest chance!"

"I had not dreamed you were in Paris."

"Missed the tidal train yesterday, and decided to stay another day. On my way to Liverpool."

"I knew you by your yellow locks."

"I caught a glimpse of a child dancing to the music, and she was really so delicious I wished to preserve her attitude."

"Are you going to sail from Liverpool?"

"Yes—bound home for a couple of years. I had a touch of fever, and am ordered away from Rome. The breaking-up was hard, but I want to see Jack again. I haven't seen the Holts since their reverses."

"Jack is retrieving himself: he has a new rifle, you know, which he is selling all over Europe. Jack is to be a rich man again."

"Thank Heaven!—But, Randolph, I am all the time thinking of you. I had not heard that you had come abroad: you are in Paris with—"

"My wife and mother, yes. We left home last February, spent the spring and early summer in Great Britain, August and September in Switzerland, and now are here until we go to Rome. I had expected to look you up there."

"His wife?" repeated Harry with one

of his old grimaces. "How trippingly it comes to his tongue! 'My wife'!"

"What should I say, then? I can't call her Mrs. Randolph to you, and as you have no acquaintance with her, I could not take too great liberties with her name."

"Call her 'my wife,'" cried Harry, taking his cap from his head with a chivalrous air. "Those words thrill me. In fact"—he clapped me on the shoulder and looked down into my face—"I am going to be married myself some day."

"You do not mean it?"

"Well, why should I not be married?" said he, laughing. "I am older than you are, at any rate. Don't look so dismayed: my marriage will not follow so swiftly upon my engagement as some other people's. I am not so lucky as to have found an heiress, and am obliged to settle the bread-and-butter question first."

"You had much better stick to your profession and adore only your goddesses. Thirty is soon enough for any man to marry who expects to accomplish anything in the world. Giant dreams and powerful inspiration belong only to the audacious, impassioned man who is not shut in by the bounds of the precise and belittling common sense which governs married life. In fact, I think painters should never marry."

He stared at me. "You have been married more than a year," said he; "you sent me no cards. I thought that now you had come into your kingdom you would cut your old friends in velveteen."

"Cards? We had no cards. We were married without much ceremony, I can assure you. Mr. Floyd wished to leave his daughter under the protection of a husband, she was so young—quite alone in the world."

"I am anxious to see her."

I invited him to dine with us that evening. "Then I will present you to my wife," I added.

"There he goes again!" said Harry slyly. "'My wife'! He wants to be unique in his position, and cut all us poor devils off from our right to utter those two syllables with such delicious nonchalance."

I joined in his laugh, and we parted for the time. I had an engagement, for I was attending lectures in Paris. I had not felt so buoyant for many a day as now that I had met Dart. I think that under any circumstances I should have been attracted to him on the slightest acquaintance. Yet it is hard to decide what friendship is. Certainly, it is no election by sympathies or affinities, except in a general sense. Start side by side with a boy or man to whom you are indifferent at the outset, tire with him, suffer with him, rest in the tents after the battle with him, unbending into talk and laughter, and at last the mere fact that he is your companion, that you habitually meet him in your daily struggle, will in most cases compel you to give him your confidence—turn your heart inside out to him if need be. I had plenty of friends in Paris—one is not three-and-twenty for nothing—and had I wished it I could have had plenty of comrades, and youth, good health, new scenes and the excitements of action might have dissipated a certain reserve and quiet which I compelled to govern me now. But for one reason or another I had formed no new intimacies: perhaps I was afraid of them. The last year had been a critical time in my career, and I had been obliged to teach myself much self-control, lest my grief and rage, my exasperated sense of unmerited humiliation and wounded pride, my baneful consciousness of isolation—in short, all my accumulated bitterness of rebellion against the blind Fate whose victim I had been—should rise and throw off the yoke.

The terms upon which Helen and I were living had not changed during the past year except as anything changes from the first shock of surprise into what is finally accepted as the usual routine. I had settled down upon a conviction of her unalterable aversion for me. My

mother had not been long in discovering the extent of the apparent indifference which divided us, and had at first made every effort to overcome it; but presently, with some insight perhaps into the workings of Helen's mind, had given it all up, and accepted the fact of our complete alienation. It had indeed seemed to me during the last twelve months that I had much to bear—the pang of Mr. Floyd's death; the strangeness of the position I had accepted merely by his wish and at his bidding; the consummate insult which Helen had forced upon me, and which I was compelled to endure; and, finally, a growing sense of loss in seeing that my mother seemed to be siding with Helen against me. Thus it may be imagined that I had felt no wish to take new comrades into my life, lest they should guess the reason of the gloom and sorrow which so often desolated me. So I felt a sense of peculiar happiness in greeting Dart and listening to his laugh, and meeting his frank, open look. I seemed more like the boy of eighteen months before than I had for many a day. After the lecture I went to our rooms in the Rue Rivoli, and found both Helen and my mother out, but left word that I had invited Harry; and, as I was late, he and I entered the salon that evening together. My mother embraced him warmly: he was one of her boys, in truth, and many a treat of jam and waffles had she given to him, Jack and myself in the old days in Belfield. Then, besides, he was a handsome, radiant fellow, with straight Grecian features, blue eyes and a smile like a god's. All the women loved him, and always had ever since they used to kiss him when playing at marbles with his long loose curls over his Vandyke collar. Wherever he was, he was the gayest and handsomest there: there was a freshness in his voice, a charm almost like a woman's abandon in his manner, which made him the pleasantest fellow I ever met. I introduced him to Helen, and she showed him her sweetest smile and her prettiest glance: she kept her disdain for others.

I felt a little thrill of pride—God only knows how uncalled for any such pride

was in me where my wife was concerned!—at seeing the impression she made upon Harry. She was indeed very beautiful now-a-days. She had grown tall, and the outlines of her figure had filled out this last year; and although at times she was pallid as marble, by evening generally her color was like the very living rose. She still dressed in deep mourning, but the dress was opened at the throat and filled in with lisse or tulle or some delicate airy fabric, and the square-cut corsage made her suggest some of the wonderful old portraits.

Dinner was usually a languid meal with us, but to-night Harry put us all at our best. He had a thousand things to tell us. He was successful in his profession; was going home with three orders for cabinet pictures in his pocket; had been introduced to-day to two of the best French painters of his particular school, and found that both of them had heard from Z—that he was going to meet them all on their own ground a few years hence. He was, I presume, a little egoistic, but we loved him and rejoiced in his successes. Helen, in particular, led him on to speak of his profession, and heard his defence of genre art, in which she did not believe, and was presently converted by him into giving up all her theories and forgetting all her arguments.

"What are the subjects of the pictures you have engaged to paint?" she asked.

They were left entirely to his own taste, he returned: he had not yet offered his brains to work by order.

"By the way," said he, looking at me, "I have not told you of my great piece which I intend shall make my reputation."

"Not a great historical battle-piece, I trust?" I rejoined. "Youth likes that sort of thing."

"No, not at all, but a half-size figure of Atalanta. I believe one reason that I want to go home is that I want Georgy Lenox to give me one or two ideas. I swear to you that not one woman in twenty thousand has the points she possesses."

"She is the cousin of my wife," I suggested stiffly.

"I had quite forgotten," said Harry, bowing to Helen.—"She is a beautiful creature, is she not, Mrs. Randolph? Imagine her as a widow!"

"A widow!" ejaculated both Helen and my mother in a breath.

"Did you not know? Her husband died six months ago—was killed in a railway-accident, I think. Happy relief!—Surely, you knew it, Floyd?"

"Yes, I heard it at the time: I was in New York when it happened.—I do not know, Helen, why I have never spoken of it to you."

"Yes," pursued Harry, who was interested in the subject, "Talbot is dead. She must be the very dream of a widow: all that she lacked as a girl was a certain *je ne sais quoi* which only married women possess." And he bowed graciously to Helen, who colored and looked haughty at once.

"I think," said she with *aplomb*, "that even as a girl Georgy seemed to lack nothing which could make her attractive to your sex."

"As for that, I could tell you stories. Wait until I have a little quarrel with Floyd and hear what I will confide to you. But it was strange to me that your cousin—I know very well she is not a cousin-german—after throwing up poor old Jack because he had no money, should have taken up with the man she did marry. Old Talbot was no Romeo, and she must have married him with some ulterior motive, and probably found herself disappointed when, after his death, events proved that he had not a cent of his own, and that he had lived upon an income from his former wife's estate, which, of course, went to the children of his first marriage."

"Poor Georgy!" cried Helen.

"Poor Georgy? Why so? I shall congratulate her upon her good luck. They say he used to shut her up in her room and feed her upon bread and water if she spoke to a man besides himself. I assure you the history of that marriage is a strange one. Talbot had the delicacy of a prize-fighter: no woman could be

in his power and preserve any of her traditions of petted power and easy sway.

Mrs. Talbot is no doubt sadder and wiser than she used to be, but 'tis an ill wind blows nobody good. Jack will have his turn now."

"Do you think he will marry her?"

"I have no doubt of it.—Think, Mrs. Randolph"—he addressed my mother—"that both Floyd and Jack should be married before me!"

"But ask him about his own prospects, mother. He alluded to them to me today in a tone which had not much promise of celibacy in it."

"Now, Harry, tell me at once."

"Most proud and happy, my dear madam. And when you remember that I was never, like Floyd, a sentimental, for whom over every womanly head an aureole floats, you will esteem the gravity of my news. I am engaged: I have been engaged five days."

"Tell me all about her. Is she young? is she pretty? is she rich?"

"She is twenty-five," returned Harry, "she has a noble face, with attributes far above prettiness, and she is a governess without five hundred dollars in the world." His eyes gleamed and he tugged at his moustache to hide the workings of his mouth.

He told us all about her. Her name was Margaret Knight: she was a New England girl, who had gone out to Rome as governess in the family of a rich Bostonian of the first water. Harry had met her first at one of the picnics in which the American colony in Rome delighted. Their acquaintance had already lasted eighteen months, and had gradually assumed a vital interest for him, although so soon as she saw the way it was leading she had thrown a hundred obstacles in his path, and had finally, when he offered himself, refused him, telling him that she was too old, too poor, too plain for him. 'But now it was all settled: he knew that, in spite of her assumed coldness, she really loved him, and they would marry as soon as the term of her engagement expired, which would happen in two years, provided that at that date Harry had ensured himself a settled

income and had five thousand dollars to the fore.

"We have decided," said he, "that we will both save every cent we can. I was formerly a good deal of a coxcomb, but now I am proud of shabby boots and bare hands. We spent an entire evening talking over the income we shall be able to live on.—You would laugh, Mrs. Randolph, to see some of the mistakes we made. Once we forgot the small item of rooms to live in; again, that an over-luxurious civilization compels us to buy clothes; and in our third estimate we failed to include butchers' bills. But we finally made up our minds that as soon as I have an income of three thousand dollars we may venture to think of marriage, and at times I am sanguine enough to believe I may succeed at once and carry off my wife by the end of next year."

"But I thought she would not give up her position under two years?"

"Good gracious! do you suppose that I would wait for Miss Bessy Winslow to finish her verbs? Margaret talks about her duty, etc. I have, however, a touch of the young Lochinvar in me, and in the event of her refusing to marry me when I went for her I should swing her to my saddle-bow and ride off with her. The truth of the matter is, Margaret does not quite believe in my steadiness: she distrusts the reality of my desire for married life, calm domestic affections and all that. Little she knows a man's weariness of his *jeunesse orageuse* in his sane moments. With her I am at my best. Yet here this very morning Floyd told me that no man had any business to marry before he was thirty! I ask you if for a fellow of less than my own age, already a year married to the most beautiful woman in the world"—his frank amusement made his compliment only a graceful one—"it was not the most cold-blooded, abominable speech ever made by mortal man?"

I looked at Helen with a defiant smile: she returned my glance with one of hers, inscrutable to me, impossible to read.

"But, really, Mr. Dart," she returned with a low laugh, "he has been married

fifteen months, and his advice ought to go for something."

"Oh, as to my own case," I struck in, "my private experience makes me advise all men to marry young: the sooner the better, in fact."

"If people love each other," remarked my mother, cutting my words short, "it is well to marry early.—I am so glad, Harry, that you have such a chance of happiness! We are going to Rome: you must give us a letter to your Margaret."

"I have spoken of you to her," said Dart. "She has heard about everything—the old days in Belfield, Jack and Floyd, and all the dear comical old stories. Until I met her, Mrs. Randolph, there were certain things I never believed in. They did very well for poetry: the world needs imagination to make the life of human beings seem higher than that of the brutes. I was glad that we were endowed with a power to lift our aspirations and widen our horizons, yet, all the same, I thought certain dreams merely a part of a poet's and an artist's stock in trade. You know I never had a chance to love anybody who belonged to me until I met Margaret: as soon as I talked with her, listened to her gentle voice and felt the power of her calm hazel eyes and tranquillizing smile, it was as if a fine, clear, delicate illumination had suddenly succeeded the dim, only half-lighted chaos of my mind and soul. She makes life real to me; apparent discordances sing in harmony; there is no mystery about it: everything is simple. Nothing matters much if a man deserves strength, purity and freedom by daily conquering them for himself. I want you to know her."

"I am anxious to know her," said my wife in a low voice: "I wish she might become my friend." She looked up at me and smiled like a child who wishes to ask a favor.

"What is it, Helen?" I inquired.

"Floyd," she began with a tremulous sort of air, "I want you to order a picture for me from Mr. Dart.—You shall paint whatever you like," she added, looking at Harry: "there is but one point

upon which I shall venture to have an opinion—"

"And what is that?"

"The price," she returned with her fine arch smile: "I only insist that it shall cost a great deal of money."

Harry caught her hand, bowed down to it with a glowing face and kissed it. "Oh," he exclaimed, "I understand you, dear Mrs. Randolph. You want me to get rich at once, that I may marry Margaret."

But Helen had reddened furiously under the sign and seal of Dart's homage. Well enough I could guess the tremors his presumption cost her, and she could not quite regain her equilibrium all the time she and my mother remained at table.

"Let us go out," said I the moment we were alone; and we rose from the dessert and went into the streets, which were full of light and color and music and babble. Windows and theatre-doors shone their brightest; carriages rolled swiftly, and one seemed to know that inside were occupants eager for the pleasure which awaited them; in every indication of the coming night was a premonition of excitement and joyful, irresponsible delight. Harry and I had been together in these streets before, and had heard many a midnight chime together. We were lads then, just out of college, and on finding ourselves young and in Paris had probably felt our first wild delight in riding audaciously forth into this great, beautiful moral wilderness with loose reins, eager to set out boldly upon every path of existence, satisfy heart and eyes, vent all our feelings, know all things, be all things, do all things.

"Such low beliefs are past now," he affirmed with a fine air of moral intuition.

"You are wise," I rejoined. "I don't believe in any sort of intoxication myself: it brings disenchantment, bitter dreams, a restless desire for something better, without strength to shake off the incubus of languor and disgust. No class of men need to live so purely as artists of whatever grade of art. They

should be in close sympathy with actual life, and profligacy has a deadly narcotic effect upon the mind: the vital facts of existence seem remote and unreal, and feverish visions usurp the place of reality."

"You talk like a book. How did you find that out?"

"I wrote it the other day," I returned, laughing. "No one ever knows the breadth and depth of his wisdom until he sets himself up to instruct his fellow-creatures."

"Do you write? Let me hear about it."

"There is nothing worth hearing. I am hard at work six hours a day. Surely you did not suspect me of giving up my industrious habits?"

"Well, I am afraid that if I were married to a young, beautiful wife, worth, as I hear, some millions of money, I should not be so energetic. Do you cry aloud or in secret? in other words, do you publish?"

"It is a secret that I write: not even my wife suspects it, I presume. Don't trumpet me as an author of profound unpublished works. What I do print is anonymous and nothing to brag of. Let me alone: I hope to do something some day. I say nothing about the fruit of my pen, but try to look wise, bide my time and allow my tremendous intellectual processes to go on without personal volition."

"Hang it!" cried Harry, "I can't make you out. You have changed: you don't look either happy or successful, and your way of thinking seems altered. If you were not happily married, that might account for it; but your wife is divine. Then, 'tis easy enough to see that she adores you."

I felt a tingle from head to foot. "I don't quite see how you found that out," said I. "She is very reserved."

"Nonsense! She never even looks at you without a change in her face. 'Tis not hard to discover the secret of any woman before she is twenty. Afterward they grow like Joey Bagstock, 'devilish sly.' All but Margaret."

We had decided to attend the play at the Français, and went in.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was not my habit to breakfast with my mother and Helen. My rooms were three flights above their luxurious *étage*, and it suited my distribution of time better to take my coffee and rolls alone. But, perhaps a little stirred by sociability after spending the evening with Dart, I descended at ten o'clock next morning and sought my wife, who was still sitting with my mother over the breakfast-table, from which everything had been removed but the fruit.

"Here comes the prodigal!" exclaimed my mother as I entered.—"What did you do with Harry last night?"

I looked at Helen, for at my mother's question her slender eyebrows had arched perceptibly, and the delicate lines of her nostril took thinner curves, while that too flexible upper lip of hers showed some girlish disdain.

"I wonder, Helen," I observed, sitting down beside her, "what wickedness you suspect him of leading me into? First, we went soberly to the Théâtre Français, and afterward amused ourselves by looking in at some of the gay Parisian life, which burns brightest at midnight. I assure you not even Miss Knight—who is, I suspect, an excellent Puritan—could have objected to anything we did."

"I had no idea that you were doing anything to horrify us," retorted Helen. "Men seem to have no lack of amusements in this world."

"It is quite time you were going somewhat into society," I told her, noticing meanwhile how pretty she was this morning. "What is this delicious toilette?" I asked, touching her sleeve with my hand. "I always like white, and this fluffy stuff just suits you."

She laughed. "I had no idea that you ever observed my dress," said she.

"Let me then, once for all, declare that I think no Frenchwoman surpasses you in a certain *parfum d'élegance*. Allow me to kiss your hand."

But she would not yield up her hand: there was, however, the least dash of coquetry in the way she looked at me, then veiled her eyes under their long lashes: accordingly, I ventured to offer the salute.

"Twould be a pity," said I—"a scandal indeed—if my wife's hand were to be kissed by every man except her husband."

"Every man!" she cried with disdain. "But indeed, Floyd, I am glad you spoke of it. I could not otherwise have alluded to Mr. Dart's very unwelcome presumption."

"Harry meant no harm. How did you like him, Helen? He was not weary of praising you, and when we parted at two o'clock declared he should put your face in his sketch-book before he slept."

"Oh, I liked him. Mamma and I were talking him over when you came in. He is handsome: he resembles the Apollo. Even mamma thinks him the most splendid man she has seen. But, Floyd, you will buy a picture of him, will you not?"

"How many thousand francs do you wish to pay for it? Remember, it was only last week that you purchased this for thirty-five hundred dollars."

"But that is no matter. I want your friend to become rich—I want him to marry Miss Knight. It is so beautiful to hear him talk of her!"

"I confess he quite bored me with his rare Margaret."

"You are so cynical!" she cried, her face in a flame. "What do you believe in? Or do you regard everything alike in that cruel, sarcastic way?"

"If I believe in nothing," I replied with a sharp laugh, "'tis my wife who has taken away my old beliefs."

A long stiff pause ensued. It was the misery of our present life that every subject seemed alike to lead toward the mutual consciousness of the false position in which we were placed. What Helen felt was utterly hidden from me: her heart was a locked cabinet to which I had no key. As for myself, although with all my soul I pitied her and tried to be magnanimous, I could not escape from that bitterness of soul which led me to accuse her. She was beautiful, she was young: the slightest effort on her side would make any man her lover. With others, as last night with Dart, she could be joyful, radiant, invested with every

girlish charm. Oftentimes, when some man offered her his arm to take her to her carriage, and I ambled behind like the patient husband I was, I could see the rosy oval of the fresh young face turned toward him with sweet low words and laughter. But when she was left to put her chilly, lifeless fingers upon my arm we were both dull and speechless.

These reflections were, it may be presumed, not altogether pleasing to my self-love, but my experience had never been lucky; and had I considered myself cut out for a shining position in life, I must have been insensible to the logic of events, devoted to illusion. But it was a little hard to bear, this isolation which at my age seemed to shut me off from any actual existence. As I sat between my mother and Helen drinking a glass of sauterne and eating grapes, I remembered Harry Dart's career with a pang of envious regret. I sprang up and began to walk about the room.

An atlas lay open on a little table. "The world is wide;" it suggested to me: "why not end this?"

"I think," said I, addressing my mother, "that as soon as I have taken you and Helen to Rome I shall go to New York for a few months. There is business to be transacted in regard to Helen's leases, and I shall be better satisfied if I inspect the property myself and decide on the repairs Wickham writes to me about. In fact for several reasons, I ought to be at home for a time: there is business connected—"

"Pray do not give any more excuses for doing what is perfectly simple," Helen struck in. "Go to New York by all means. And do not waste time by convoying us to Rome. Pierre is a capital courier, and will take excellent care of us: besides, our quarters are already engaged."

"How long have you thought of this?" inquired my mother tremulously.

"I decided upon it this moment. It is better I should go, mother: it is indeed. You are neither of you the happier for having me with you. Besides, Helen's affairs will be the better for my presence: the pretext is not a paltry one."

"But you will go with us to Rome?"

"Oh yes." Then, catching the gleam of Helen's defiant eyes, I went up to her. "Put up with me a little longer," said I smiling: "it would never do, dear child, for you to set up housekeeping in a new city without me. Excellent although Pierre may be in every service, 'tis all the same my vanity to believe that in some non-essentials Mrs. Floyd Randolph is more dependent upon her husband than upon her courier."

CHAPTER XXX.

I TOOK my mother and Helen to Rome, established them there, and after spending a week in their society recrossed to Marseilles, sped over France, and sailed from Havre early in December.

I had left Helen before since our unlucky marriage, but at such times some imperative duty had made the separation necessary: now it was by my own will and my own wish that I was leaving her, perhaps for months, and I was not reckless of the bad augury of my thus going off for the mere purpose of escaping from a painful position. It sometimes seemed to me that she too showed depression and uneasiness as my departure drew near, and I lingered on day after day, hoping that some slight expression of regret on her part might give me the opportunity of putting off my voyage entirely. But she said not a word, and if her manner led me to believe she was sorrowful, I was not brave enough, remembering as I did every repulse in the past, to assume the reason of such sorrow.

The evening came at last when I was to set out. My mother had given me her farewell an hour before, telling me that she should leave us alone at the final moment. Helen was sitting in an arm-chair at the upper end of the grand saloon when I entered dressed for my journey. Our rooms were on the drawing-room floor of a decayed old palace, which was by day dingy enough, but lamplight restored the faded gilding and lit up the frescoes of the lofty ceiling. The walls were panelled alternately with mirrors

and great dusky pictures, and cupids with rosettes and fillets, and laden with a shabby profusion of fruits and flowers, were everywhere. In this half-light no interior could easily be more beautiful, and well enough Helen suited these rococo splendors as she sat there in the high-backed carved chair, her attitude expressing the most supreme repose.

Her face gave me not a hint of her feelings as I approached her, and might as well have been her portrait for all the indication it offered of her present mood. She was dressed in black as usual, and around her slim throat wore a silver necklace: her listless hands lay crossed over one of the arms of her chair.

"I am going presently, Helen," I began.

Her pale face, with its chiselled features and rare eyes, was turned toward me fully, but I could not see the slightest change of expression.

I lifted one of the slim hands: it had an icy coldness. "You will be happier after I leave you," said I. "You asked me once if some sort of separation were not possible between us: I will do what I can for you."

"Is that the reason you are going?" she asked suddenly.

"One of the reasons. Don't you think yourself, Helen, we are best apart?"

"Yes," she exclaimed with energy.

"I don't know," I cried — "I don't know what is to become of us! Why, Helen, you are only eighteen years old: you will probably live at least forty years more. Your life has barely begun: you know nothing of the facts of vital existence which every adult being must meet sooner or later. Why not make some little effort to do something with your career as it has been settled for you? Why not try to endure me?"

She turned from me with a shiver, but I was too tender of her in those last moments to care for any of these slight symptoms of aversion. I stood beside her with a hand on each of her shoulders and compelled her to look up and listen to me. "Dearest child," said I, "nobody knows so well as I how until this last year you have been the centre of the warmest love, the most tender

hopes. It cuts me to the heart to think that of all you used to have nothing remains—that, in spite of your beauty, your brilliant position, your enormous wealth, you cannot be happy. When I remember what it is that prevents your being free to accept a woman's happy destiny—to love and be beloved, to be the centre of a man's ardent hope, the mother of children to bless you and be blessed by you,—when, I say, such thoughts recur to me, I hope that I may die and leave you free."

"I do not want you to die, Floyd," she answered calmly. "I wish you would not feel so: I do indeed." She looked into my face earnestly, and her words, simple as they were, touched me powerfully. Pierre came in to tell me the carriage had waited for some time. I looked at her yearningly, dreading to leave her.

"Good-bye," said she in a cool, grave tone, and stretched out her hand. I would have kissed her, but she repulsed me.

I had been depressed and saddened too long not to feel a reaction when I reached New York. I took rooms near Dart in a quiet side street, and spent a great part of my time with him. Partly in order to justify my absence from my wife and mother to myself, I passed three hours of every morning at the desk of Mr. Wickham in Pine street, the lawyer who had long been Mr. Raymond's agent and counsellor. I was also engaged to some extent in literary pursuits, so that when at four o'clock I sought Harry's society I was sufficiently weary of labor to enjoy relaxation. His studio was rather a captivating place, for hitherto he had spent what means his profession brought him in the delightful extravagances of old brocades, tapestries, mellow-colored Moorish fabrics and Persian shawls and rugs: there were one or two chairs with antique shapes and wonderful carving, bits of Venetian crystal, a few atrocities in the way of old china, ancient lutes, lyres and violins. All these were thrown about or hung at random among half-finished studies, copies of the old masters, bits of armor, oil-color flasks, and the general mélée of an atelier. He

was obliged to have plenty of color about him, he said, and in this prosaic New York hints of Old-World interiors; while the cloth of gold and rich arras which made a background or a drapery must find a suggestion somewhere.

He had at once flung himself heart and soul into his work, and that same fine fire of enthusiasm which we had admired in Paris burned steadily through all his purpose, effort and accomplishment still. As he had told me when we met in November, he had three orders for cabinet pictures to be finished within the year. Two of them were simply studies of the mediæval style, without story or meaning, but I could not but admire his knowledge of the dress, furniture, decoration and architecture of the Middle Ages, for he could reproduce them with an ease and precision which appeared to me marvellous. His minuteness of manipulation was the first point which struck the untechnical observer, but to one who possessed any adequate knowledge of art there was a breadth in his method which gave the highest suggestion and most brilliant promise of his attainment when he should have reached his fullest powers. His third piece was to be in water-colors, of which I was at that time too languid an admirer to care much about his *Three Hussars*.

But of his *Atalanta* I expected more than of his comparatively subjectless studies, because, in the first place, I am fonder of a landscape than of an interior, no matter how exquisitely delineated, and this wood of gnarled and ancient oaks, where breezes seemed just to have paused and died—dim in the foreground under the shadow of the lofty branches, with many a fern and tuft of mossy greenery growing between the great roots which coiled along the ground like snakes, but opening into a sudden splendor which flushed all the leaves gold-green—was a wilderness to dream of. Atalanta's figure was but sketched as yet, as she stooped, dart in hand, to pick up the perilous apple, but I had seen the full-size figure he had painted from his Roman model, and to which he wished to give the face of George Lenox and her rippling golden hair.

Harry heard constantly from Miss Knight, and wrote to her twice a week. I had taken pains to call upon her during my few days in Rome, and had been pleased with my friend's choice in a general sense, but in hearing her letters frequently read aloud I gained a better revelation of her character and mind than her trained gracious manner could have given me in any ordinary acquaintance. It had been difficult for Harry to win her, but once won she had made a complete surrender of heart, soul and intellect. I do not believe she ever passed for a clever woman, but if she could have given to literature what she gave to love she might have gained a name like Currer Bell's. Not that her letters contained much sentiment — in fact, Harry, who was passionate in everything, used to grumble that certain of his outpourings were in no sense responded to—but she told him everything, and in the captivating way many women possess in correspondence gave him a complete history of her life. She saw something of the world too, and, a looker-on in Rome, touched with a delicate skill upon what was going forward in society. She was never trenchant or severe, but with pleasant satire sketched personages and manners for his amusement. She and Helen had become friends at once, and saw each other as constantly as Miss Knight's engagements would permit. Poor little Helen had never enjoyed any friendships with girls of her own age, if we except Miss Lenox, whose friendship carried a sting with it. I could imagine her ready enough to cling to this strong, mature, gentle woman, who was yet young enough to be looking forward to her best joys in life.

I heard from both my mother and Helen once a week, and I was a little dreary when I compared my wife's letters to me with Harry's from Margaret. I never read my correspondence aloud: 'twas all very pretty, but, compared with the other, a "frost of cold felicities." Helen wrote of nothing but her raptures over the historic part of Rome: keenly enough she experienced the rare charm of its wonderful poetic traditions.

It had cost me much to leave her there and renounce the pleasure of going about with her to the places which of old her father and I had seen together. Yet had she been leaning on my arm when she went through that routine of sight-seeing, which, vulgarized although it may have been by the mechanical round of ignorant tourists, is still as powerful in its charm as ever,—had we been in each other's company, I say, I fear some of that old chill would have depressed us both, and instead of being uplifted by the thrill which now transported her, she would have pondered with melancholy upon the enigma of her present feverish existence. No, it was better that half the world should divide us, since when we stood together only our hands could meet. Helen said nothing of the gay world which she was now entering for the first time, and her silence regarding this subject was the more extraordinary to me since my mother and Miss Knight each dwelt with peculiar emphasis upon the fact of her unprecedented success in society. She and my mother went everywhere during the Carnival, and even the letters in the New York papers told me of my wife's prominence in both English and American coteries. Miss Knight described her appearance at a dinner-party at the Winslows': "I wish you could have seen the pretty creature, Harry. There is some diversity of opinion about her possessing beauty, but none concerning her unusual elegance and grace: in fact, she is of too uncommon a type to please every one, and many consider her both cold and indifferent. But last night I thought her the most strangely beautiful creature I had ever seen. She was dressed in black velvet, which, high to the throat, set off the charm of her slender stately form. She wore no ornaments except a collar of pearls and a string of them in her ebon hair. When she entered the room, following Mrs. Randolph, and walked slowly up the length of the saloon with her long train sweeping behind her, I could not look at her coolly, and just to retain my self-command I turned away, but there I saw that same

enchanting picture reflected in the mirrors on either side as she passed."

"There!" cried Harry, who the instant I came in had jumped up from his easel and run for this letter and read it to me, "what do you think of that? Wish you were there, hey?"

"Yes, I should like to have seen her," I replied imperturbably. "I have never yet seen her in anything approaching evening-dress, she has been in such deep mourning hitherto."

"I wonder how you like being a thousand or two leagues away, and knowing that your young wife is the centre of an admiring society, with, no doubt, twenty coxcombs of different nationalities making unprincipled love to her?" pursued Harry with some heat. "I could not stand it. On my word, your cold-bloodedness makes me inclined to believe in the reports about your marrying her."

"What, under Heaven, do you allude to?"

"That you cared not a pin for her—that she was in love with you, and you married her for her money."

I laughed, and so did he.

"I'm much obliged to my friends. I seem like an unprincipled fortune-hunter, don't I, now?"

"Yes, and have the air of a base squanderer of your poor wife's riches when you order your dinner."

We both laughed again, for we dined together every day, with many economical devices.

"But, Harry," said I, "lest you really mistake me, lest my reserved habit may injure me in your eyes, I will say no man in the world admires his wife so much as I do."

"I will compete with you one of these days," returned Harry, who was reading over some passage in his letter with face aglow and his blue eyes shining. "Oh, what a rare creature Margaret is!" He had taken out a portrait of her which he was fond of touching up when powerfully moved with longing to see her. He had painted it long before he was engaged. A fair but serious face, smoothly-parted brown hair, brown eyes and a patient smile: perhaps he saw her so,

but he had greatly flattered the original. Yet in fancy or reality it was not difficult to recognize her as a woman who had grown into her strength and nobility through much suffering; she had known not only trial, but privation, in her childhood—had nursed the sick, borne with wayward and selfish fancies, closed the eyes of the dying and experienced the desolation which follows loss. Now the flower of life seemed at last opening for her.

"Perhaps by this time next year—" Harry said, putting aside the picture.

"I do believe you two people will be happy together," said I.

"Happy! of course we shall be happy. If Margaret were a man, she would rank as my best friend: I don't except either yourself or Jack, Floyd. As a woman she has all my heart: I can't tell you how well I love her. And I know that when my first fervor of feeling passes I shall have found still more to love in her, so that my enthusiasm will burn to the end. God only keep me worthy of her!"

"But who would have expected just such a sensible choice from you?"

"Anybody who fully realized my hatred of another class of women. Did I not have Jack Holt's example before me for years? He was in love with a girl who would, as Faust says, ogle his neighbor while she lay on his breast—whose cupidity and vanity opened her ears to the first comer. But," he added with a laugh, "I fancy you served your apprenticeship there—no use in describing her."

"Jack is to have her at last."

"Yes; and I dare say by this time she is toned down into something better. Jack will never see any faults in her: he has not an atom of imagination, and, if he loves anybody, accepts every word they say as gospel truth. She must jump at the chance of marrying him after her experience of old Talbot, who used to pinch her black and blue."

"Jack will make a kind husband."

"Kind, but just: the sort of love he gives is like a Fate. The highest offerings of love and money and service will be as nothing to him, but, I assure you,

he will always balance his books every day."

Dart delivered these words from behind his bedroom-door, for he was putting on his dress-clothes preparatory to our dining together at Charles Raymond's, at whose house I visited frequently of course, as he was the second cousin of my wife. I had called for Harry to make sure of his going. He was averse to social pleasures this winter, feeling that a man who lived laborious days should scorn delights. After receiving a letter from Margaret Knight he was apt to set to work desperately at his easel with a stern sense of rectitude, lest any hour of dissipation should lengthen the interval of weary waiting before his marriage. To tell the truth, his coxcomb days seemed altogether over, and his dress-clothes had an easy time of it; and now he regarded himself in the glass with some admiration, the view of a well-cut coat and a white cravat being an unwonted one.

"By Jove!" said he, "don't I look as if I were going to be married?"

"Oh yes." His raptures were a trifle monotonous.

"If I were to be married to-night!" he exclaimed ardently. "On second thoughts, Floyd, I don't think I'll go: I'd rather stop here and answer Margaret's letter."

"Stuff! There is no mail under forty-eight hours."

"Never mind. What interest for me is there in the society of snobs and fashionable women?"

"It is easy enough to avoid snobs, even the advances of fashionable women," I rejoined, "without becoming a social pariah. 'Tis your duty to make friends. Raymond is a patron and connoisseur of the arts: I dare say he will buy one of your pictures."

This argument moved him.

"Yes," said he, "little although I care for them, it is essential to my purposes to have rich friends. Come on: now for three mortal hours of tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!"

"You forget that we shall have a good dinner."

"I would rather dine quietly with you on red herring and be able to talk about Margaret, than on oysters and chablis, a truffled filet and iced Veuve Clicquot, with those dreary wooden images of virtue and respectability."

But, in spite of all Dart's indifference to society, he made his entrance into it in a fashion which eclipsed every other man present: his young, beardless face, with its radiant eyes and smile as he bent forward to address them, charmed all the women, just as his square shoulders, well-knit figure and cordial manners pleased the men. The assemblage was not large. Mrs. Raymond herself had five grown daughters, the youngest not yet in general society, but old enough to appear at home, and these, with three or four other ladies, were matched with an equal number of gentlemen.

Dinner was announced the moment after we entered, and Mrs. Raymond, a pale, faded woman, at once apportioned us to our respective companions.

"Cousin Floyd," she said to me, "I thought it better for you to take Mrs. Talbot: she is in mourning, you know. Helen's cousin, you must remember. She is staying with us, and told me she used to know you very well."

I crossed the room with Mrs. Raymond, scarcely realizing that I was about to meet Georgy Lenox, yet it was she and no other who rose out of the semi-darkness of the bay-window as we approached her. In a moment more we were crossing the rooms together, joining the procession of couples filing into the hall and down the stairs.

We had not spoken more than the formulas of meaningless salutation, yet at one glance I had seen that she had developed into a more redundant and glowing womanhood since I had met her last. She was dressed in deep mourning, and wore no ornaments of any description, but there was nothing subdued about her otherwise: she was a superbly-developed woman, whose every pose, glance, smile and movement showed an exuberance of life which made every one beside her tame in comparison.

She was far more self-possessed than I, and as soon as we were at table told me in a low voice that she was spending a fortnight with the Raymonds—that she had been for nine months at home in Belfield; and then went on giving me the news of the old place. I had never expected to meet her again: it had seemed to me that her wish, like mine, would be that we might never see each other face to face. Separated, no dark reminders of the past need rise to dispel present joys, but how could either of us bear it to have our recollections suddenly invaded by the old wrong, the bitterness, the pain of a year and a half before? Away from her I might forgive her, as, like a Christian, I mean to forgive all my enemies; but how, in seeing her, was I to resist overwhelming her with instant and fatal accusations? Had she not been the hidden intrigante who had set all those forces in motion to break up the household at The Headlands? I was loath to blame her too much, yet I had felt with a passion of remorse and desire for expiation that unless she had been there Mr. Floyd might have lived for years longer. Must she not, like me, see the sad, terrible spectres which stood between us, waving us apart, warning us to separate our lives for ever?

But I was more fanciful than Madam Georgy: I do not believe that she was confronted either with real remorse or unreal fantasies. In fact, my experience of life is that few men or women suffer for their own misdeeds: atonement is generally vicarious. When the ghosts of old days appear they compel no dread; only a sensation of discomfort at a sight of such thin, wretched unsubstantiality. And we all know that in the opera, when that terrible commendatore stalks forth, 'tis not the sight of him which makes our blood run cold, but the solemn, impressive chords of Mozart's music, which fill our imaginations with gloom and horror.

No: Mrs. Talbot was not guilty of any high romanticism, and in meeting me, even if she experienced some mild shock,

VOL. XXIII.—29

soon recovered from it. And, in fact, instead of looming before her stern and terrible like the commandant, with an awful voice at my command, I was simply a young man in conventional evening-dress, eating oysters like other people. It was no wonder she was not afraid of me.

"Was it not odd," she asked, "that you and I should, after all, be married on the same day?"

"Were we?" I asked innocently.

"Nonsense! as if you did not know it!" she returned with a frank, gay smile. "But I agree with you: some things it is not becoming to confess. But whatever I have been, it was never a hypocrite, was it?"

No doubt whatever existed in my mind that Nature had moulded her of a different clay from the rest of us. She had keen reason and swift wit, a relish for every enjoyment in life, a disinclination for whatever partook of sadness and discomfiture, a sort of intrepidity which disarmed reproach by frankness, spirits which no experience could depress, a superficial placability which made her manners easy, natural, generous. It was hard enough for me fully to realize at this moment the worth of the knowledge I had intellectually attained of her. How could I remember her ample promises, her deliberate perjury, her smooth excuses, her elaborate tissues of falsehood and deceit, when I met her smile and the light in her eyes? To be sure, I felt contempt largely intermingled with my admiration of her; but admire her I did, she was so spirited and beautiful in her supple, adroit attack to throw me off my guard at once and induce me to commit myself in order that she might understand on what terms we met.

But her power over me no longer amounted to anything. I was ready, indeed, to thank her for rewarding my ardent dream with such cold deception.

"And how," I asked, waiving the subject of our mutual wedding-day—"how is Jack Holt?"

"He is very well," she returned with sudden gravity. "He is very busy in these days. He has repeatedly express-

ed surprise that you have not been to Belfield to see him."

"I hoped to have seen him here in town. Dart told me his business frequently required his presence here for two weeks in the month."

"At present he is filling considerable orders from Europe. He is manufacturing a new rifle which he says will make his fortune. He has cleared off his father's debts. The last dollar was paid over to the last creditor the day before Christmas. He went home and told his father that he could die a free man—that the savings bank would declare a dividend the first of January, and would resume its old routine. Nobody knows if the poor old man understood what Jack told him, but he seemed joyous and peaceful all that evening, and next morning was found dead in his bed. Poor Mrs. Holt only survived him twenty-four hours."

"Yes, I heard the news soon after I landed: Harry had returned from the funeral an hour before I saw him. And now Jack is free to map out his own career. He deserves to make a fortune: he has in the highest degree that force of character by which a man masters circumstances, holding himself in check, resisting misfortune, sorrow and disappointment. I hope that a happy future is before him."

She sighed and looked at me wistfully, and without more words she presently followed Mrs. Raymond and the other ladies up stairs.

I moved my glass and plate down to Charles Raymond as soon as we were alone, and he fell at once to talking about Mrs. Talbot, asking me questions about her, and by his extreme interest in her past, present and future making it evident that she had at least one friend in the house.

"My wife did not wish me to invite her here," he whispered in my ear: "the women don't like her, you see. It's all dashed nonsense of course, but my wife is a stickler in these matters, and usually I don't interfere. But on my soul I felt sorry for Mrs. Talbot. Business took me to Belfield in December. I was

one of poor old Holt's creditors, you know: he had banked with our house for years, and I let him draw on us when every other house had sent his notes to protest. I had not a suspicion of the sad state of affairs. Well, his son remitted principal and interest of the debt in December, and, although I am a business-man, I was touched. You don't expect that sort of thing, you know: it has gone out of fashion, like a good many things our fathers were taught to believe in. So I went up to see John Holt, and expressed my high sense of his character. And in a good position in his factory. I saw George Lenox—a cousin of mine, you know—and he asked me to call upon his wife and daughter when I went back to Belfield. I did so, and I tell you, my dear sir, when Mrs. Talbot came in, her tall, beautiful form robed in sable, I gave a start of profound surprise. I was not used to that sort of woman. She looked to me as if she were born to a throne. When she wrote to me just after Christmas informing me of her engagement to John Holt, I could hesitate no longer, and I answered her letter by inviting her to spend as much time here as she could before her marriage, which will take place at Easter. The women fight shy of her, and my wife will not allow the girls to be much in her society. You see, Randolph, there were some queer stories afloat during her married life, short as it was. Talbot behaved badly, but some say he knew what he was about and had regard for his own honor. But I despise such gossip. I have ordered a full service of silver to present her upon her marriage, and I hope my cousin Helen will do something handsome. Suppose you mention the subject in your next letter? One has to stand by one's family."

"I can answer for Helen's liberality," I returned.

"We hear that your wife is having a brilliant season in Rome, and is greatly admired. My wife says she is going to scold you the first chance she has for leaving her alone."

"She is with my mother."

"Oh yes, but these young and beautiful wives ought to have their husbands with them. How long before you go out again?"

"As soon as my business is finished," I rejoined frigidly. "Wickham insists upon my going through the estimates of all the repairs: there seems to be no end of the figures. I should be only too glad to join Helen and my mother to-morrow."

"I can understand well enough that you are pretty well in harness if you manage the property in any way. I am glad Helen has a husband whose interest in her wealth is not a selfish one. I assure you when a man has accumulated a tolerable fortune it is disheartening to look at the most of the young men who come about his daughters and reflect that 'tis they who are to have the wasting of it."

All the other men had gone up stairs to rejoin the ladies, and we followed them. Some of the elders had withdrawn into an inner room, and were playing whist solemnly; Miss Raymond was at the piano singing an aria of Bellini's that most of us heard at the opera the night before from a voice of exquisite timbre, rendered with the rapturous *fioriture* of a wood-bird's song; Dart was turning over her music with an air of alarmed admiration, and I was sure how he would afterward divert himself and me at her expense. One happy pair was disporting itself in temporary sunshine while the frowning chaperon played cards, and had hidden behind the curtains of the bay-window for a complete realization of the idyl, Love alone in Paradise. Otherwise, nobody seemed to be enjoying himself or herself. Mrs. Talbot was sitting on a sofa in the alcove, her full skirts sweeping the blue satin so completely that the man in front of her did not venture to sit down. But at sight of me she beckoned and made room, with the smooth excuse to the gentleman she dismissed that she had not yet had a chance to inquire about her cousin Helen. He withdrew of course, but with an air of protest, and we were as much alone, so far as other people's ears were concerned, as if we had been miles away.

"Is it not dull?" she exclaimed: "is it not frightfully dull? Listen to Josie Raymond: I long to hear what Harry Dart will say about it. I yawn in this house from morning till night. Oh, such good people! such moral papers, magazines and books! I have a French novel in my room, and when I come down stairs I put it at the bottom of my trunk, lock it and put the key in my pocket, I am so afraid of shocking somebody."

"Yet you said at dinner you were no hypocrite?"

"I am no hypocrite with people I like and trust, at all events. Ah, Harry Dart is going to sing: that is different;" for Dart had sat down at the instrument and struck the chords with a firm touch, and began to troll out some of the airs he sang all day over his work. "How handsome he has grown!" Mrs. Talbot rattled on. "And they say his pictures are excellent. All our old set in Belfield are turning out well. Don't you remember how we used to build air-castles Saturday afternoons sitting on the bench in your mother's garden?"

"I remember everything, Mrs. Talbot."

"Why are you so formal? We are the oldest friends, and cousins now besides. You have not told me yet about Helen: is she well? Are you happy? You used to tell me nothing should induce you to marry her, yet she is your wife, nevertheless."

"Yes. I made many mistakes that summer, and I was mistaken when I said that we should not marry. I believe my wife is well: I hear from her and of her constantly."

She looked me in the face as if she would fain read me through and through. "I cannot talk to you here," she murmured in a low voice: "the presence of these people stifles me. But I have something particular to say to you. Will you come to-morrow at three o'clock? You will find me alone: they are all going to a wedding-reception, and we can see each other for two hours uninterrupted."

"I have an engagement," I replied indifferently.

"Oh, but break any ordinary engage-

ment," she said pleadingly, putting her fingers on mine as my hand lay prone on the sofa close by the folds of her dress. "Will you not do so much for the sake of old times? I tell you, Floyd, you did not altogether understand me in the past: I will make it all clear to you."

Happening to look up, I met Dart's amused glance, and it was quite evident that the pretty little scene was not unobserved. I was unspeakably annoyed, and disliked the position in which she had placed me. I reiterated my excuses, feeling disagreeable and churlish while I did so; but I had neither inclination for the interview she demanded nor interest in it. I had no wish to put myself in a position where she might even try her power over me.

"I shall take no refusal," she whispered: "you must come. I will see you."

I rose, saying I must speak to my cousins before we left, and Dart dropped into my place, and I heard him laughing as he talked to her. We did not remain much longer; and no sooner were we in the street than Harry burst into a loud guffaw and began to abuse the entertainment and our entertainers. "I never had so dull an evening," he affirmed. "There was no fun in it except for Georgy Lenox. I told her I wanted her to sit for me two or three times, for I needed her ear and side face and hair for *Atalanta*. She assented, and inquired about the costume. I explained to her that *Atalanta* was got up altogether for speed and required no costume, and she insisted on the pretence of believing that I wanted her for my model for the full figure. She was very droll about it. Do you suppose she actually misunderstood me?"

"No, I don't."

"Nor I, but I gave her the benefit of a doubt on Jack's account. I asked her when I bade her good-night to come with me to the French ball at the Academy. There is no doubt but that the change would have been agreeable. 'I feel a hankering after some mild depravity,' she told me, 'and if I stay here another week I shall be ready for the flavor of

real wickedness, for nothing so inspires me to do evil deeds as being bored.'"

CHAPTER XXXI.

I TOOK pains to keep busy the entire day following the dinner-party at the Raymonds', going down town early, and not returning until hours past the time at which Mrs. Talbot had requested me to go to her. I could not have justified myself in seeking her even if I had wished to see her. I had even kept away from Jack Holt in the season of his fresh and early mourning for his parents, in order that I need run no chance of encountering her in Belfield. I should have declined Charles Raymond's invitation had I suspected that she was to be present. Still, having met her, I was far from regretting it. I had once loved her: it was a state of mind depending much upon my youth, and I had outgrown it. I loved her no longer. She had never loved me—never loved any one, I presume, but had enjoyed to the fullest the luxury of being loved. I had not been certain about my feelings toward her until I had felt her hand upon my arm again: then I became aware that I was strong where I had so long been weak. Still, with all my strength, I had no wish to run any chance of entanglement in her snares. I owed her nothing. I mistrusted that her wish to see me alone was inspired by a desire to test the tenure of her power over a part of her old territory.

Accordingly, when, that evening, I received a note from her reproaching me sweetly for not availing myself of her invitation, and requesting me to make some appointment for the morrow, I put it in the fire, and went out with Harry to a dinner at his club without another thought of her.

It had been very cold weather, but spring was coming, the frost was broken, and the city next day was deluged with rain. A strong east wind swept from river to river, and water stood inches deep in the streets above the snow and ice of yesterday. I went out, breakfasted, then faced the storm toward

Dart's studio. It was a good place on a dark day, for there was no lack of color there: the hues of the morning and the crimson and gold of sunset, the purple of the moorland, the golden sheen of hillsides covered with ripening grain, the vivid dyes of Eastern tapestries, pictures of far-off mountain-ranges, hazy sea-horizons melting into opal skies, were all there in abundance. I found Harry busy enough: a dealer had been in looking over his pictures, and had fancied one of his earliest studies, a child warming her purple, swollen fingers at a pitiful blaze made from sticks and shreds and straws she had picked up in the street. He had treated the subject with much tenderness of feeling, and I could not wonder it had attracted attention. He was to brush it up a little and put in one or two touches which occurred to him. I did not interrupt him, but sat down at his desk and began to write letters to Helen and my mother.

"I think," I remarked presently, breaking the stillness, "that I shall sail for England in a week or so now."

"Glad to hear it, old fellow, although I am sorry to part with you. You will see Margaret and write me about her."

"I shall not be in Rome. My wife goes to Florence just after Easter, and I shall not reach Italy until the middle of April."

"How long before you come back for good? I say, Floyd, 'tis a shame for you to impose your superior good luck upon us poor devils obliged to work hard for a living. What good times you will have!"

"A wonderfully good time! I shall write a little, lounge about, pay and receive visits, give my arm to my wife—in fact, absorb my time and burn away my strength in paltry occupations, wretched duties and anxieties."

"Nonsense! Your means give you a chance to read carefully, think deeply and digest thoroughly. You have leisure to make your pen do good work: in these days of hasty criticism and precipitate generalizations it is a blessing for a literary man not to live from hand to mouth. Then you have an easy en-

trée to the society of clever men, and may talk, if you will, with the best men in Europe."

"Who talks now-a-days except the old fogies whom we convict at once of a supernatural ability to bore? Mr. Floyd and I dined over and over again in London with some of the first literary men there: I never in my life heard more ordinary conversation. T—, at that time at the height of his fame, gave me instructions at dessert how to cut walnuts into shapes resembling animals."

"I supposed that sort of man conversed in polysyllables, like an affable archangel."

"Nobody who has anything to do with books has the love for them that the general public have: that I do believe. Then, people know so much now-a-days that there is no use discussing subjects and trying to get at the bottom of things. Now and then you meet a man who has written the history of the world from creation down, and is willing to give it all to his first listener; but who wants to hear it? If a man has travelled, do you suppose anybody wishes to have him recount his impressions of the lands he has been through? Not at all: we read his book if he makes one, read all the books on the subject, then go off and explore new countries for ourselves—come home and say nothing about it. Conversation will presently become a lost art: everything goes without saying."

"You're a pretty fellow, you are," drawled Dart, yawning, "to come here and spoil my day with your stupid ill-humor! Either hold your tongue or go away and declaim at other people. Conversation liable to die out, is it? Intercourse to be carried on by signs, I suppose. I think not, so long as some young men not miles away have pet heretical opinions to spout forth."

"I will hold my tongue. I am quite sure you have done half the talking."

I returned to my writing, and Dart to his work of flecking with color the blaze on the great stone hearth in his picture. A monotonous half hour passed, then suddenly came an uncertain knock at the door of the studio.

"Come in!" shouted Harry.

But the knock was repeated. "Oh, hang it!" said Harry: "it is my laundress, I suppose. She is such an infernal prude that she almost faints away every time she comes here."

He jumped up and went to the door. I heard a low voice, then an emphatic "By Jove!" from Harry—a laugh in which a woman's voice joined with his.

"Charmed, I'm sure!" he said with emphasis, and ushered his visitor in. I rose at once: the new-comer was a woman closely veiled and enveloped from head to foot in a waterproof cloak: she was dripping wet, and the water from her garments made little pools where she stood.

"Don't you know me, Floyd?" she asked with a merry laugh, and in a moment had thrown off her wrappings and disclosed her arch, laughing face. It was Mrs. Talbot.

"Who would have thought it?" she cried, and laughed with Harry over and over again; then drawing off her overshoes she took a seat by the fire and put two little boots on the fender. "My feet are wet," she exclaimed dolefully. "I never saw such a dreadful day."

"Take off your shoes," said Harry, "and I will give you some dry ones. I have some Turkish slippers which will become you amazingly."

He rummaged them out at once from a lot of Eastern finery, warmed them at the fire, and put them on her feet, from which he had removed her clinging boots.

"There!" he remarked, "vastly becoming! You will never wish to put on a shoe again."

"But how in the world do you happen to have a pair of woman's slippers in your studio?"

"It is my trade to dress women. There is no end to my trappings: I could rig you out to go to a fancy-dress party every night in the week."

She was much interested, and began to look about the studio, asking all sorts of questions with the freedom of a spoiled child: she was, in truth, so bewitching that she quite disarmed criticism, and I began to recover from my stiff surprise

and find amusement in listening to her. She was really very beautiful, very gay and bright, there was not a particle of harm in her coming to the studio and meeting two old friends, and I was presently quite as much in the humor of the adventure as was Harry himself. He was determined to do honor to the unbidden guest, and brought out a bottle of champagne and some crackers.

"I did not expect a champagne lunch," she exclaimed. "So this is the way poor artists live!"

"I assure you 'tis none of my extravagance. Randolph bought the bottle last week, that we might drink to his mother's health on her birthday, but we drank it in lager instead. Some happy presentiment must have made us put by the sillery, for otherwise I should have been compelled to offer you bottled beer."

We finished the bottle in high glee, but I doubt if we needed it to exhilarate us. I banished reflection: the present hour was pleasant enough. Harry was a thorough worker, and perhaps the champagne had had its effect in putting him in the mood for swift and successful effort; and he declared the present opportunity too good to be lost—that he must sketch her face and hair into his figure of Atalanta. She was nothing loath, making a little outcry, however, at the full-sized figure upon which he had spent weeks at Rome.

"I had a very good model," remarked Harry complacently, "but she had not your hair. I wanted that, and just the oval of your face: I can find nothing to compare with it."

The hair was both in braids and coils, and he touched it carelessly and ordered her to undo it. She obeyed him laughing, and the luxuriant masses tumbled over her in profusion, falling far below her waist.

"Just what I wanted!" he exclaimed in a sort of rapture—"Floyd, did you ever see such hair? It lights up the place like sunshine." He lifted the bright mass and turned it this way and that to catch the light—"Now," said he, "just stand there, will you not?"

Now bend and pick up that ball. Very good! very good! But keep still."

"But, I assure you, Harry Dart," she said, laughing immoderately, "that this sort of position is not so pleasant as it might be for a permanent one."

"Keep still!" said he imperiously, and began to sketch at once, a powerful inspiration setting him to work with something like a fury. He released her presently, and she came back to the fire and warmed her feet in the embroidered Turkish slippers. I was in an irresponsible mood, and followed her lead from one subject to another, never touching upon allusions to her private life or mine. Harry worked out his sketch, and demanded that she should pose again for him. He was making a capital thing of it, and was in the mood for following it up.

"I will only do it again on one condition," she returned.

"Name it," he cried, impatient and absorbed in his work: "I will stickle at nothing."

"Oh, 'tis not much," she answered in a tone of indifference. "I wish to speak to Mr. Randolph, and came here for that purpose to-day. I will give you another half hour if at the end of that time you will leave me alone with him for a few minutes."

Harry gave a shrug. "With all my heart!" he said, but cast a peculiar glance upon me; and I knew at once that he suspected that this was an assignation.

I was instantly sobered—disenchanted, I might say—and the aspect of the superb woman bending down with her magnificent hair floating about her in golden waves no longer attracted me. Five minutes before I had, unseen by her, touched with reverential hand that silky mass of glittering curls. Now my scepticism in the worth of any emotion she could excite returned, and my disgust for this escapade more than tempered any curiosity I felt as to the motive which had impelled her to seek this interview with me at such a hazard. She was evidently reckless of our opinion, and Harry could not have betrayed so much careless impertinence in his demands before a model he paid by the

hour. But she was in no whit dismayed at her position, and presently, when Harry flung down his brush and declared that he had done a good piece of work and would now rest, she came over and sat down beside me, beginning negligently to twist up her long hair and confine it in a great careless coil.

"When I am ready for you," said he, crossing the studio after her, "will you give me another sitting? It may be I shall not require you, but if I do?" She assented carelessly. "Well," he went on laughing, "shall I go away entirely, or keep watch outside?"

"Keep watch outside," she retorted. "It would never do for me to be caught here."

Dart threw another shrewd glance at me, then with a shrug went out into the corridor, closing the door behind him. We could hear him pacing up and down like a sentry, whistling martial airs.

I was standing facing Mrs. Talbot, and she now rose and approached me with both hands outspread with a gesture of deprecation. "I see," said she, "that you think me failing in nice decorum, but I wanted to see you, and you would not seek me yourself."

"Our intimacy closed almost two years ago," I returned. "You did me wrong, but I have forgiven that. When I say that I think any further acquaintance between us superfluous, I am only thinking of the injury you did my wife."

"You allude to those foolish letters I was crazy enough to write to Tony Thorpe in her name?"

I bowed.

"I did wrong," she remarked with a surprising air of candor. "I was all wrong that summer. I could have braced it out, except that I repented it deeply and instantly. After all, 'twas no great sin. Indeed, I intended it only for a joke, and should probably have enlightened poor Antonio myself as to the identity of his mysterious correspondent. But he was so vain, so bloated with conceit at his conquest, that he spoiled it all. Had he held his tongue no harm would have been done."

I bowed again.

"But my folly altered my life," she cried with a bitter smile, "as well as it altered yours. You say you have forgiven me: well, you may forgive me, for if ever a man was avenged it is you, Floyd. I knew all the time that it was you I ought to marry: your love would have given me heaven. As it was, words are not black enough to paint the torment I entered into. Why, Floyd, oftentimes in those horrible eight months I used to look in my glass and wonder that my face was not marked by lines that sorrow and pain, mortification, bitter regret and vanished self-respect must have written there in my hours of agony. That I—I, Georgy Lenox, with good, noble men to choose from, should have married a brute—worse than a brute, at times an incarnate fiend—was an ever-growing horror and surprise. I used to hurt myself to be sure I was awake, and that this ever-present tyranny, this base, degrading suspicion against which I had to contend, was reality and not a nightmare. Then one day, all at once, without warning, without premonition, while I was rankling with the insult of his last words, the pain of his farewell touch, they came and told me he was dead. Oh, my God! how glad I was!"

"Oh, Georgy," I cried, "but this is terrible!"

"I had become used to terrible things. You heard how I was left, I suppose? I had not a penny except a few dollars in my purse. I was almost glad: I liked to think that I owed that man nothing. Papa came for me and took me back to Belfield, and the people crowded about me to sympathize with the young widow in her bereavement. Bereavement? Why I used to sit in the garden last spring and find a new pleasure in my life, in the clouds that sailed athwart the blue, in the little seedling flowers that came up along the paths, in the jubilant song of the birds, just because that man was dead."

She spoke with such vehemence, even although her voice rarely rose above its low even tone, that her words gave me a painful shock. Tears had started to her eyes, and one or two had overflowed and

lay upon her flushed cheeks. It was not easy for me to look at her, linked as her beauty was with every memory of my boyhood, and judge her severely, or even impartially. Although I was on my guard against her, mistrusting whatever she said with the intention of moving me, she appealed to something within me more powerful than logic or justice.

"Do not dwell on those times," I said with an effort to soothe her. "That epoch in your history is passed, and you are none the worse for it if you can only forget it. You are on the threshold of a new and different life."

"You know it, then?" she exclaimed, darting a keen flashing glance at me.

"Know that you are about to marry Jack Holt? Of course I am well aware of it."

"And you will make no effort to prevent it?"

"I do not understand you."

She put her handkerchief to her face, and for a moment gave way utterly to tears, while she trembled convulsively. Then she regained partial self-control, and went on speaking in a broken voice. "I met him on the street last October," she said, averting her face from me. "We had not met before since our engagement was broken. He came up to me and took me by the hand. I had endured many things: I had begun to moderate my expectations of life. That John should, through everything, have kept up his faith in me—" She turned toward me for a moment, giving me one glimpse of a flushed face and eyes sparkling in tears. "He thinks," she resumed abruptly, "that the blessing of his life is coming at last. I am a poor creature, I fear, for a man to be faithful to, yet his fidelity toward me has never faltered. Don't open his eyes, Floyd: don't cost me my future by any words of yours. I implore you to grant my prayer."

"Of what weak garrulity do you suspect me? You ought to have known me better."

She came up to me and looked into my face pleadingly. "Don't blame me," said she. "I told Jack that when you offered yourself to me I refused you. You

had written to him, you know: he may speak to you on the subject."

"I understand you now," I returned gravely. "I will not contradict you: in fact, I am of the belief that you did refuse me."

She laughed and reddened, and stood still in front of me, her finger in the buttonhole of my coat.

"And you will not tell him about the letters?"

"Was that what you wanted to ask me? Oh, Georgy, you might have known me better. Do you think me so ignoble that I would injure your chances?"

"Men are so ungenerous sometimes!" she murmured. "And if Jack had heard a word— There are some things he will not forgive. He is horribly strict, logical and just: in truth, experience has hardened him. I shiver before him occasionally, and have to hold my thoughtless tongue lest it ruin me. Should he know that I am here to-day, for instance—"

The handle of the door rattled, and as we turned Harry entered abruptly with flushed face and eyes dancing with fun. "Who the deuce do you suppose is on the stairs?" he whispered. "Jack Holt. I caught a glimpse of him carefully shaking out his umbrella at the door."

Georgy made a gesture of despair. "What will become of me?" she exclaimed, half laughing, half terrified. "Can't you put me in a closet?"

"I can put you in my bedroom," returned Harry, shaking with suppressed laughter. We all began to seize the various articles of her attire scattered about. "Look sharp!" said Harry: "a hair-pin may ruin me: my reputation depends upon Jack's not seeing a ribbon anywhere."

I had seized her boots, her wet cloak and veil, while Harry had her hat and jacket: Mrs. Talbot herself was too distracted to recognize any of her belongings. The scene was like nothing out of a comedy, and Harry was delighted with the adventure; but for my own part I was ashamed of it all, and regretted that I had not gone to Mr. Raymond's

to see her, so that she need not have followed me here. A knock came at the door.

"Do go, for God's sake!" I exclaimed, and threw the armful of wrappings I held into the inner room. Mrs. Talbot gave me a laughing glance as she vanished with Harry, and I advanced and opened the door for the stoutish, middle-aged-looking gentleman I found there.

"Floyd!" said he: "I'm overjoyed to see you."

"And I am delighted to meet you again, Jack. I've been hoping to see you for two months, and should soon have looked you up in Belfield."

"I expected you. But where is Harry?"

I stepped to the threshold of the inner room. "Harry!" I called, "come out. Here is dear old Jack."

Harry emerged with a broad grin on his handsome face, and greeted Holt boisterously, throwing his arms about him.

"After thunder, lightning and in rain we three meet again," said he.

"Rain enough," observed Jack. "I am drenched in spite of my umbrella: the worst gale I ever was out in, but New York is a bad place in a high wind."

Then followed that dearth of words so often experienced when old friends meet, but in this case it was due partly to my sense of the outrageous cheat we seemed to be putting upon this good fellow, and partly to my vexation with Harry, whose eyes danced perpetually. Jack, however, was interested in the practical necessity of drying himself, and being an unimaginative man observed nothing particular in our restraint. He had changed since I had seen him: he was but twenty-seven, but looked ten years my senior or Harry's: his keen eyes were deep sunken in their sockets, and his calm heavy features had grown heavier, while the lower contours of his face, concealed by a closely-trimmed reddish beard, gave him a solidity of aspect unknown to either of us. As soon as he had removed his outside garments he began asking me question after question about my mother, my wife, our residence abroad and my present business in this country, listening to all

my answers with a thoughtful interest which would of itself have showed me our old friendship had lost none of its meaning to him.

"You are the first of us to marry, after all," said he, "yet I confess that you have little of the air of a family man. You have no children?"

"No."

"I am anxious to see your wife, who is, I am told, an exceptionally beautiful woman. When are you coming back for good?"

"When you are a married man, my dear fellow, you will realize that your plans are contingents. Helen likes foreign life."

"But your mother must weary for home. Don't stay too long in Europe. I am in no sympathy with this mania for travel which bewitches Americans. The moment that a man possesses ample means to make himself a home and command leisure to live up to his dreams and rear his children worthily, he sets out for Europe. 'Tis undermining the patriotic instincts of the young: thirty years more of this semi-European education for our boys and girls will show its legitimate results. Come and live at home, Floyd. It is more sensible and more dignified. Spend your money where it belongs."

"Yes," struck in Harry gravely, "true political economy constrains men to stay at home. I spend my money in New York.—But you are not a practical fellow, Floyd: you hate these sordid, political, economical, every-day considerations."

And as he closed he burst out into an outrageous fit of laughter. Holt looked at him with mild surprise, but thought it probable that some clever joke lay beneath the words. He always acknowledged the fact that he could not take jokes. Life was an earnest thing to him, and in his dignified course he saw little to laugh at, although he was uniformly cheerful. He regarded us both with the old patient smile.

"It seems like old times," said he simply. "I don't suppose that our college days seem left as far behind to either of you as they do to me. Neither of you has been so separated from them by

the rush and roar of the burning stream of practical life.—I never come to see you, Harry, but that the difference of men's active careers strikes me afresh with astonishment. Here you live, the work you have to do the creation of beauty. Your task is to linger over folds of drapery, the bloom of a woman's cheek, the faded patterns of old tapestry hangings. You are generally alone, but what a gracious company you bring about you in your solitude! what results from your careless blotches of color! what worth and patience and fidelity in your labor! And these pictures are not the relaxations to which you incline when you long for color, light and warmth, but your regular occupation, to which you carry not alone a powerful inspiration, but your most unwearying patience, your most strenuous energies. Compare your day with mine. From morning until night, when I am going through my usual routine, I catch not a hint of the necessity for the existence of a profession like yours in the world."

"Oh yes you do if you but open your eyes and see. When you walk through your factories on a summer's day you may notice that at least a third of the workmen have a bunch of flowers in the window. The most intense æsthetic sense is often among the least cultivated: they don't call it by that name, and know not how to use it, but it crops out in many a poetic suggestion amidst the prosaic routine of the humblest lives."

Jack had risen, and was examining the pictures, four of which lay exposed upon the easel. He went straight, as if by an unerring instinct, to the *Atalanta*.

"What do you think of that?" inquired Harry blandly.

Holt shook his head. "I am afraid I have not got that intense æsthetic sense which a man needs in looking at such pictures," said he. "What is the subject, any way?"

"You must remember the fleet *Atalanta*, who is never overtaken until her pursuer is adroit enough to tempt her with the golden apples: a woman is always to be conquered by gold and glitter, you know."

"The man wins her?"

"No doubt of it. I'm rather proud of it, Jack: I began it a year ago, but could not satisfy myself with a model until just before I left Rome. I required more than beauty, for *Atalanta*'s limbs had been moulded for speed."

"You seem to have made a decided hit," said Holt, "for she looks free, pure, untamed. What beautiful hair she has, by the way! Not unlike this;" and as he spoke he gravely detached a single long wavy golden hair from Harry's shabby velveteen. Harry took it hastily, frowned, reddened and put it in the fire, and without explanation or excuse went on talking about his sketch, explaining how it was to be copied into the full picture of the enchanted wood.

It was evident that although Jack's taste was not pleased with the *Atalanta* (which was, however, by the way, a figure more modest and proud than many a portrait of a coquettish dame habited according to the stiffest fashion of the time), it held some fascination for him. He went on to the other easels, and praised generously the picture of the little girl at the fire, declaring he should like to own it, but then returned to the charming bending figure with the golden hair. "I think," said he doubtfully, "that you must have got the side face from some one we know."

"I wondered if you would recognize it," returned Harry coolly. "Certainly: 'tis Mrs. Talbot's. When I have finished it the resemblance will be undiscoverable, however, or I should not have ventured. Besides, as you see, the eyes are dark. I assure you nobody but yourself would have made it out. I wanted that lovely contour of temple, ear, cheek and throat."

Jack was silent a moment: "Have you seen Mrs. Talbot recently?"

"Floyd and I dined at the Charles Raymonds' night before last, and she was there, quite to our surprise. She gave me leave to use a bit of her side face;" and Harry laughed slightly.

"Then it is all right," returned Jack, going back to his seat. "I suppose you have a hundred sketches of her taken in the old Belfield days."

"I have not yet congratulated you on your engagement, Jack," said I, feeling to the fullest the awkwardness of the contretemps which made such felicitations audible to his engaged wife in the inner room. "But I do rejoice with all my heart that you are on the high road to not only private happiness, but assured outward prosperity as well. You are to be married at Easter?"

"Easter Tuesday," he returned, dropping his eyes and speaking in a low, deliberate voice, as if he disliked to show earnestness or energy. "We shall have no wedding—merely walk into Belfield church together some morning, and come out man and wife, and start away for a brief holiday." He flushed as he spoke, and raised his eyes to mine: they were suffused and all his features showed emotion. "I need not be ashamed of my joy," he went on simply, wringing the hand I stretched out to him. "Both of you are my brothers and know all the secrets of my heart. Had I been married four years ago, I should have felt myself a lucky fellow, but to experience what I feel about it now I must needs have lived without joy, afraid to hope, dreading even the recurrence of memories of happier days. I wonder sometimes what I have merited of these great mercies God has vouchsafed to me."

"If ever," cried Harry with a passion of love and reverence upon his face—"if ever a man deserved the blessings of Heaven, Jack, it is yourself."

Jack smiled and looked up at me. "I fancy, Floyd," said he kindly, "that you easily recovered from that state of mind you had fallen into when you wrote to me a month or more after you returned from Europe. You wanted Georgy yourself then."

"Miss Lenox was by far too beautiful a girl," I returned coolly, "not to have many suitors. I was very young, and was considerably dazzled, but found out a little later who it was I really loved."

"Of course, of course," said Jack. "Georgy told me frankly all about that summer. She was never happy a moment after her mother compelled her to give me up, and when she did marry she

had but one feeling and one purpose. She had no love to give to any man but me, and in accepting Mr. Talbot she merely carried out the wishes of her family. I heard the church-bells ringing when I went home to dinner one August day and found my mother crying. It was then I heard that she was married—then that I gave up the thought of her, as I supposed, for ever. Life looked very black to me: my business was every day improving, but nothing seemed to be of much use to me any more. Then last May I heard that Georgy was a widow. I had borne trouble and given scant signs of what I felt: 'tis harder to bear joy. I went out and spent that afternoon in the woods: it was as if no spring had ever come to me before—as if the sun had never shone nor the birds returned to build their nests."

"But you waited some months before you saw her?" said Harry.

"Of course I waited, but with a difference. I suddenly felt as if a new and vital force had seized me: nothing was impossible to me. What I accomplished last year in my business appears to me now a miracle. By October I knew that I should shortly be a free man, and then one afternoon, toward evening, I

met her in the street.—Do you remember the maples by the Congregational church? 'Twas just there I saw her and spoke to her.—You may laugh at me if you like, Harry: you cannot begin to understand my feelings. It was as if I had stood in the darkness, in the chill, shut out from warmth and light and happiness, and as if—" He broke off, laughed and rose and put on his over-coat, and declared himself ashamed of his garrulity. "I am, after all," he cried, "more of a boy than either of you, and cannot keep my own secrets."

When he had gone away, Harry and I looked into each other's eyes and shook our heads significantly. Mrs. Talbot issued from her durance vile, shivering with cold and somewhat out of humor, but before she went away we were all laughing again; for, although both Dart and myself had been annoyed to find ourselves in a position which compelled us to feel, in Jack's presence, like a couple of rogues uncaught, she was so magnificently equipped with high spirits and elasticity of conscience that it seemed better to regard it, as she did, as merely *une aventure de plus*.

ELLEN W. OLNEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANCIENT DECORATIVE STUFFS.

EMBROIDERED silk and linen stuffs of the highest antiquity are remarkable for the weight and massiveness of their needlework, which is sometimes even sculpturesque in the severity of its style and the low relief of its close and solid figures, rigid or quaint, representing sacred personages or decorative forms of plants and flowers and animals of an Oriental origin. Grace and elegance of design are the characteristics of less recent epochs, and mostly of those that developed under the influence of the later schools of Italian art.

Aside from the great beauty of their unmatched color, or from the character which is so strongly felt in the style of their decoration when either gold or silver thread is used for that purpose, they interest us by the mythological or traditional or poetical forms which they exhibit.

In remote antiquity there is mention made of silk stuffs embroidered or woven with emblems borrowed from the most ancient religions of Asia. In some of the museums of Europe there are pieces of Persian stuff fourteen centuries old

which in their decoration reproduce religious emblems that were already held sacred in the time of the Patriarchs. A veil kept in the reliquary of Mans, a sacerdotal robe at Chinon, and the chasuble of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle are amongst the most ancient pieces of decorative tissue still in existence. The veil of Mans bears the emblems of the religion of Zoroaster. Between two lions there is a fire-altar, indicating the most ancient worship, and the lions carry upon their thighs a star. Now, that very same sign is also found upon a vase of Persian workmanship in the Cabinet des Médailles at the Louvre which probably dates from the fourth century of our own era. It is also found upon the famous bas-relief of the Lions above the principal gate of Mycenæ. The researches made by Layard in Assyria prove to us that not one of the emblems of the religion of Zoroaster was foreign to the worship of the Assyrians of the anterior epoch; and it is from the same source that the Greeks derived these same emblems.

Tradition affirms that the sacerdotal vestment of Chinon was worn by St. Mesme, the disciple of St. Martin de Tours, at the time when he assumed the directorship of a monastery on the island of Ste. Barbe, near Lyons, at the very beginning of the fifth century. In the border of that vestment are woven letters in Cufic characters. Upon the background, which is of a deep gentian-blue, are lions facing each other: two of them are white and spotted with red dots, and the two others are canary-yellow, with spots of green, and between them we see the sacred tree of Hom. And there are eagles flying, a strange animal with the look of a dog about the head, and a fire-altar held by chains. This very precious piece of stuff is no doubt the work of Arabian weavers or of Persian workmen, and illustrates the astounding tenacity of emblems and of traditions which can be traced with archaeological certitude to the epoch when the Chaldean priesthood of Babylon flourished, long before Cyrus conquered Assyria. That same emblem of the sacred tree of Hom is rep-

resented on an enamelled gold vase treasured in the abbey of St. Maurice in Switzerland. It was given to that church by Charlemagne, to whom it had been sent by Haroun-al-Rashid, and it is either of Persian origin, or possibly Arab workmen have represented upon it the religious emblems of Persia, which had become perhaps a sort of routine decorative resource.

The richest of all the religious treasures that have come down to us are preserved in the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle, where, in 1843, the chasuble of Charlemagne was unexpectedly discovered, after long excavations made in a part of the church where for ages it had been the practice to burn incense without any precise reason being assigned to the custom; and this fact of a sacred spot so indicated led to the inference that the bones of Charlemagne were buried below. In the sarcophagus two pieces of stuff were found, besides an act upon parchment identifying the illustrious dust. One of these stuffs is but a small piece, of a dark violet-brown. The other, which is about two yards long, has a dazzling rose-red background, upon which are large oval medallions made by a narrow border in imitation of jewels. In the centre of the medallion is a gold elephant with jewelled trappings, and a Persian rug for its saddle-cloth. (In antiquity the elephant was specially consecrated to Dionysus, who is represented on an antique gem entering Thebes on an elephant.) Back of him a tree spreads its boughs gay with fantastic flowers. To what century and to what country does this brilliant tissue belong? The secret is revealed by an inscription woven into it. It is a rare specimen of Byzantine art at the time when it became so famous in the Middle Ages, and when what it produced was exclusively the property of princes. Charlemagne was canonized in 1166, and the relics of saints and the bodies of high personages were always wrapped about with magnificent tissues or precious stuffs—things which were then most difficult to obtain, as we may know by a curious statement in the diary of Luitprand, the Lombardese historian of the tenth century. It

was after he had been sent as ambassador to Constantinople, and had incurred the displeasure of the emperor Constantine, who dismissed him, that Otho, emperor of Germany, took him under his protection, made him bishop of Cremona, and then sent him back to Constantinople as ambassador to Nicephore Phocas. He tells us with what avidity the rich Byzantine stuffs were coveted in Europe, and how almost impossible it was to obtain them except through princely favor. A short time before his departure from Constantinople officers from the household of the emperor ordered him to produce whatever woven or embroidered stuffs he had purchased for his sovereign. Those he would be allowed to take away with him would be marked by having a piece of lead attached to them: the others would be taken from him. Five superb pieces of stuff were sequestered in the midst of a very hot discussion. Luitprand was justly indignant on being told, "You people from Europe, you are not worthy to wear such stuffs. Is it not rather the first among all the people of the earth who may wear the most gorgeous robes?" Luitprand insisted upon the fact that in his farewell audience he had been authorized by the emperor to purchase precious silk embroidered or woven stuffs for his church at Cremona. "It cannot be," retorted his imperturbable persecutors. "The Greeks, the wisest and richest of nations, are to be most gorgeously clad."—"But even among us," promptly remarked the plucky bishop, "beggar-women, and herdsmen even, may sometimes wear costly garments, for are they not procured for us by the merchants from Venice and Amalfi? When I first came here I was a deacon, not a bishop, I represented a marquis, not an emperor, yet I was not hindered from buying sumptuous stuffs, and in quantity. To-day, I am an ambassador and a bishop, and you treat me as you would treat a merchant from Venice." But the insolent officials did not relent in their cavalier treatment, and Luitprand could not obtain the least modification of their severity. Such arbitrary measures from

the imperial court, however, were not new. At an earlier period it had been made a crime punishable by death for any man but the emperor to wear purple robes. As for rich silk stuffs, they continued to remain excessively rare up to the time of Justinian at the beginning of the sixth century. The price paid for silk then was enormous, for it was brought from China by caravans of Persian merchants. It was then that two Persian monks, who had long resided in China, and who understood everything concerning the growth of silkworms and the weaving of silk, came to Constantinople and revealed their secret to Justinian. Under the most brilliant promises they were sent back to China to secure the eggs of silkworms, which they afterward brought to the emperor concealed in their hollow reed staffs. After that the cultivation of silkworms spread over the Peloponnesus.

In the third century one of the standing outcries against Heliogabalus, and that which most revealed his extravagance, was the fact that he dressed himself in robes of pure silk. Severus would not wear them, and Aurelian refused to allow his wife to use silk. Under his successor, the emperor Tacitus, the laws were so far modified that the women were allowed to dress in silk. But it was under Julian the Apostate that the taste for sumptuous silk stuffs developed itself in the empire, where the new art of weaving them was flourishing. And during his repeated visits to Milan, or while he enjoyed the delights of his beloved Lutetia Parisiorum, could he not well satisfy his predilection for beautiful silks? There was then a colony of Syrian silk-merchants established on the banks of the Seine, and it acquired such importance under the patronage of princes that one of their number became bishop of Paris.

It was in the twelfth century that Roger, first king of Sicily, entered as a conqueror some of the provinces of Greece, and suddenly enriched his court with the splendid spoils of Athens, Thebes and Corinth, the cities that were then famous for the beauty of their silk tissues; and with the growth of mulberry trees, orchards

and groves of which were planted, he introduced into his island-kingdom the art of weaving silk. From Sicily it then reached Venice, Milan, Bologna, Florence, Lucca, etc. It was not, however, until the fifteenth century that through the agency of Greek workmen the fabrication of silk took root in France.

During a portion of the Middle Ages no place in Europe was more famous as a centre of political and religious influence than Aix-la-Chapelle. It was *the* place of pilgrimage for emperors and for the people, who crowded around the object of their veneration, the tomb of Charlemagne. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the old city should be so rich in religious art-treasures. They are to-day brilliant and beautiful and untouched by decay. One of them is a curious piece of yellow silk. It is divided into squares by a blue ornamented border, and within those squares there are two blue ducks facing each other. It is unquestionably a Byzantine fabric. Anastasius, the librarian at the Vatican, who lived in the ninth century, describes just such another design in his *Life of Gregory*. In the cathedral of Sens has been found a piece of stuff also very much like it in the style of its design, only it is woven partly with linen, partly with silk, and instead of ducks there are lions, which are embroidered with what our grandmothers called the "satin stitch" in faded blue upon a white background. It dates from the ninth century, and was used to envelop the body of a saint. There is a beautiful piece of tissue, rose and green, with peacocks and griffins woven into it. It looks Arab, and very likely was brought from Bagdad. The peacock is one of the favorite figures in Oriental art, and is found upon many fine ancient tissues. Under Constantine Porphyrogenitus—he who drove the Turks from Italy in the tenth century—the high officers of the court wore on Christmas Day robes ornamented with embroidered peacocks.

We can form no idea of the magnificence of successive imperial gifts that have been buried in the treasury of Aix-la-Chapelle, and a detailed description

of them might read like a tale from the *Arabian Nights*—not only bas-reliefs of gold and silver, enamels iridescent with the play of unfading color, scenes out of the life of Christ carved in ivory, engraved precious stones, paintings upon wood or metal, but also antique stuffs upon which the Byzantine art has unfolded all the resources of its invention. In one of the coffers are kept what are called the garments of the Saviour and of the Virgin Mary. The tradition of the church affirms that the robe of the Virgin is the same which she wore on fêtes-days, such as Epiphany or Christmas, and it is identical in texture with the peculiar yellow fine linen which is found to-day in Egypt bound around mummies. Charlemagne himself placed under the invocation of the Virgin Mary the venerable church whose altar now holds the relics considered them as most precious, and which were sent to him, no doubt, to save them from such chances of destruction as they would have been exposed to from the political upheavings of the Byzantine empire. An historian of the fourteenth century, Nicephorus Callistus, mentions three churches at Byzantium in which were deposited the shroud that was found in the tomb of the Virgin, the girdle she wore, and her robe, all of which were solemnly carried in procession once a year through the streets. The same ceremonies were repeated at Aix-la-Chapelle, where splendid fêtes were given when the emperor received his mother and his sister, and the precious robe was shown to thousands of kneeling pilgrims.

In the Louvre there are three remarkable pieces of silk stuff which also came from Aix-la-Chapelle. One of these, though a mere fragment, is marvellously beautiful. It is as vivid in color as if it had left the antique loom but yesterday. The background is purple-red, like the juice of a fresh-crushed berry. The design represents a man drawing out a weapon, while his foot rests upon a symbolical animal. It is probably a specimen of Roman industry at the time when Rome bought in Asia its thread of spun silk and of spun gold. The two other pieces represent circular

medallions, in the centre of which is a chariot. The driver holds the reins of his horses, which are ready to dart across the arena.

At Arles there are two rare tissues, which probably came from Sicily in the twelfth or thirteenth century. They represent pale-green peacocks and griffins upon a dark myrtle-green background. Very different is the embroidered stuff which is kept at the Archiepiscopal Museum at Lyons, and belonged to the cardinal de Bonald. As we examine it we are again in the thirteenth century. It has the distinctive character of a painting of the earliest mystical school of Siena or of Umbria. The figures, which are extremely stiff, represent the Virgin enthroned, St. Peter, an empress, and a saint presenting the Holy Child to a prelate kneeling. The embroidery is sombre in color, and recalls the decoration of stained glass. The heads are worked in flat tints.

Ratisbon is proud of possessing a beautiful specimen of the art of the Middle Ages. It is the embroidered chasuble of St. Wolfgang, one of the most distinguished men of the twelfth century. The ornamentation is gold lace woven with four different colors of silk thread, and it must be of Asiatic origin, probably Persian. Two embroidered bands sewed together, and belonging originally to another ecclesiastical vestment, afford a good idea of the exuberance of decoration which prevailed in Byzantine art, as they are covered with rows upon rows of seed pearls. In fact, the whole embroidery is worked with pearls, silk being used only to represent flesh.

Among the manuscripts which enrich the royal collection in Munich there is one which might be called a painted history of ecclesiastical robes up to the sixteenth century. It is of the highest interest to those whose taste leads them into any study of archaeology, or who in the least lend themselves to the fascination of obsolete historical subjects. In the cathedral of Munich is also preserved the surplice of the English saint Willibad. The gold embroidery of its border offers the same regularly-repeated lines which we find in the mosaic pavements of Ro-

man basilicas, or in the ogival churches in Sicily, or in Westminster Abbey and in the church of St. Vitale in Ravenna. The stuff is of a crossed silk, something like serge, and of a deep violet. It reproduces that immemorial symbol of the primitive faith, Daniel in the lions' den. You see him standing with arms stretched on either side, warding off the famished beasts, who evidently expect to appropriate to themselves the appetizing plumpness of his youth. The medallion is repeated all over the stuff, and between each two is a star with some dubious floral form. Evidently, the artist had not yet learned to look at Nature when he made that design. Not far from Munich, in the cathedral at Bamberg, was discovered some years ago the crumbling remnant of a very ancient embroidered stuff, which of course had been used as a shroud for the body of a saint, for what sacrifice made to Death or to its terrors was considered too great or too costly in the Middle Ages? The tissue is very thin, and the silks used in the decoration, instead of blending together so as to form an harmonious tone, are boldly opposed to each other in separate patches of color. This piece of embroidery can in no way be compared to the effect of stained glass, and the figures make you think of silhouettes cut out of silk instead of paper. Two women, representing two provinces, offer a helmet and crown to the emperor, who is mounted upon a white horse harnessed with trappings of pearls. The women have long tresses falling down upon their backs, and they wear two robes, one of which is a short sleeveless tunic. The bottom of the under dress, the girdle and the sleeves are ornamented with a broad band of medallion embroidery. As we look at such displays of opulence we are reminded of the effort of Chrysostom to check what he considered the lawless luxury and sinful extravagance of the women of his time, and we wonder if all the passionate eloquence of the great orator remained fruitless. What may have been the impression produced upon artistic minds irretrievably given over to the seductive charm of beauty

by such allocutions as this: "O women! would it not be far better for you to give bread to the poor than to hang pearls in your ears? In the time of the apostles was the only preoccupation of women to cover themselves with superb robes, and to importune their husbands to let them crush the dressing of other women by the splendor of their own? Now you lavish your admiration upon the merchants of silk stuffs and upon the jewel-merchants. You cover your bodies with silk, but your souls go in rags. When you put bits of gold to your horses, when you wear cloths of gold and shoes of gold, you defraud the orphans." Was there one woman who, after leaving the splendors of Ste. Sophia, went home with the resolute courage of giving up her sumptuous garments and of dressing herself in the plain garb of the poor?

Flowers are woven in the imperial robe of the church of Bamberg. The bishop of Bamberg in the twelfth century made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in company with several princes and bishops, and the strange and rare stuffs that have been found in his tomb were most likely brought from Constantinople when he visited that city but a few months before his death.

In the thirteenth century St. Dominic founded in Toulouse one of the first houses of his order, and the church of St. Sernin treasures his chasuble. Upon the orfrey are embroidered in silk of different colors, but in flat tints, some architectural features and figures. The simple and definite tracery of its design has the effect of a painting upon glass. On a violet background, and among the pale rose-colored foliage of a grapevine, are stiff and precise-looking gold peacocks. The feathers of the tail, which is upright and full spread, are green, yellow and red, as are also those of the crest, and the word "Paone" is woven in green letters and forms a border between the birds.

A very different specimen of antique decorative art is presented in the piece of embroidered silk tissue which is kept in the church-treasury at Autun. There is no quaintness or any vestige of rigidity in the style of its ornamentation. The capri-

cious twisting and interlacing of the thread-like stems and the full blossoming of the flowers reveal its Oriental origin. Upon a sapphire-blue background are large medallions, not mathematically shaped, but formed by a double wavy red-and-gold border, between which is a wreath of unconventional white tulip-shaped flowers, each one turning this way and that, and every alternate one having a long golden pistil. The centre of the medallion is occupied by a slender sphinx in gold, with a pink human face and a red tail erect; and the interval between the medallions is filled by curious accessories—tendrils that shoot up or are looped around a little leaf. A most benevolent-looking eagle seems to survey his surroundings with the wise and imperceptible eye of a parrot.

The art of all Eastern nations has a character in common in the universal decorative treatment of flowers and of animals; and we find the same distinctive unchangeableness in the taste for sumptuousness which influences it. It uses color profusely, and it is pre-eminently harmonious. If you look at the robes of any potentate of Hindostan, or at those silk tissues from Japan in which such a marvellous ingenuity of invention and such faultless taste are displayed in embroideries that must remain unmatched, or if you examine the crapes of China, embossed with a creamy covering of closely-worked flowers, or its satins made flamboyant and gay with the most brilliant flower-designs,—in all these different and varied styles of workmanship you meet the same oneness of decorative instinct and aim. The Oriental art of embroidery is splendid, showy, and always effective, because it is definite, vivid and beautifully ordered.

It was in Byzantium that the decorative art of embroidering tissues took its start, and that the first sign of a change in its expression was accepted, when it broke loose from the limitations which bound the art of Persia and deprived it of the human element and of its infinite resource of decoration, since any representation of the human figure was strictly forbidden, and animal life could only

be rendered in an approximative or fantastic form in all the designs upon monuments and upon either embroidered or woven stuffs. And it is interesting to study the rigor of that religious prejudice, as one may do it in any of the sumptuous stuffs that have come down to us from the most remote ages and with the mark of the imperial Persian fabric upon them. One of these, which I have often seen in the studio of an American artist in Rome, is a marvel of royal workmanship, as well as a perfect piece of consummate decorative art, upon which years of labor must have been spent. Imagine a large cloth, about two yards and a half square, of a very fine flax-blue silk silvered over with a sheen of white. Its border, nineteen inches broad, consists of three parallel sets of geometrical, lozenge-shaped medallions, designed, as it were, with several threads of gold closely worked together. Each one of these medallions bears some leaf or nameless flower-form, and between the winding meshes of that glistening decoration there are a multitude of strange or grotesque animals, as well as a full variety of unclassifiable forms. There are scorpions, snakes, fishes and grasshoppers, snails and butterflies, birds with gorgeous plumage, antelopes and frogs, curious-looking crabs, slender darning-needles, and large moths with tiger-spots upon their damask glittering wings—all things of the earth above and of the earth below—beings with eyes that stare at you, yet communicate nothing to you of their imperfect and imprisoned existence. The whole centre of that superb piece of work is a Garden of Paradise which you never weary of entering, for many flowers are there, bursting with the beauty of their full blossoming. The roses of Shiraz are there—neither red nor white, but glowing with the brilliance of their rich and sheeny silks; and there are full-petalled lilies or buds half closed; and at first, as you look at them, you see not the creature that is set close to them. What is it?—a rabbit or a peacock? Then large and superb masses of color appear as the culminating beauty of such triumphant needle-

work. There are clusters of honeysuckle, but brought together into a tulip shape, in the midst of which is a tiger's head. And it all grows out of a radiance of gold, exuberance of fanciful decoration. It is astonishing how much is expressed in the unrealistic suggestion of flowers and of beasts. They are artistic creations, not an exact imitation of Nature, and as such win our admiration. Byzantine art never produced a similar piece of embroidery. The presence of the human figure and the need of expressing religious sentiment gave something new to its decorative forms. It was hybrid, being fecundated by the many influences of mingled civilizations. Religions and customs changed place, and their advent was that of new needs and the signal for the increase of opulence which the rich displayed with their wealth.

In the beginning of the fourth century Asterius, a Greek bishop, comments unsparingly upon the fearful luxury of his time, and in a curious passage quoted from his works we find this: "Our workmen have discovered the secret of imitating in the weaving of tissues the form of animals. Every man is eager to have for himself, or for his wife, or for his children, garments ornamented with countless flowers. And it happens that when rich people produce themselves in public with those paintings upon them, little children group around them and point to them with their fingers and laugh at them, giving them no rest. You see lions, panthers, bears, bulls, dogs, forests, rocks, sportsmen, and everything which painters can copy from Nature. Was it not enough for you to paint the walls, that you had to animate your tunics and the mantles that cover them? The men and the women who have most religion suggest to artists subjects drawn from the Evangel. They order representations of Christ in the midst of his disciples, or some of the miracles—the wedding at Cana, with the amphoræ of wine, the palsied man who carries his bed upon his shoulders, the woman who touches the hem of the garment of Christ, or Lazarus coming out of the

grave—and they think that by doing so they please God and clothe their souls divinely."

But the ingenuity of theological reasoning is great. Who shall fathom it? Theodoret, also a Father of the Greek Church, and a man who had the soul of an artist within him, for he built superb monuments at his own expense in his native city of Antioch, comes out with quite another view of the matter when he exhorts the people to thank God for having endowed the human mind with such admirable resources: "By what secrets has man succeeded in expressing with wools or silks of one color all possible forms of animals, and man himself either hunting wild beasts or kneeling down in prayer before God, and also the varied foliage of plants and an infinity of diverse objects?"

At the time of the Crusades precious silk stuffs were brought to Europe, mostly as coverings for the relics of saints. Three of these, found in the church of St. Leu in Paris, represent the spirit of different civilizations. One, which is of a sombre violet, has a design of green lozenge-forms. It is unmistakably Byzantine, and is perhaps contemporary with the empress St. Helena. The penetrating and warm, heavy smell of myrrh clings to it and reveals the East at once. The second is barbaric and bizarre, and the crescent which appears here and there in the design marks it as Arab in its origin. On the contrary, the third piece is remarkable mostly for its delicate, complicated and involved design, which it would be difficult to recognize as the work of any particular time or school.

What we know of Greek costume is the revelation of a supreme artistic need of elegance and beauty in the ornamentation of dress. What should we not be willing to give merely to see one of those robes with their deep borders of rich gold and silk embroideries! for that was the way by which dresses were kept from tearing in the stride of the walk. Civilization has advanced since to obtain the same result: *we* merely line our dresses all round with a strip of some unsightly stuff. That same love of person-

al decoration was known as well to the Etruscans. Upon their vases are represented figures clad in purple, pale-green or white dresses profusely embroidered, and with a garland of flowers—violets or narcissus—hung as a necklace around their necks. The paintings of Herculaneum as well show us dresses of shot silk worn by the women. And among the Romans the distinguishing mark of high office in the senatorial order was the famous awe-inspiring purple toga with its embroidered border of pure gold. Winckelmann mentions the fact that the gold cloth which the ancients used for their state dresses was not the same in quality as that of the Renaissance. It was not woven with fine gold thread mixed with strands of silk, but it was made of pure massive gold, and it was worked over with gold. He says: "In my time two sepulchral urns were discovered in Rome in which were found two robes woven with pure gold: they were immediately melted down by their owners, and the reverend fathers of the College Clementino acknowledged that they had obtained four pounds of gold from robes taken out of urns of basalt which were found buried in their vineyard."

But it is the Church which has kept for us the greatest of needlework treasures. It was the only inviolable reliquary of every branch of mediaeval art when the miniatures and mosaics and the stained glass remained as a contemporary art-expression with embroidered stuffs; and in the general change of things and usages the very immobility of ecclesiastical customs has proved their surest protection. It is not to be wondered at, then, if in the most out-of-the-way places, in some remote mountain-parish church and in the midst of the bare rudeness of peasant-life, you suddenly come upon the discovery of some superb chasuble—the vestment of a bishop long since gone to his rest—fretted with embroideries of gold, or silver shot, and bearing upon it, as the insignia of distinctive episcopal rank, bands inwrought with the enshrined figures of saints and their legends. Or they show you wonderfully-worked altar-

cloths, upon which, in layers upon layers of thick silk embroidery, some episode of the life of a saint or the figure of Christ standing in the Jordán is embedded; or mortuary-cloths, with their grim array of skulls and cross-bones, worked perhaps by some solitary and patient nun, half dead herself already. And banners you see which you look at with a respectful interest, for, with their tattered or dim embroidered emblems, are they not the visible symbol of the fervent piety of humble souls? What a multitude of eyes have been fixed prayerfully or humid with tears upon those very same banners when they were carried in processions and all the people turned out to pray for some good which they needed!

There exists a curious Latin poem, written as a dialogue between the flax and the sheep, each one of the interlocutors claiming that the material which he furnishes is the best for decorative art purposes. And with the thought of all these glorious Persian rugs and carpets of ancient manufacture into which color is caught as by magic, or of the tapestries into which are woven for all ages the luminous legends of the Christian faith or the radiant fables of pagan mythology, the frail little plant makes good its pretensions. And from time immemorial has it not yielded the thread for the most flexible of tissues that serve as a basis for embroidery? Egypt to this day is an exhaustless storehouse where we find a great variety of decorative embroideries worked upon a soft, unbleached, loose linen, very silk-en in texture. But the secret of weaving such linen has unfortunately perished with the antique looms, as there is nothing like it in the exquisite folds which it takes. I have in my possession a broad linen scarf of great beauty. The old Jew who sold it in Jerusalem called it Persian. It is made with two breadths of the stuff sewed together, and on either side of the seam there are alternate clusters of three plume-like leaves worked in white or pale blue-green silk. The scarf has a border at both ends, and it is made by separate branches bearing that very decorative flower which is rep-

resented in nearly all Oriental designs, either upon tiles or upon stuffs, and which we call "ragged sailor." The work of the flowers, which are creamy white and with a wonderful silveriness about them, remains a puzzle, as the stitch as well as the design is exactly alike on both sides. But, as in all Persian embroidery, these flowers are flowers of art, for what else than a most ingenious art could create such strange accessories of vegetation? —buds that belong to no plants that we know of or have ever seen growing in any earthly soil —buds bursting with a delicious color and fashioned like pinecones, and set between an efflorescence of small leaves, blue-green like a wave just ready to break. You may sit down and lose yourself in delectable sensations before this precious piece of purely decorative work, which has always a new beauty to reveal each time that it is seen, for ages have not tarnished its brilliancy.

The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were marked by a renaissance of decoration in dress. Royal robes of white silk damask were worn with girdles clasped with jewels, and mantles of red satin were embroidered with a border of seed pearls and sapphires. The fashion also prevailed then of jagging the bottom of dresses into any fantastic pattern, which was covered with flower-forms worked in silk. But it was the creation of the orders of chivalry which more than any other influence served to unfold the marvelous resources of embroidery as an art; and upon the dress of noblemen and of noblewomen were embroidered heraldic devices which appeared as the proudest accessories of decorative splendor, while costly furs enhanced their opulence and their value. Perhaps no woman ever had so strong a taste for personal decoration as Isabella of France, for during all the singular vicissitudes of her very dramatic life, and even while she was held as a prisoner in the castle where she died, she retained with the same excess her passion for magnificent embroidered dress stuffs. She so delighted in a splendid opulence that she habitually wore robes that were embroidered with the figure of her patron saint, and dresses

of cloth of gold or of silver or shot velvet, dark crimson and rose. The mediæval art attained its fullest development under the love of splendor of princes, and it was for them that the rainbow radiated from the *rosaces* of cathedrals, and that works of a marvellous beauty illuminated the vellum pages of missals, and painters reproduced in their pictures the embroideries that blossomed in Europe as the offshoots of the exuberance of Byzantine luxury in decorative art.

It was to Venice that the Orient communicated the secret of its dyes, and in the fifteenth century Venice stood pre-eminent in the rich resources of its artistic spirit. Its silk damasks and its velvets became famous—not in Italy alone, but in all the world. The figured and raised velvet of its fabrics, and that of Florence, have become so rare that any piece of it found in a good state of preservation is considered a prize. In the Museum of Mediæval Antiquity in Rome there is a collection of figured and raised velvets which is very interesting. The color in them and upon them is as soft and deep and vivid as is the bloom upon ripe fruit, and your eye is so pleased that you long to stroke with your hand the precious pieces that are kept under glass. One piece is blue—of that gray-blue which the wind brings for a moment only upon the sea—and it is woven through with gold and with crimson silk threads. Another has a gold-and-green pattern upon a hyacinth-colored and rose background: one has sprays of scarlet geranium upon a background flushed with flesh-tints like a shell, and between the sprays there are splashes of silver thread—call them little islands if you choose—upon which the most delicate of pale-green mosses grow. A piece of warm brown velvet glistens like the polished skin of a chestnut, and it has sombre spots, half black and half violet, raised upon its surface. Close to it is another piece again, soft and gray like a dove's wing, and the design in it is but a

darker shade of gray, which loses itself in the texture, and yet fascinates you by its exquisite delicacy, and makes you remember the last song without words of Mendelssohn which you have heard; for do not color and sounds call to each other in that universal harmony of art which we learn little by little to penetrate with our desire for infinite and satisfying beauty? It would take a whole day to describe these precious relics of a splendor that has for ever set, and only a few of them lodge themselves as a picture in one's remembrance. The whole collection is a festival of color—whether that which you look at is as delicate as a new-budded leaf, like that piece of satin from the seventeenth century, with its garlands of foliage and the two brilliant bullfinches, and the flame-colored tulips under it, or the silk stuff, pansy-purple, gleams with embroideries as lustrous as is the color upon the velvety petal of an iris.

The wish and the need for stuffs of equal beauty are now limited to a few persons. The Romish Church, which still employs splendid vestments, has lost the art-feeling, or does not know how to command the proper artists for the production of such stuffs and embroideries as we have been describing; and kings and princes have likewise changed in taste and purpose. Industry instead of Art forms everything for our daily use, and cheapness, and not expense, is the object of ordinary work, and mere costliness is no longer a pledge of decoration, or even of decorative stuffs. Our only hope in a revival of taste, in begetting and in diffusing a love for splendid and lovely fabrics—tissues of silk or linen woven with rich designs or embroidered with curious art—must be in individual effort, aided by specimens of the old art which societies of decorative art or art-museums may make accessible to the student, the maker and the lover of the beautiful in ancient decorative stuffs.

H. M. BENSON.

OUR BEAUX.

THERE are three of us girls—"tit, tat, tow, all in a row," papa says. Christine is the oldest; Elizabeth is in the middle; I am at the little end: I am Kate. I like my name, because it is short and can't well be cut. So I keep it whole, and get called by it, which is my right. Christine, in my opinion, is a beautiful name, and Elizabeth is one of the stateliest in our language. Perhaps they are both too fine for every-day use, for my sisters are only Chris and Bess. After all, these seem to me about the sweetest and dearest monosyllables that lips ever uttered.

We three girls, between us, had three beaux. I don't mean that this number would cover the list from first to last. Dear me! no. Chris has always had beaux. She is so good and handsome and clever that I wonder every man who ever saw her didn't fall in love with her. That is, if he hadn't happened to see Bess first; for Bess is the prettiest thing in the world, with her sweet sensitive mouth, her bright brown hair struck through with sun-shine, and her violet eyes soft yet arch.

I don't believe Bess could begin to remember the names of all the men who have wooed her. Yet she was never a coquette. She could not help it that men admired her—couldn't help it any more than the rose can help being fragrant. If she had been in New York her beauty would have turned the heads of the metropolitan princes. But we lived in a small university town, so it was only humble villagers and poor students who went mad over it.

It used to seem to me unfair that Bess should have lovers till she wearied of being admired, while I had none. I am plain and small. My eyes are pale, and I have scarcely any eyebrows. However, I have found great comfort in something Bess said to me one day: I was standing before a mirror when she came in, radiant with a walk in the fresh morning, and stood beside me.

"It's unkind in you, Bess," I said in jest, yet half meaning my words, "to put your face against mine. I am the homeliest girl in the village: I really think I am."

"You poor little kitten!" said Bess, cuddling her cheek against mine, "you aren't a bit homely. You have the clearest, freshest complexion in the family: it's like a blush-rose; and you've such a pretty nose!" Whereupon she tweaked it till it was a rose-red.

"But what a dull, blank expression I have!" I meant what I said, but I said it with a half hope that Bess could give me some comforting word.

"Why, you don't suppose that's the way you look?" she said, pointing to the mirror. "There you stand, sour and discontented, with no play of thought or pleasant sentiment in your face. You don't know how sweet and bright your face is when it is lighted up."

"But your face is always beautiful."

"Then it lacks the charm of leading on and up. The most charming face in the world is one that is plain at the start and beautiful in the end. You see, the effect is then what the rhetoricians call a 'climax.' Don't you know it's pleasanter to have the bud and then the rose? Now, I never have the pleasure of feeling that my good looks gain on one; of conquering a first unfavorable impression; of forcing an acknowledgment of reserved power in the direction of good looks. I am as handsome at first sight as I ever get to be. It isn't always the pleasantest to conquer with a single blow: there is enjoyment sometimes in a siege."

After this I felt better about myself—just a little: I took the comfort of hoping that I wasn't as plain as my mirror said I was.

But this isn't telling about our beaux—I mean the three we had one certain summer just as I was beginning to enter society. It was during the war, when young men were scarce, and when the commencement was over both in the

college and the theological seminary—when, too, everybody who wasn't kept at home by scruples of conscience or want of money had gone off summering, or "tripping," as Bess used to say. We girls were kept at home by both influences. Papa was giving all that could be spared to help on the war, and we girls were picking lint, making have-locks, packing wines and jellies, and doing all those other things that women did in those trial days.

Well, you see now why it was that we had so few beaux that summer—only three. Whose were they? Sometimes it seemed to me that they were all in love with Chris: again, I felt sure that Bess was fascinating all three. I was quite certain that I hadn't the shadow of a right to one of the beaux, unless, indeed, it was to Mr. Nesbit. I couldn't have told why I made an exception in his case. I didn't think he was more attentive to me than the other two gentlemen were. I think I felt that I had more right to him because he was homely and seemed less desirable than the others. These were too good for me: they belonged to Chris and Bess. But Mr. Nesbit—I couldn't think that two such queens as they could care for him. I was at liberty to like him because he was unappropriated.

Mr. Brownlee we called our funny beau. He could make everybody laugh at everything, I suppose if I should write down here some of his sayings and doings at which we girls almost died of laughing, they would seem insipid or silly. Everybody knows the charm that the living voice and sympathetic gesture will give to a speech in no way remarkable. Mr. Brownlee's wit was more in tone and manner than in matter: he was an actor. He had the greatest powers of mimicry that I ever knew—possessed wonderful facial expression. By his hand he could say more than many men with their tongues: I have known him entertain a roomful of people for a whole evening with shadows on the wall. I do not believe that Nast, with the caricatures growing beneath his pencil, could excite a deeper interest than Mr. Brown-

lee did with his shadow-pictures. He did not often attempt personal likenesses, though he would at times throw on the wall an unmistakable picture of some person of marked individuality, while the passions and sentiments, as fear, despondency, bravery, etc., were readily expressed.

Mr. Brownlee was a great favorite with us. His ability to present by a wave of the hand or a twist of the eye or mouth delicate shades of thought and feeling made his words mean more than they would have meant from anybody else; so they did not need to be very wise or very witty to be very entertaining. The objection we had to Mr. Brownlee was that he was aggressive in his attentions: it was difficult to keep him under curb and bit. There was a constant dread of his getting too near, of his growing too familiar. We didn't dare laugh at him as much as we wanted to: we didn't dare enjoy him as we might have done. We were always trying not to laugh at his fun. I know that I, being the youngest and least important of us girls, was always in dread of his doing something that would embarrass me, and that I should feel called upon to resent with a severity which it would have been impossible for me to feel toward one so good-natured and entertaining.

"Really, girls," I said one day to Chris and Bess, "I always dread to have Mr. Brownlee sit on a sofa beside me: I'm afraid he'll put his head in my lap or kiss me, or something of the kind."

Both my sisters burst out laughing at this speech.

"Well, you see," I continued in justification of the remark, "he thinks I'm only a little girl."

"Dear me!" cried Bess: "the gentlemen are more afraid of you this minute than they are of me, or of Chris with all her dignity. You are such a little Puritan you keep them all in a shiver."

"As for Mr. Brownlee's familiarities," said Christine, "I think you have nothing to fear from them if you guard your own conduct and carry yourself with the dignity that belongs to every true woman. This, I am aware, is a very com-

monplace remark, but it is none the less worthy of consideration."

I think I could have bitten Christine—very gently—for this speech, delivered from her serene heights.

"It's very easy for you, Chris," I answered, "to keep people in their proper places: you have a way of giving a man a certain place, and making him stay there till you bid him come nearer. But I'm such a goose I can't manage it, I'm so afraid of hurting somebody's feelings, of seeming unkind. You know when I'm trying to be dignified everybody thinks I'm angry, and when I try to be kind I seem to invite familiarity. I can't get along with people as you and Bess do. I wish I need not come down into the parlor when gentlemen call. I don't see, Chris, why you should insist upon my doing it. They come to see you and Bess: they don't want to see me."

"I'm not so certain of that," Chris said with a quiet smile: "I think there's one whose errand is just to see you and nobody else."

She meant Mr. Nesbit, I felt sure, and I was thoroughly annoyed. I had visited with Mr. Nesbit more than with the other gentlemen, and I feared I might have been encouraging him unduly.

"If he does come to see me," I said warmly—"which I don't believe—it is because you and Bess make such a difference between him and the other gentlemen who come here; and it's all because he's homely."

I escaped from the room without waiting for an answer—went off and had a cry, chiefly out of pity for Mr. Nesbit, and wished that either I did not like him so much or could like him better.

He was a very homely man—so homely that he was almost shunned by all the village-girls except at our house. Young ladies did not actually refuse to be seen in public with him, but they endeavored to avoid it. Chris and Bess suffered his attentions and accepted his courtesies, because, being so superior, they could afford to be gracious.

I don't think Mr. Nesbit would have been so hopelessly ugly but for his eyes.

"Of course not," Bess replied when I

made this remark to her; "but then he *has* the eyes: there's no use speculating about what he'd have been without them."

You could not look at his mouth and think it good—though I believe it was—for those eyes would not be forgotten. I think, too, that his hair was a very pretty auburn, and that his brow was broad and very good-looking: I've heard Chris and Bess both say that this was the case. But, really, I think I knew very little about Mr. Nesbit's appearance except his eyes: these always fascinated my gaze when I looked in his face. They were— But, really, I can't hold them up for inspection, I have such a deep respect for Mr. Nesbit's heart. A kinder one, surely, never beat. He had money—a good deal of money for a theological student, who somehow usually manages to be poor. There used to be always somebody or bodies that he was helping through college; and helping in that secret way which has the promise of open reward. He was very fond of papa, as it seemed to me everybody ought to be, he is so good, yet so merry and sunshiny and funny. If called to describe papa, I should say he is a saint with a very keen sense of the humorous. Mr. Nesbit counselled with papa as to how he should give his alms—deposited money with him to be used wherever there was need.

There was one story of a young man coming before the faculty with pallid face to say that sudden reverses had overtaken him—that his college course must be abandoned or postponed. He was one of the most devoted among the students, and led his class. Papa said his young face had a stricken look as though the heart had lost an idol. This seemed a case where Mr. Nesbit's deposits should be used; so the student was told that his college-bills had all been paid by an unknown friend. Papa said the young man cried. Yet, after all, he did not graduate. He died the May before commencement, when he would have taken his degree. How sweet it must have been for Mr. Nesbit, when he looked on the dead young face of his comrade, gone for

ever beyond human kindness, to know that he had helped when he could! None knew then what a happy secret Mr. Nesbit had folded away in his heart—none but papa and us girls. Papa tells us almost everything, for he has had to take mother's place to us since I was thirteen, and we have had to make up her loss to him.

Mr. Nesbit was kind, too, in little things, which are the hardest things to be kind in. He knew that we girls were poor. We had—that is, Chris and Bess had—beauty. They had good taste and deft fingers to make the most of the money that could be spared on our wardrobe; but of course we were poor if papa's professorship was the family fortune, as it was. It would have been dull for us girls at home that summer if it hadn't been for our three beaux, and especially for Mr. Nesbit. There was no end to the delightful affairs he planned for us—rows on the river, horseback-rides, fishing-excursions, croquet-parties, serenades, and the most delightful picnics that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. All the bother of planning and all the expense of executing he took upon himself; so that his guests had only to quaff the nectar which he held to their lips. He wouldn't even allow us any of the bother—or pleasure, if you choose—of preparing the lunch. None of us ever knew where we were going or what we were to do. He demanded that we should ask no questions, but should trust ourselves blindfolded into his hands. There was no earthly use in asking what he meant to do with us: he would never tell anything about his plans. And after one or two of his excursions nobody cared to know them: we were content to go to the certain feast he had prepared for us without previously inquiring about the bill of fare.

Our third beau was Mr. Glenn, a handsome man, as quiet as Mr. Brownlee was talkative, reticent and distant instead of familiar and aggressive, needing to be encouraged and led on. I was always uncomfortable with him. He had a way of looking at me as though he was taking

my measure. I had a sense of being criticised when with him—of undergoing scrutiny. He conversed very little with me in his calls, but I sometimes found him watching me and listening when I talked with the other gentlemen, particularly with Mr. Brownlee.

"I can't bear him," I said one day to the girls. "He's like a newspaper reporter: he seems all the while to be taking notes. I know in his heart he sneers at everything I say. And he hardly ever says anything—just sits and looks at me while I'm saying something as if it was all child-prattle, not worthy of comment. And once in a great while he'll make some metaphysical remark. I can't get along with him at all, and I wish I didn't have to go into the parlor when he comes. Now, I can stand Mr. Brownlee. He's—"

"I get along very comfortably with Mr. Glenn," said Bess.

"Of course you do," I answered shortly. "You've manœuvred men so much that you are completely at your ease with them, and can put them at ease with you. You are beautiful, and the consciousness of being beautiful gives you self-possession and makes you graceful. The consciousness of being plain, like a sense of being ill-dressed, produces uneasiness and awkwardness. Then, besides, Mr. Glenn likes you: he doesn't like me, and I don't like him."

"I'm sorry," said Chris with a little flutter about the mouth, while Bess broke into a little musical laugh.

"I should like to know what you find to laugh about, Bess?" I said testily.—"Need I come down when Mr. Glenn calls, Chris?" I asked.

"Why, of course you can be excused if you really are so uncomfortable with him," Chris said.

That very evening Mr. Glenn called, and Chris and Bess were out. I had almost never received a gentleman's call without them: we had a way of going to the parlor in a body. In this unreserved way we could maintain a pleasant acquaintance and friendship, as with a lady-friend, without misunderstandings or serious complications. But the ser-

vant had said that I was at home, so I had no choice but to receive Mr. Glenn alone, though very much dreading the visit.

"I'm very glad to find you alone," he said at once in a quiet, straightforward way: "there is something I have long wanted to say to you."

I was very much surprised, and scared half out of my wits: my heart beat violently. I don't know what I thought he was going to say. I don't believe anything occurred to my mind. Any word of Mr. Glenn's, at any time, I dreaded, but this mysterious preface, there all alone with him, was terrible.

"I hardly know how to say it," he went on. "The matter is one of such delicacy that it is difficult to talk about. It bears handling about as well as a butterfly's wing." He paused a moment, and looked into my eyes timidly, as it seemed. Then he proceeded: "I've been a very frequent visitor here, Miss Kate: I have paid you a great many attentions."

"I never knew it before," was my mental rejoinder. I could not recall a thing, not a word or a look toward me, that had seemed pointed.

"I think I ought to tell you," he went on in a low tone, "that my attentions were those of a friend merely."

With these unexpected words it flashed through me that this man took me for a silly girl, ready to misunderstand civilities shown me, and to appropriate those intended for others. My heart burned, but I replied quietly—I wonder now how I kept my voice steady—"I am obliged to you, Mr. Glenn, for warning me. I fear I have been in danger of falling a victim to your charms."

"You take me for a conceited puppy," he said. There was an appeal in his voice and manner which went straight to my heart. "Will you allow me to explain myself?" he asked.

"Certainly," I answered with cool politeness, in spite of any thawing I felt at my heart.

"I enjoy your society: I like to hear your views on whatever topic. I should like to cultivate your friendship: it would be very helpful to me. I should like to

continue the enjoyment I find in your society, with the understanding that we are friends—that I am not aspiring to be anything beyond. I know very well that you can never be in any danger from association with me, but I may be in danger of having my designs misconstrued. I am very awkward in handling this delicate matter," he burst out. "All that I mean to say is, that I desire to continue the enjoyment I find in your society without being considered as presuming to hope for anything else. You understand me?"

"I do," I replied in a distant way.

"You do not," he said with a touch of sadness in his voice, "or you would not reply in that tone. Is it generous to persist in mistaking my meaning? Let me repeat: I spoke for my sake only in apology for my course toward you, and not because I thought your affections in any kind of peril."

There was a bitterness in the tone with which he pronounced the last clause of this sentence: it was unmistakable. My heart thrilled with the hint there was in the tone.

"It has been hard for me to say what I have said, but I wanted you to understand that I do not presume to aspire to your—your—" He hesitated.

"I never thought you presuming or aspiring or—anything else. I never thought you ever thought of me at all. I never knew that you had any course toward me. Please let us change the subject."

"Not until you promise me that you will not be offended with me, and that I may continue to come here on the old terms."

He spoke so meekly that I found myself feeling very sorry for him. In that moment I would have granted him much more than he had asked for.

"I hope, Mr. Glenn," I said, "that you will continue to come here as usual. Please forgive anything that has seemed unkind in my words or manner. It was so strange what you said—so unexpected—"

Just then I heard Chris and Bess on the porch, and I stopped suddenly: I

shrank from having them hear. Not then, but afterward, I remembered this with a start. I had never before spoken a word or listened to a word that I would have concealed from my sisters, but this conversation with Mr. Glenn I kept to myself. For the first time in my life I purposely withheld something from my sisters. Why I withheld it I should have been troubled to explain, even to myself.

I naturally thought much of this conversation with Mr. Glenn. It was incomprehensible to me that he had felt called upon to apologize for attentions to me. I tried to think back over all the ground of our acquaintance—to recall his words and looks. But I could find nothing significant, nothing which seemed to demand an explanation from him. The matter excited me very much. At times the first feeling of strong indignation with which I had heard Mr. Glenn would flash through me, while, again, his action would seem to me most honorable. But no matter how I regarded it, this canvassing of the subject served to keep Mr. Glenn in my thoughts quite exclusively for a few days. I longed yet dreaded to meet him again. How would he deport himself with this between us?

A few evenings after this I went with Mr. Brownlee to a Sanitary fair. As we were returning home he suddenly broke an unusually prolonged silence which had existed between us. "Upon my honor, I'm ashamed to be seen in the street," he exclaimed.

"Why, what disgraceful thing have you been doing?" I asked.

"I ought to be in the army," he said. "I'm another Mark Antony: I can't go—I can't!"

"What are you saying? Why can't you go?" I asked.

"You know why I can't." There was a sound in his words as though they came through set teeth.

"I'm sure I've not the slightest idea why you can't go into the army."

"There's a Cleopatra holding me here with her wiles," he said.

My hand was on his arm. He pressed

it so vehemently against his side that I thought he must crush it.

"It is Christine he means," I said to myself. And then I flushed hotly as I remembered he had spoken of her wiles. "I don't know anybody in the village who has tried to beguile you, Mr. Brownlee: I know very little about any of the village-girls this summer except Chris and Bess. You can't mean either of them: they use no wiles."

"I don't mean either of them: I mean you. I haven't enlisted because I can't leave you. I love you, Kate!"

These were the words, but the profound feeling in the tone I cannot convey and shall never forget.

I made no reply: I was struck dumb with astonishment, as if a thunderbolt had fallen from a clear sky. We walked on in silence till we said good-night at my father's door. I passed up to my room in a dazed way, and went to bed. Then followed hours of sleepless excitement. Bess might have received a declaration from Mr. Brownlee, and she would have slept on it serenely: she was used to such things. But I! It was the first time any man had said he loved me. And this man was talented, entertaining, a general favorite. I had always liked him very much. He had fixed his love on me—plain me, who had never hoped to have a lover—and that with my beautiful sisters standing by! I felt so grateful to him I wanted to kneel at his feet and thank him. And what was I to do with his love—with this human heart lying at my feet? Another might never be offered me: could I afford to lose it? Mr. Glenn, of whom I had been thinking for days, had expressly warned me against loving him. He felt only friendship—he wished only friendship.

My thoughts swung like a pendulum between these two men: both had engaged my interest in a peculiar degree. I felt that I could not look in the eyes of either without a quickening heart-beat. How was it? how had it all come about? Secret, mysterious relations had grown in an hour between me and these two hearts which had seemed so remote from

me. They had spoken words to me that I hid in my heart—away from my sisters, away from papa. I wondered if my sweet mother knew of them. "I could tell her if she were here," I thought, my mind running back to the days when I had carried all my little-great troubles to her and laid them on her dear heart. Then I dropped to sleep with the picture in my thought of a homely little girl lying in the most motherly arms that were ever wound about a grieved child.

The next morning I scarcely dared look my sisters in the face. I had a desire to get away from them, to be alone. The thought haunted me that perhaps one of them cared for Mr. Brownlee: Chris had always seemed to; and Bess, I was sure, liked Mr. Glenn. But then why shouldn't she? Why should this concern me? Mr. Glenn wanted nothing from me but friendship.

I was very much tossed about. I could not analyze my emotions; I did not know whether I was more happy or distressed; I could not discriminate as to what things were making me glad and what were bringing sadness. I knew I had a kind of delicious heartache—that I was ready to cry or to sing.

That evening, after tea, as we girls sat on the veranda, I trying to listen as the others talked, Bess suddenly called out, "There comes Mr. Nesbit, and I'll warrant he's coming to invite us to join one of his excursion-parties."

"Well, I can't go," I said: "I've got to have my dress fitted to-morrow, you know."

"There is no such thing as declining one of Mr. Nesbit's invitations," Chris answered. "He is one of those persistent men who always carry their points. He has a way of reasoning down any objection that the human mind can conceive."

"But you know, Chris, that I must have my dress fitted to-morrow—that I cannot go."

"Yes, I know: decline if you can," she said quietly.

By this time Mr. Nesbit was with us. After saying good-evening in a general way, he proceeded at once to business:

"I want you three ladies to be ready at five o'clock to-morrow morning—sharp, you know." Mr. Nesbit had an unfortunate habit of putting a "you know" into every clause.

"Now, what's on the tapis, Mr. Nesbit?" Bess inquired.

"Ask no questions: be not faithless, but believing, you know, and you'll have a pleasant day, you know."

"He moves in a mysterious way," Bess said, smiling.

"That's the way, you know," said Mr. Nesbit: "then you get the surprise, you know."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Nesbit," I said, "but I can't leave home to-morrow."

"Why?" he asked.

I didn't dare tell him the reason, for it would have been no reason at all to him—the fitting of a dress.

"No matter why, but I really can't go."

"Such a day as to-morrow promises to be may not come again for twelve months, you know. Did you ever think how rare a perfect day is? If you will observe, you know, you'll find there are not over half a dozen in the year, you know. I anticipate that to-morrow will be a perfect day, you know."

Then, as if everybody had accepted the invitation, he continued in a matter-of-course tone: "We'll start promptly at five, remember. Wear good broad sunhats, you know, and stout shoes."

"But, really, Mr. Nesbit," Chris said, taking her cue from my face, "Kate cannot go: she has a matter of importance to attend to to-morrow." Her tone was insistent: with her firm dignity she could usually silence folks.

"Is anybody going to get married?" asked Mr. Nesbit gravely, as if anything of less importance would be ruled out by the court.

"No," I said in a meek way, beginning to make up my mind to the inevitable defeat which awaited me, I was sure, in spite of Chris's championship.

"Is anybody dead?" Mr. Nesbit again solemnly asked.

"No," I answered yet more meekly. As if there could be no other possible

obstacle in the way of my joining the party, Mr. Nesbit proceeded as if the matter was closed: "You'd better take yoursun-umbrellas, you know; and you're not to trouble yourselves about lunch, remember—don't want none of your col' vittals, you know." (Mr. Nesbit affected the funny sometimes.) "You bring any spring chickens along, and they'll go flying out of the carriage-window, you know. I don't allow anybody's fingers but my own in my pies. All you've got to do is to look pretty, you know, and be interesting."

"Don't require impossibilities, Mr. Nesbit," Chris said in her serene way.

She wouldn't have said it if she hadn't known that she could always be both. I, who am never interesting and never pretty, wouldn't have said it for the world, if, indeed, I could ever want the world. But here I, who had thought it impossible to join the party, found my practical mind running over the preparations for to-morrow, asking what dress I should wear and how I could freshen up my sunhat. Mr. Nesbit told Chris to do as well as she could toward looking pretty and being interesting, and he would warrant satisfaction, "you know."

"Who else are going?" Bess asked.

Of course Mr. Nesbit didn't tell her. All the information he gave was that the party would be made up of the handsomest ladies in town and the most interesting gentlemen.

"You scare me, Mr. Nesbit," said Bess. "I don't know how I dare appear in a company of picked beauties."

I was vexed at Bess for this speech: I thought it in bad taste, with her acknowledged beauty. Mr. Nesbit merely smiled at the remark.

"Just tell me the name of one other person who is going," Bess pleaded in a pretty coaxing way.

Mr. Nesbit shook his head.

"How you do like to play with our curiosity!" she said. "It's just a trick you have of getting up an interest in your parties."

"Of course it is, you know. If I should tell you from the first who are going and where we're going, it would be like open-

ing the champagne before the feast is spread, you know."

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Nesbit," she said saucily, "that's all I'm going for—to find out who are going and where we're going."

Soon after this Mr. Nesbit left. Halfway down the walk he broke off a rosebud from a bush by the way, and called to me to come and get it for my hair. I went out to him, because that was the easiest way—to comply at once with Mr. Nesbit's plans and wishes. He placed it in my hair, and then he asked me to walk to the gate with him. There he leaned against the fence and said, "I've made up my mind, Miss Kate, to ask you, you know, to marry me, you know."

I caught my breath. The announcement was like a pistol-shot. "When will surprises cease?" I mentally asked.

"Can you give me an answer now?" he asked. "I have enough to give you a good home, you know, and we'll go to Europe, you know."

I began to tremble as I remembered Mr. Nesbit's proverbial persistency. I was afraid I should never be able to make him take No for an answer.

"Oh, Mr. Nesbit, I am so sorry, but I cannot marry you."

"Why?"

"Because— Please forgive me, but I do not love you in the right way. I honor you, I respect your noble character, but I do not love you as a woman should love the man she marries."

"Oh, you have some romantic notions in your head, you know. You will come to love me, you know, after we are married."

"Please, Mr. Nesbit, let us drop this subject. I cannot marry you: this is final."

"Why, you're not engaged to anybody else, are you?" he asked, as if that were the only possible obstacle there could be.

"No, but I do not love you, Mr. Nesbit," I stammered.

"Do you love any one else?" he asked.

My burning cheek grew hotter. Could I answer this question, the very same which for hours past I had been asking myself? Did I love some one else? If so, who was it?

"I see that you do," he said. "That ends the matter, you know. Good-bye."

He went away, and I sauntered about among the shrubbery until I felt composed enough to go back to my sisters.

The next morning, as Christine and I were taking our breakfast, Bess, who was usually behind in the morning, came rushing into the dining-room, trying with hurried fingers to put a sleeve-button into the holes of her stiff cuff.

"The carriages are coming," she cried. "Mr. Nesbit is the most uncomfortably punctual man I ever saw: he's perfectly exasperating."

She seized a cup of coffee with one hand and a fried chicken-wing with the other, and began eating in a frantic way. I dropped a slice of dry toast on which I was engaged, and began tying my hat. Chris continued to sip her coffee with her usual unperturbed demeanor. I hurried into the hall for my sun-umbrella. As I was taking it from the hat-rack there were steps on the porch. The front door was open, and inside it, as I turned, stood Mr. Brownlee, slightly in advance of Mr. Glenn and Dr. Heartwell. While they were saying good-morning and I was feeling very awkward, Christine joined us, looking as composed as if she had been ready always.

Then Bess came out with a pretty flutter. "How in the world did you gentlemen manage to wake up so early?" she asked.

"We couldn't help it," said Mr. Brownlee: "nobody can sleep who takes one of Nesbit's ideas to bed. Why, I was in a nightmare all night. I thought Nesbit was pulling me out of bed before four o'clock."

"That's what he really did do with me," said Dr. Heartwell.

"There he is, calling for us to come on," said Christine, leading the way, with Mr. Brownlee at her side.

Bess waved her handkerchief to Mr. Nesbit out at the gate as she walked out with Dr. Heartwell. This left me to Mr. Glenn. I recognized the fact with some confused excitement.

As he and I walked together to the car-

riages I said, "Where are we going?" because I wanted to say something to take the edge off my embarrassment.

"Nesbit only knows," he answered. "He must have Secretiveness large."

At the gate stood a carriage and a buggy. Christine and Bess, with their gentlemen companions, were seated in the carriage. This left the buggy to Mr. Glenn and me. And Mr. Nesbit was in the driver's seat of the carriage, occupying a servant's place. There was a pathos in this that gave my heart a pang. I couldn't help crying a little. It seemed an acknowledgment of his insignificance to the enjoyment of the company. But, though I pitied him at first, I soon felt an envy of the enjoyment he must find in being able to conquer all envy and jealousy.

"It seems too bad," I said to Mr. Glenn, "for Mr. Nesbit, who is always doing so much for others, to do so little for himself. I wish he wouldn't ride up there."

"I will change places with him," the gentleman replied.

I felt my face flush with this sudden dash of prospective disappointment, but I said with a steady voice, "Just as you please."

"Oh, then I'll keep my seat."

Mr. Nesbit's grays led off at a spanking trot, followed closely by our big roan. The carriage-tops were down, and Mr. Brownlee called back to us, "I have heard, Glenn, that love is blind, but please don't you run over us."

I should doubtless have been much irritated at this speech—which, like many another of Mr. Brownlee's, had a touch of coarseness in it, considering its publicity and the secret between him and me—but he accompanied it with such a funny, sentimental, love-sick look that everybody laughed, even we who were the objects of his joke. The remark and laugh served to break the ice between Mr. Glenn and me.

"Brownlee is very gifted," he said. "I envy him his social qualities: he'll always be a favorite."

Our horse was close upon the carriage. "Do, Mr. Glenn, fall back a little," said Bess, turning on her seat and

looking back at us. "That great horse's tremendous face right at my back makes me nervous: I'm afraid he'll bite me."

Again everybody burst out laughing: it doesn't require very witty or very funny things to make picnickers burst out laughing. So, when Mr. Glenn assured Bess that our roan was not a backbiter, everybody again laughed.

"How beautiful your sister is!" said Mr. Glenn, curbing his impatient horse and dropping back according to Bess's suggestion. "She is the handsomest woman I ever saw. You three sisters, put together, would make the most glorious woman the world ever held."

"Put together? I don't understand you. Explain yourself."

"I would take Christine's talent, Bess's beauty and grace, and your—" He paused, and tapped the horse gently with the handsome whip.

"My what?" I said, smiling uneasily and awkwardly in my endeavor to conceal the interest I felt in having him proceed with his analysis. I wanted to know what there was in me that he approved. "I haven't anything to contribute to the make-up of that glorious woman." I was aware that my voice broke on the last words, and was vexed at myself. Suppose I hadn't anything good enough to go into the composition of the most glorious woman in the world, it was childish to cry about it. Weren't there millions of women who, like me, could contribute nothing? I had nothing in common with Mr. Glenn's ideal woman. In this was the disappointment.

I knew afterward that this was the process of my thought then: what I knew at the time was, that Mr. Glenn said very gently, "You would contribute the supreme charm."

These words, striking on my heart so unexpectedly, made it reel. The strain was intense, but by a determined effort I steadied my thought, and said in a light way, "So it would need all three of us to make a fine woman? I should think the good points of one might satisfy you;" and then I colored with vexation at having blundered into this awkward speech.

"They would," he answered; at which

I felt like springing out of the buggy and running away from him. I must seem to him a bold schemer for compliments and pretty speeches. I made up my mind that I would not speak another personal word to him during our ride; so I began to talk about the scenery. It was, indeed, a delightful bit of broken country through which we were passing, where the farm-houses were sleeping in the dreamy valleys and the wheat-fields seemed climbing to the hilltops—where the waters lay dark and cool under swaying boughs or burnished beneath an eye of fire.

It was very delicious as we rode at a rapturous rate along the winding road, my heart thrilling with the subtle presence of a blessing near, as when you catch the sweetness of a hidden flower. Every inch of that changing road seemed charmed ground. The leaves sang happy music: every flower smiled, the sunshine was a sea of glory. I felt a tender interest in every living thing that went by us. In the insect hum I heard a love-song: the whir of a bird-wing led my thought to the leafy nest where the lady-bird lovingly brooded, while her mate sat beside her and sung her a song. Every brook, every meandering beck, was hurrying away to a joyous sea alive with happy argosies, and my spirit was drifting—whither?

We talked in a general way, but there was an undertone to all we said. I heard it in his words: I knew he heard it in mine.

After two hours' ride Monument Mountain came in view, grand and stern. We slowly skirted it on its perpendicular side, keeping silence, our eyes running from the base up the sheer walls, darting back down the dizzy heights which the foot dared not attempt. But the stern mountain had a gentle side, sloping sweetly down and melting into the valley. Up and up the pleasant slope our brave roan stepped with a martial air, as though the pull was worthy of his muscle. Not far from the summit we found the carriage, which our friends had left for a foot-climb to the brow. We followed their example, making the remainder of the ascent on

foot. There were some passages between Robert Glenn and me as we climbed the hill together—nothings you would call them if I should describe them here. Nothings they would have been between strangers, but to me they were delicious lines in a sweet poem, to be marked and re-read and learned by heart.

We found our friends assembled about Pulpit Rock, enraptured with the outlook, whose beauties have engaged the pen of Bryant. On the spot where the Indian maiden took her fatal leap we read his "Monument Mountain," and took in with the eye that which the poem so charmingly portrays. Then we saw something which the poem does not describe. We saw a storm gather as in a great abyss below us. In stately majesty the clouds drifted into union till a sea, ethereal, weird and fantastic, rolled and swayed beneath our gaze. Then, like the rush of a great overwhelming tide, it bore straight for the grim mountain. There was a hurrying for umbrellas, but I could not tear my gaze from the oncoming tide. But the storm split against the mountain's front and passed below us in two masses. A few great drops splashed about us, and there was an occasional thud! thud! on our stretched umbrellas, but we stood above the storm and overlooked its wild dance. It was a brief tempest. A swift change swept the landscape: suddenly the misty hilltops were golden crowned, the darkened valleys flecked with light, the dripping mountain-sides echoing with sudden melody. To me, at least, an ineffable joy and glory seemed outreach-ing, over meadow and slope and hilltop, up to the clearing heavens, where every cloud was turned to silver.

That half hour was one to be for ever remembered. Not till we assembled at lunch, which was spread soon after the shower, did my thoughts return to myself. Then, when I found myself face to face, hand to hand, with three men whose eyes I dared not meet, whose voices made me start, my uneasiness and confusion grew into an agony so insupportable that I soon left the party on the pretext of collecting some leaves for my herbarium.

I was soon joined by Mr. Brownlee. Of course you don't want to hear about all the preliminary nothings that passed between us. What he said on that special topic is this: "Have you thought of what I said to you the other night?"

"Yes."

"What have you thought about it?"

"It would be impossible for me to repeat all I have thought. I have felt very grateful to you: I thank you for—for loving me, if you do."

"If I do?" he said vehemently. "You must know it: you cannot doubt it—you shall not. If you will not believe me I'll enlist to-morrow."

"Oh, Mr. Brownlee, it seems to me that our young men who can fight ought to. What would become of us if all should hold back?"

"Why don't you say this to Glenn? Why shouldn't he fight as well as I? You wouldn't send him away from you, would you? Tell me, do you love him?"

"You haven't any right to ask me such questions."

"I have: I love you with all my soul, and I have a right to know if you love me or any one else. You are bound to show me your heart."

"I cannot, Mr. Brownlee: I do not know my own heart. I never dreamed till you told me that you cared for me: I thought you liked Christine. I don't see why you don't love her instead of me."

"Now you show me your heart. If you loved me it would not seem strange to you that I love you: it would seem the natural, the only possible, thing. But I will not give you up without a fight for your love. Just tell me that you don't love Glenn or anybody else, and I will take my chance. Do you love Glenn? Come, you've got to answer me! Do you love him?"

How could I answer him? How dared I say that I loved one who had never asked for my love? Yet how could I say that I did not love Mr. Glenn, and thus encourage this passionate, vehement lover by my side? Besides, I was ignorant of my own heart: I could not analyze my own feeling toward these two men. It seemed to me in that moment,

with Mr. Brownlee's beautiful, impassioned eyes searching my face, with his burning words in my ears, with every wave of hand, with every movement of feature proclaiming his love, that I could, that I must, that I did, love him. But through it all Robert Glenn's quiet figure and calm, strong face would not be forgotten.

To Mr. Brownlee's urgent question I could not reply, but sat looking vaguely off at the prospect which had so charmed me an hour before. He repeated his question yet more insistently. Still I did not speak. I was sorely tried: I couldn't think of a word to say. I remember seeing a red barn on a distant hillside, and trying to make out the design of the uneasy weather-vane on it.

I have no idea what answer I should have made to Mr. Brownlee if Mr. Nesbit had not interrupted our interview. He had come to say that we were all to descend the mountain and look for a cool place for a croquet-match. I was on my feet in a moment, feeling like a released captive.

We found a charming place to set up our wickets. Mr. Brownlee and Mr. Glenn were named as leaders. A silver coin was tossed up for the first choice: it came to Mr. Brownlee. I was vexed at his boldness when, with a triumphant flash at Glenn, he named me as his choice.

"I shall be sure to lose you the game," I said as I went over and stood beside him.

"May I choose the other two ladies?" Mr. Glenn asked of Mr. Brownlee.

"Do you hear that, Christine?" laughed Bess. "Mr. Glenn thinks it will take both of us to make him even with Mr. Brownlee."

"My difficulty is in discriminating where both are so desirable," Mr. Glenn explained. He looked flushed and confused.

"I'll help you out of the difficulty," Bess said: "I'll choose for you, and I choose myself;" and she went over to him, looking so saucy and beautiful that I almost sighed.

"Now, Mr. Brownlee, you've got to
VOL. XXIII.—3x

take me: you can't help yourself," Christine said, joining herself to me.

As Dr. Heartwell insisted upon being umpire, Mr. Nesbit closed the lists.

"I shall play Glenn for heavy stakes." It was Mr. Brownlee speaking to me in low, significant tones.

He placed his ball in position, struck it a bold, clear blow that seemed to be on my heart. The ball, red-girdled—how well I remember how it looked!—struck the wicket and came bounding back against his boot.

"A booby!" Mr. Glenn said this, not in a tone of exultation, but of quiet comment. The next play was his. It too was unfortunate.

"A booby!" Mr. Brownlee said in exactly the tone Mr. Glenn had used, except that it was caricatured.

I sent out a frightened glance to Mr. Glenn's face to see how he would bear this, and found him looking at me. There was a flush on his cheek, but there was no resentment in his eyes; only courage and patience.

I struck my ball with a joyous hand and drove it through two arches. *

"Good!" said Mr. Glenn, while my leader cried "Splendid!"

The two strokes to which my feat entitled me brought my ball into position and through the next wicket. My triumphal march continued until I had made the three side-arches, and my ball was in position for the wickets leading to the lower stake. Here my luck took leave of me: I played shockingly after this.

"I warned you that I should lose you the game," I said to Mr. Brownlee after a peculiarly exasperating miss.

"You shall not lose me the game," he said with impatient energy: "I'll carry your ball forward in spite of you." He looked in my face with searching eyes. I knew what he meant to intimate—that I was a traitor who wanted Mr. Glenn to win, though at my expense—that I sympathized with Mr. Glenn's lagging forces. After this biting speech Mr. Brownlee roqueted and croqueted my ball through one arch after another.

All of our party had made the lower

stake, and were on the return, Chris in the lead: she looked as serene as the moon. We were closely pressed by the other party, for Mr. Glenn's ball was in position for the wicket which Christine had just passed. His turn would come before she could play again, and the chances were that her ball would be croqueted off the ground by one of his bold strokes.

The game was becoming exciting, the players eager. From the start Mr. Brownlee had been excited: he had grown now to be rude in his impatience. He sneered at Mr. Glenn's good shots, laughed openly at his bad ones, criticised his every manoeuvre, mimicked and caricatured his positions and tones.

"I wonder Glenn doesn't slap Brownlee in the face," I heard Dr. Heartwell say to Bess after one of Mr. Brownlee's taunts.

The game was nearing its close. Christine and Mr. Glenn as rovers were making sad havoc with their enemies. All the balls were congregated about the last wicket and the upper stake. Things were at a crisis. It was my play. I seemed to have the game in my hands, for Christine's ball lay within a foot of mine, and all the others in easy range: not one was farther than four feet. I could croquet all the opposing balls off the ground and send the others to the stake. Our victory seemed assured: it all depended on me. Should I fail, Bess would be sure to win it for her side. I pity myself now as I recall the trembling eagerness, the intense anxiety, of my heart at that moment.

"Roquet this ball," said my leader in a confident tone, indicating Christine's ball by placing his mallet behind it. As has been said, it was only a foot from my ball: a baby could have hit it. I lifted my mallet. All the company were looking on, motionless as statues. I heard the leaves rustle and the call of the brown partridge. A sudden trembling, a blindness, a dizziness, came over me. I heard the click of the mallet against the ball. Then I heard Bess say, "Why, Kitty!" in a surprised tone, and saw Mr. Brownlee dig his mallet fiercely into the ground,

and then I knew that I had failed and had lost Mr. Brownlee the game.

He had before been rude: now he became savage. Mr. Glenn was the chief object of his attacks. These had all along been borne, not with the "quiet superiority" of which we so often hear. When a man is saying by his manner, "I am so far above you that I can smile at your assaults," he can afford to bridle his tongue. But Mr. Glenn did not take the satisfaction of showing by his manner a superiority to Mr. Brownlee's attacks: he appeared utterly unconscious of them. Not by look, gesture or word did he indicate to any of the company that he appreciated them. A casual observer might have concluded that he was too obtuse to apprehend an insult, so perfect was his self-possession.

But as the game was closing inevitably in Mr. Glenn's favor, even Mr. Nesbit was attacked by the merciless mimic. Not simply words were caricatured, but Mr. Nesbit's deformity. I was so sorry! Then Mr. Glenn's consciousness became manifest. With a flash direct and burning, in a tone at once commanding, appealing, indescribable, he said to Mr. Brownlee, "Don't do that again."

Mr. Nesbit did not hear the appeal in his behalf. (Was it only in his behalf? Was not Mr. Glenn pleading for Mr. Brownlee's own sake?) Only Mr. Brownlee and I heard the appeal.

Well, when that game was ended I could have answered the question Mr. Brownlee had put to me an hour before.

That evening, when we reached home, I went up to my sisters' room before the lamps were lighted. They were sitting together on a divan talking over the day. I sat down at their feet, and with my hand in Christine's and my head on Bess's knee I confessed all my transgressions—confessed that I had received offers from two of their beaux, and that between the other one and me there was something—I didn't know exactly what.

"I never meant to," I said: "I never tried to make them care for me. I thought I was so homely, and you were both so handsome, that nobody was thinking of me, and—"

"And, thinking yourself unnoticed, you showed your sweet, natural self, dear; and that's the way the mischief came to be done," Christine said, kissing my forehead. "As for the thing between you and Mr. Glenn, Bess and I have seen for some time that he loves you, and we know now that you love him. His offer is only a matter of time."

"And then let's have the wedding right away," said saucy Bess.—"We must have her out of our way, Chrissy, or we shall both die old maids."

The next day Mr. Brownlee enlisted. None of us have ever seen him since, though we heard often of his gallant actions, his rapid promotion and his popularity with his men. Finally, word came that he had married a Southern girl, an outright rebel.

I had felt quite concerned about Mr. Nesbit. I knew it was hard for him to resign a plan, and I confess I was solicitous about the effect of my refusal upon him. So I was glad when he left our village and went to his home, some twenty miles away. But I wasn't quite relieved about him until one afternoon a few months later, when papa came into the sitting-room with the announcement that Mr. Nesbit was in the library with a lady whom he was going to marry. She had known him since childhood, and had long ago learned to look beyond bodily defects to his beautiful spirit. He had come back to have papa perform the ceremony: nobody else should marry him. He wanted us girls to come in and see him married.

"What if Mr. Nesbit should want to kiss us?" I said, hanging back at the thought. "Bridegrooms always do kiss people."

Bess laughed as she stopped before a mirror to touch up a ribbon.

"What if he should offer to kiss us?" I persisted. "What could we do about it, Chris?"

"How silly you are!" she replied. "I've no thought that Mr. Nesbit will want to kiss you, and I don't see anything very dreadful in it if he should. But if you're so afraid, I can manage: nobody can ever kiss me unless I choose to have him. I'll offer my congratulations first: you and Bess can come after and do as I do. He won't kiss me."

I had the utmost faith in Christine's keeping people at just the distance she desired, so I felt relieved and followed along into the library. But Chris had miscalculated: she had lost sight of Mr. Nesbit's tenacity in reference to any idea once lodged in his brain. When she stepped forward to offer her congratulations, I saw with a little quake that Mr. Nesbit kissed her with enthusiasm. Bess received three of his favors, his enthusiasm momentily growing. When it came to my turn he put his arms around me and kissed me a dozen times, saying, "Half of these are for your wedding-day."

"Well, after all," I said, as we girls were laughing about it, "I'm glad he did kiss me: he's so good!"

Of course I married Robert Glenn, otherwise I should not have had the face to tell you all these things about him. But it was not until he had served three years in the army, and had been brought back to me from the battle of Five Forks shot all to pieces, his right arm gone. But I've always felt so grateful that he was permitted to help to the last! SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

MY VILLAGE IN THE SOUTH.

PART II.

DOROTHY lived in an old Spanish-creole house (I afterward learned), and though I knocked for some time at what seemed to be the door, it was several minutes before my coachman's drawling adjuration to go up stairs penetrated my brain; and when it did, not knowing where the staircase was, I fumbled blindly about without finding it until suddenly a door, apparently half way up the wall, was thrown open and a wonderful figure presented itself to my gaze. It was that of an immensely fat negress, black as ebony, and her blackness all the more evident that she had on only a loose black chemise, which by no means protected her shoulders from the night air, and a very short and scanty petticoat, which fluttered freely in the breeze. Her head was tightly bandaged with a red bandanna handkerchief, and she held a candle, without any candlestick, in her hand. This apparition peered over into the gulf of darkness below her, and called out, "Who is dat? —Is dat you, Mars' Herbert, makin' all dem noise?"

"No," I returned hoarsely, for fatigue and despair were taking possession of me. "It is I, Miss Blasdale, Mrs. Molesworth's sister. Do come and let me in."

Joanna sternly added, "Hurry, woman! we have been kept waiting long enough."

The only effect produced by these two speeches was a perfect volley of ejaculations: "O Lord! King ob hebbin! O Jesus! O King! hab mussy!" then a short silence, during which we were carefully surveyed by the dim light of her candle: then, just as we were beginning to hope that before long we might effect an entrance, another question, asked in the most drawling and melodious of negro tones: "Whar you say you come from, young mistis?"

Here my patience finally left me, and, hammering on the panel in front of me

with the handle of my umbrella, I angrily called to *some one* to come and let me in.

This plan succeeded: approaching footsteps were heard, and a boy of about fifteen came hastily around the house, carrying a small lantern. He looked at me with the apathy which seemed to possess every one in this astonishing place, but asked civilly whom I wished to see, looking up as he spoke at the stout female above, who was an interested and amused, but totally unmoved, spectator, and who now nodded placid approbation of his arrival.

I repeated, this time in very indignant accents, that I was a sister of Mrs. Molesworth, that I had come from the North to see her, and that I had been vainly endeavoring for half an hour to get into the house. I looked at him as I spoke, and saw that he was a pale, freckled lad with sandy hair and light eyelashes, but with a very determined lower jaw and clear, steady blue eyes, which gave his face a look of composed power remarkable for his years. He smiled in answer to my little speech, picked up some of the bundles which were scattered about on the ground, told the driver, who was singing softly in his sleep, and whom he addressed as Mr. Evans, that it was all right (upon which Mr. Evans remarked calmly that he knew that before he brought us there), and then, leading us around the corner whence he had come, showed a broad staircase running up outside of the house and ending in a wide piazza.

As we followed him up I asked after Mrs. Molesworth.

"She's sick," he said, "and, what's more, I don't believe she'll ever be any better. But you can see for yourself."

Here we were confronted by the black apparition with the candle, who opened a glass door and ushered us at last into the house. I was so overjoyed to get under a roof again—for I had seriously

begun to think of camping out with Joanna for the night, and returning by the next day's boat—that I scarcely noticed the room at first; but when the boy dropped his various burdens, closed the window and told me to sit down, I awoke and looked about.

How I stared! What I saw was a square apartment with bare floor, yellow walls and a very high, narrow black wooden mantelpiece, a round centre-table covered with a cheap and dirty red table-cloth, and, pushed into one corner, a torn horsehair sofa standing against the wall, and two wooden rocking-chairs, one on each side of the rusty grate. On one wall hung a print of Stonewall Jackson—on the other, a perforated cardboard cross hung with seaweed and framed in black. To say that Joanna and I looked at each other in dismay is to say little. I could not help thinking there was some mistake of identity, after all. Dorothy, my father's daughter, had been the most fastidious and luxurious member of a family which had been wealthy and lavish for generations. Even Priscilla had sometimes shaken her head over the tales of Dorothy's extravagance and self-indulgence in the way of dress and personal comforts as a girl. I knew that she had married a man of large property, and that, though the war had destroyed his income, they still owned the wreck of a great fortune and had several plantations.

I finished my survey by looking at my guide, who returned the compliment by staring at me. "Where is Mrs. Molesworth?" I asked.

He pointed toward a door opposite the one by which we had come in. "She's in there," he said. "Aunt Liddy's gone to tell her you're here."

"What's your name?" I asked abruptly after a short pause.

"Herbert Molesworth," was the unexpected answer.

"Herbert Molesworth?" I repeated. "Why, you can't be my nephew!"

"Oh no," he said composedly, but with a slight frown: "I am a cousin of W. B. Molesworth. I don't live here: I live out at Fair Oaks."

I could not imagine what he was frowning about, so I said no more; and in a minute Aunt Liddy, whose face was one broad good-natured smile, and who chuckled whenever I looked at her, returned and said, "Mistis is a-waitin' for you."

Poor Dorothy! My uncertainties were soon dispelled, but what a shock she was to me that night! I remembered her a brilliant-looking creature, glowing with life and beauty and peculiarly refined in all her personal habits. I found her a haggard, gray-haired woman, wrapped in a greasy dressing-gown, sitting in a soiled and tumbled arm-chair, and reading one of Balzac's novels by the light of a kerosene lamp. On the table near her stood a cup containing coffee-dregs, a bottle of camphor was at her elbow, and the whole room, uncared-for and unswept, full of odds and ends of dress scattered in every direction, seemed to me to have reached the limit of desolation and discomfort. I could think only of Dorothy, however, for whom my heart ached. She greeted me in the languid, querulous voice of a constant sufferer, with "Well, Rhoda, so *you* have come instead of Emily?"

"Yes," I said, kissing her: "you know mamma could not leave home."

"Perhaps not," she said, discontentedly, "but I have so many troubles and anxieties that it would have been pleasant to have some older head than yours to talk them over with."

I was completely abashed by this beginning, but after a second she went on more pleasantly: "Well, now you are here, we must make the best of it, but it's a terribly dull place, I can tell you, child—a perfect purgatory of stupidity, horrid, disgusting people and wretched little provincial ways."

I emptied a chair of several pairs of children's shoes and stockings which were piled together on it, and sat down near her, and she went on to ask various questions about the family, which I answered, longing ardently all the while for something to eat and drink, and thinking with pathetic tenderness of mother's tea and Vienna rolls. But

nothing was said on the subject, and after a very futile attempt to show some interest in her family Dorothy returned to the delinquencies of Ashville and its inhabitants, and, in fact, of the whole South. "There is not a decent person in it," she dolefully complained. "Such a set of boasting, ignorant, uncouth savages you never saw; and the best of it is, they think they are the most refined, chivalrous, cultivated race in the world, and would laugh in your face for claiming to be better born and better bred than they."

"I always thought," I mildly interposed, "that Southern people had very good manners and were very amiable."

"Good manners!" she exclaimed with a scornful laugh, while I secretly wondered where the kitchen might be. "My dear, don't delude yourself with any such fancy. They are boors, simple, unadulterated boors, and so you will find them."

I tried to turn the tide of invective by asking after her children.

"They are all asleep," she said indifferently: "they are such little ragamuffins, and run about so all day long, that they go to bed with the chickens and get up with them."

I then ventured timidly to ask if she had not yet heard from Mr. Molesworth, but as I saw the color come and go in her pallid face I knew that I had touched upon a suffering nerve, and I hastily added, "That is such a nice boy in the other room!—Herbert Molesworth, he says he is. Is he here much?"

She paused, evidently in great pain, before she replied, and when she spoke her voice was much altered: "Rhoda, will you call Aunt Liddy? Wait in the other room, my dear, until I am better."

I dashed into the next room without waiting to draw breath, and then stopped, astonished at the change a few minutes had produced. In the rusty grate, which had looked so bare and cheerless, sparkled a little wood-fire, very acceptable in the damp autumn evening, and in front of the fireplace stood the round table covered with a reasonably white tablecloth, and—oh joy of joys!—what looked like a very good supper. Aunt

Liddy, who had repaired her attire by the addition of a red calico "josey" with green spots, stood over the fire toasting bacon, and Herbert was pouring some red, thin-looking wine into a decanter. Joanna had disappeared. I took all this in at a glance, and hastily telling Liddy that Mrs. Molesworth wanted her, I offered to relieve her of the toasting-fork.

"Bless de Lord, chile!" she said with a ponderous chuckle, "I'se come back in a winkey;" and laying down the fork, with the piece of bacon on it, on the mantelpiece, she slowly waddled off. I was so hungry that I did not mind this in the least, but quietly took up the bacon and went on toasting until Herbert, who had finished his operations, asked me to come to supper.

How I did enjoy that repast! We had toasted bacon, scrambled eggs, potato salad, *vin ordinaire*, plenty of corn-bread and some enormous cucumber pickles. I ate until I was afraid Herbert would laugh at me. He did nothing of the sort, however, but after a very slight meal of his own sat quietly cleaning his nails, without speaking or looking up. I felt rather aghast at his occupation, but very thankful that he was not looking at me, which would have embarrassed me while I was eating; and when I had swallowed some delicious coffee I plucked up spirits to ask him the same question which had produced such a disastrous effect on Dorothy.

"Where is Mr. Molesworth now?" I inquired.

"Oh, he's somewhere in Texas, loafing about," answered Herbert coolly, admiring his nails.

"What did he go there for?" I continued.

"Because he wanted to, I s'pose," said the boy smiling. "He's one of the kind, I can tell you, that when he gets his head set one way won't turn it in t'other direction for hollerin'."

"Well, but," I went on slowly, "he must have gone for some purpose—business or pleasure or something—and there must be some reason *why* he doesn't write to his wife. How long has he been away? Has he ever done so be-

fore? Do tell me about him, Herbert," I continued in a sort of desperate appeal. "You belong to the family, and must know all about it, and you see I shall make all kinds of dreadful blunders unless you explain things to me."

He was evidently flattered, though he would not show it, at being treated like a much older person, and sitting up in his chair proceeded to inform me that W. B. Molesworth was a regular case, and no mistake—that he heard people tell he had been bad enough before the war, but that since then, having planted with free labor and lost money, he had become a long sight worse, and when he was in liquor—which was pretty much every day and all day long—he would just as lief put a bullet in you as look at you. "He's off in Texas now," concluded the lad with a perceptible sneer, "on a regular burst with a lot of other fellows—'Rattlesnake Rousers' they call themselves—and when they've drunk up all the money they can beg, borrow or steal, they'll come back to bully and brag round here a while." I was too much startled by all this to speak, and after a minute Herbert continued in the same composed drawl in which he had spoken throughout: "He ain't a bad man to his own folks, though. Pa says he's real good-hearted when he gets ready, and I expect Cousin Dorothy frets after him, now she's so sick, more than she lets on."

There was a dead silence of several minutes, for I felt beyond making any comment. I had finished my supper, and at last Herbert got up, said it was time he was going, and diffidently offered to shake hands. I felt as if I were parting with my sheet-anchor, and eagerly asked how far off he lived.

"It's about five miles," he said, "but I come in every day."

"Will you come to-morrow?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he said: "I'll be here some time in the morning. You'd better not go out till I come, for there's some bad dogs round here till they get to know you."

The next day dawned, and, tired as I was with my journey, the first ray of sunshine found me at the window of

my bedroom looking out to see what I could see. It was a beautiful morning—a soft, clear, pearly-looking sky, and the sun rising like a round red diamond over that perpetual black horizon-line of forest, which was the first thing visible, and seemed to be wonderfully distinct, yet miles and miles away; nor could I see what lay between us and its long dark curve, for nearer the view was absorbed by the irregular, broken angles of the village streets and by the trees, which grew everywhere—on the sidewalks, in the middle of the road, in the yards of the low white houses with pointed roofs and wide piazzas, and in one instance straight through the roof of a tiny cottage, which seemed to cling to it for support. Just under my window lay a wide expanse of yard, with two or three dingy cabins in one corner, a broken cart in the middle, several strange-looking shrubs and trees growing in neglected profusion here and there, and numbers of chickens and ducks busily picking up an early breakfast. A large puddle of water, which seemed to be connected with a ditch in the road outside, was occupied by a couple of pigs, who were evidently having a good time, and on the broken pickets of a tumble-down fence hung a quantity of things, among which I noticed chains, ropes, horse-collars, old blankets, a red flannel petticoat and a couple of milk-cans.

In a few minutes a dilapidated gate in the corner of the fence was slowly swung open, and a couple of hideous cows came in, followed by the dirtiest, funniest little black fellow I had ever imagined. He had on nothing but a shirt, of which one sleeve was entirely gone and the other partially so, and a pair of trousers which really did require patching to an incredible extent. As to the cows, it is impossible to say what they looked like: they had enormous branching horns like oxen and long ears like mules; they were both black with white spots, and seemed to have no life or strength in them. As soon as they entered the yard they began to low, however; whereupon two little calves, which I had not seen before, came out from under some shed; and

then began a curious scene. The boy took the milk-cans off the fence, and without washing them or making any attempt to see if they were clean or not, began to milk one of the cows. As he squatted down to do so her calf began to suck her from the other side. He leaned over, picked up a stick, struck the calf in the face, so as to drive it away for a moment, and then went on milking. In an instant the calf returned, made another dive at the udder, and was again driven off with a blow. This went on through the whole performance of milking both the cows; and neither calves nor boy seemed to be at all tired

by the monotony of the proceeding. When he had taken all the milk he wanted he went off, carrying the cans into the lower part of the house, and leaving cows and calves together. I turned away to dress, absorbed in wondering why he did not milk the cows before he brought them to the calves; but I found afterward that it is a deeply-rooted article of faith in this part of the world that no cow will "let down" her milk unless her calf be with her.

Thus began my first day in Ashville, of which I will keep the description for another chapter. ANNIE PORTER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BIT OF OLD SATSUMA.

THE value of old Satsuma faience increases as the years roll on. Of this once-famous ware a recent visitor to the Satsuma potteries, himself a judge of Japanese ficile art and a leading scholar and antiquary, says: "It would, perhaps, not be too much to say that nothing worthy of the collector's attention has been produced since 1868, the year of the revolution." The same visitor also tells us that he "saw a workman engaged in modelling a statuette of Christ after a sentimental wood-cut in the *Christian Observer*. He had copied the face and beard with considerable accuracy, but had draped the body and limbs in the robes of a Buddhist priest. Some stoves of brown earthenware, imitated from American iron stoves, were already ready for the kiln: their price was to be seven dollars, delivered in Tokio."

Thus it will be seen at a glance that the trading companies, now so busy in making clay stoves at seven dollars and spoiling subjects peculiar to Christian art, cannot be expected to travel the slow path of fashioning masterpieces when the smile of the former feudal lord no longer incites to high art, and wages are no longer paid and cheerfully received mainly in honor

and reputation. No longer do the potter and artist spend a year on a little gem to be sent as a gift to grace princely wedding-festivities or a palace in Yedo, when with full pockets and empty imaginations they can gain high wages and kill their reputations by baking monstrosities for greedy customers. Not so was it in the days of the daimios and the spectacular splendors of the feudal system, when the petty daimios vied with each other in producing works of art as gifts of friendship among themselves or to outstrip each other at the court of the mighty tycoon in Yedo.

To-day all good men must rejoice at the more general distribution of justice, the lightening of the taxes and greater blessings in every way to the common people under the mikado's rule. Yet none the less does the lover of art mourn the decay of many of the former industries which made the glory of Old Japan. Let us suppose—and we are using our imagination only as a thread to bind together the strands of historic fact—that the great prince of Satsuma, wealthiest and strongest of the feudal lords except the lord of Kaga, wished to outshine his rival in gifts to the tycoon Ieyoshi, who

ruled from 1838 to 1852. Kaga was proud of his potteries and artists, who turned out the red-and-gold porcelain and faience of Kutani. The tycoon having begun to think the wares of his red-and-gold vassal (him of the crest having five circles around one large disk, with nine sword-punctures between) the finer, Satsuma resolved to incite his potters by rewards and promises to produce such a triumph of white, buff and gold that the shogun's ceramic admiration should vibrate southward to Satsuma, the vassal of the crest of the encircled cross; for on the vases and cups, bowls and plaques of the rival potteries are seen the emblazonry of the chiefs, as well as on their banners, flags, castles and equipments.

So the prince Shimadzu ordered his chamberlain, who sent his page, who directed the chief potter and the master decorator to come and appear before him and receive his order to spare no pains, expense or toil to produce a work that should eclipse all others. It was not a colossal vase, a monstrous plaque, a moon-like trencher, that he ordered. It was a dainty little "clove-boiler," less than a foot high. It was to stand on four legs and have a perforated bowl for holding a charcoal fire, into which was to be set an upper smaller vessel for distilling oil of cloves. Such a utensil was formerly in use, but had become simply an ornament. The artist was ordered to draw a new and original design of the *nishiki* style, illustrating a scene in the life of Jingu, the warrior-empress of ancient Japan, and the Dragon-King of the World under the Sea presenting her son Ojin with the jewels of the ebbing and the flowing tides.

Forthwith the potter set to work; and first he sought the material. With this end in view he selected samples of white clay from many places. The first was from Mount Kirishima, on which the gods came down from heaven to people Japan. It was pure and white. The second was from Ibusuki, the third from the gold-mine at Yamagaro. White stone from Koseda and Kushiki, crushed fine, and white sand from the silvery sea-

beach at Kominato, were also ingredients. Another kind of clay was brought from a pit at Husuki, which had the reputation of being very brittle, so that when fused it imparted the quality of porcelain to the precious faience. For glazes the fine crushed stone of Koseda, mixed with the ashes of *nara* (a species of oak), was made ready. Stone and clay were then well crushed, and pounded separately till they were as fine as flour. They were then soaked in water, and the mass was passed several times through fine sieves placed over a tub, which soon seemed to be full of white or grayish batter. The sediment was then spread out on boards, and dried till it caked together and could be broken off like biscuits. Measured quantities of four different kinds of clay, together with white Koseda sand and the Ibusuki clay to give the hard brittleness, were well mixed together with the aid of purest water, and the tempering of the mixture then began. The workman, taking a hard wooden club or hammer, began to pound the lump, turning it over and over like a woman kneading a sponge for bread. About three thousand blows were given, and then the lump was laid away for several months for fine clay, like fine wine, is believed by the potters to improve in quality the longer it is kept; and chemical science shows it to be more than a whim. Meanwhile the potter keeps the family pot boiling by making common coarse wares of brown clay. Between the making and the baking of biscuit of bread and biscuit of clay there are many analogies. A second kneading of the mass is a benefit in both cases. So the potter takes out the lump after a few weeks or months of storage. He throws it on the board and pounds at it like a goldbeater, never stopping short of a second three thousand blows. This is one great difference between "old" and "new" Satsuma and all imitation—the time, patience and labor expended in the tempering of the clay. Most of the best ware in other Japanese potteries receives, in the clay, only two or three thousand blows, and the meaner sort not more than one thousand.

The clay was now fit for the moulder's hand: clean, pure, homogeneous, it seemed such as the Creator might select to mould his most perfect creature and make him a living soul. Then began the fashioning of the precious vase. The potter, rising at dawn, made his simple toilet, and first, before eating, paid his matin visit to the shrine of the god Gi-yoku, under whose tutelary protection the Corean potters acknowledge themselves. Reaching the hill near the village, he passed between the two large white porcelain memorial-lanterns inscribed in blue glaze with the usual *Tatte-matsuri* ("reverently offered") and the subscriptions of sixteen out of the seventeen families of potters in the village. Breathing a petition of thankfulness for life, health and family, he prayed for success in his task and the favor of his lord the daimio. Then hieing back, he knelt before his disk, with his left foot hanging down and his toes resting on the wheel.

The lump was thrown, the wheel revolved, and under the deft hands, assisted only by a few sticks and a mug of water, the body of the brazier soon took shape and form. Legs, ears, ring-handles, top-piece, lid and all the parts were made in turn, the work occupying several days. Occasionally, a difficult form would be repeatedly attempted until perfection was finally attained and the work was complete. Soft and lustreless, it was laid away to dry. It seemed as yet like a body without a soul.

The kiln was now made ready. The precious gem intended for a tycoon was not to be fired in a common chamber, such as are built in series and filled with hundreds of plebeian tea-pots, vases, jars and pots. A special furnace with but one chamber, built of clay on a brick foundation, with walls six inches thick, was the sort for the precious *nishiki-ware*. The fuel was pine wood, with all its villainous gases and disturbing elements removed by drying in an oven. Further, to eliminate the least possibility of a marplot by sputtering of sparks or ashes, such as worried Palissy, and to secure an orderly intensity of heat, the bark

had been stripped off. As a final precaution, the costly biscuit was to be enclosed in a muffle or envelope of fire-clay.

The fire was lighted in the furnace, and kept burning steadily till the glow of cherry-red told that the flameless heat of the chamber within had reached the required degree. Then the warmed model, encased in the hot muffle, was inserted with infinite care into the fiery glow, and the fire-tender sat down near the kiln to pile on fresh fuel during the twenty-four hours from sunrise to sunrise. This was the *suyaki* or preliminary baking. The furnace, after gradual cooling, was opened and the hard white biscuit removed. It was now ready for the glaze.

All ceramists, and those in the slightest degree afflicted with the fashionable fever, know what "Satsuma crackle" is. It is not the purple-veined meshes of the Chinese glazes, but the delicate network that suggests a tiny spider's web or the delicate pore-lines on the translucent skin of a maiden's hand; though to the Japanese imagination it is the scales of a young dragon or of a serpent that are thus simulated. Hence their name of *hibiki dē* (snake porcelain). The Satsuma crackle is of the most delicious cream-color or rich buff tint.

The potter having whipped up the vessel full of the pulp of Koseda stone and nara-ash, the glaze was ready. Seizing the brazier as the Homeric mother seized the babe Achilles, the potter dipped his ware with more care than she into the gray Styx of glaze-pulp, and, letting it drip for a moment, set it down to dry for the second fiery trial that was to change the soft grayish mass to a netted creamy tint. With a small brush dipped in the glaze he covered the vulnerable part of Achilles's heel, and the ceramic cuticle was complete.

The second firing, termed the *honyaki* (true baking), occupied two days and two nights. The transformation in color was like that of grass through the four chambers of digestion in kine. The dead, gray, unreticulated mass of Satsuma clay after its fiery baptism became a glistening

creamy tint, split into a minute network of cracks that rivalled the delicate geometry of the spider's web.

The piece was now ready for gold and colors. The master-decorator unrolled his cartoons, drawn on mulberry-paper with India-ink, and rapidly sketched the drawing. The pigments were laid on from memory alone. His materials were badger's-hair brushes, mixed colors in white porcelain pats, and a bamboo tube, with a piece of fine crape silk stretched across the end, full of fine powdered gold, which, by tapping or blowing, sifted the shining dust on the picture, making the conventional clouds or "fire-cloud atoms" so characteristic of Japanese art. In the composition seven colors—or what were to become such—were used. They were white, black, yellow, purple, red, green, blue.

Squatting on his knees and heels, the master-decorator, after duly tying up his long sleeves, began his task. Japanese artists of the Bunjin school, using nothing but ink or black enamel, and thus producing black and white only, work with marvellous rapidity, almost with lightning strokes. The quicker the work the finer the artist, seems to be their faith. Even the painters of the Kamo school, who use colors and work with two brushes—one pointed, the other wide—both held in one hand, are rapid workers and soon fill their silk or paper. But the nishiki artist who works in enamels, or on silk with water-colors, must and does bide his time, and has infinite patience. Besides, to hurry on the prince's art-business would have been highly vulgar. Several days were consumed in the artist's work, but finally the piece, being ready, was set to dry for the kiln. With the precious work the artist prepared a set of test-pieces, by dabbing on bits of baked clay samples of the same enamels and colors as were used in the painting. These were to be laid outside the muffle, close to the plug-hole and near the top of the furnace, through which the sentinel potter could watch the melting of the glaze and the birth of the colors. For who would ever know the design on the precious vase before the last firing?

Who could clearly distinguish queen, courtiers, infant, boat, sea, cloud or jewel, borders, patterns and fretwork, in the streaks of mud of dirty colors and the dull blotches and bands which under the transmuting tongues of fire were to issue in rainbow tint and gold, making a storied vessel richly dight?

The kiln being made ready with unusual care, the piece was set within the muffle for the last firing, which was the shortest of all, lasting only ten hours. One by one the pigments set on the test-pieces assumed their true colors, telling that the regulated fiery glow was doing its work and transforming the picture inside, as a negative is developed in the dark room of the photographer. The muddy dabs one after another changed to lusted scarlet, green, yellow, white, blue, purple and black, with cloudy lines, spots and bands, which in some parts without touch, and in others under the burnishing tool of onyx, gleamed pure gold. For gold on porcelain is like the jewel in the Japanese proverb: "Until *polished* the precious gem has no splendor."

Then was completed the masterpiece of cunning art. Potter and decorator were now to receive their reward. This was not to be at the hands of men with inkpots and ledgers, agents of an employer who never saw his workman or had nothing in common with him. Such was not the way of Old Japan with her artist-artisans. "Bid Hachibe the potter and Riataro the artist appear at my yashiki, bringing their work with them, on the fifth day of the tenth noon, at the hour of the Tiger," said the daimio Shimadzu to his chamberlain. The order came to the waiting workmen, and on the appointed day they arrayed themselves in *kamishimo* (ceremonial hempen dress with shoulder-wings and wide skirt)—a dress permitted only to the gentry except in cases of particular honor to common people. The prince's porters carried the precious piece carefully packed in a cedar box and wrapped in yellow muslin to the *yashiki* (mansion), where it was unpacked and set upon a tray, to be thus borne by a page into the presence

of the daimio. After a glance of pleasure, and then a critical scrutiny of the work, the artists were summoned to receive the thanks and congratulations of the proud daimio, into whose presence the richest merchant of the province dared not come—with whom none but lords and gentry had audience.

A rare sight was that to see the lord of Satsuma sitting cheek by jowl with his humble subjects, and talking with them face to face as with a noble. Such sights were the glories of Old Japan, relieving the sombre hues of its barbarity and feudal oppression. Many a question was asked as to processes and glazes and enamels, and answered with many a bow and a vast outlay of exalted and exaggerated honorific words; for a Japanese is nothing if not deferential. Then the master spoke to his chamberlain, saying, "I award to Hachibe, potter, five *koku* (thirteen bushels) of white rice, one roll of silk brocade of Ise, one gold-lacquered wine-cup and ten kobans of gold. To Riutaro, decorator, twenty silver *bu* (coin worth twenty-five cents), four *koku* of rice, a gold-lacquered writing-box and one roll of cut tobacco." With three profound bows, delivered while on all fours, during which the shaven scalps polished the rice-straw matting and much breath was sucked in, the ceramists retired from the daimio's presence and joyfully sought their homes to tell their happiness and keep holiday for a week.

These were the rewards and wages of Old Japan—personal favor and approbation of their superiors, which are now absent in the Land of the Gods and of paper money.

The subsequent history of the little bit of old Satsuma whose birth I have chronicled may be learned from the following paragraph in the court chronicle published in Yedo in 1843: "His Highness the shogun (tycoon) Ieyoshi gave a reception to the Kokushiu daimios yesterday in the Hall of the Thousand Mats in the castle, to receive their New Year's congratulations and visits of ceremony. Among the gifts to the shogun were a *shippo* (cloisonnée) bowl of large size, and

two blooming dwarf plum trees in cobalt-blue pots adorned with lions in white relief, from the daimio of Owari; the life-size figure of a horse carved in wood for the shogun's ancestral shrine inside the castle from the lord of Echizen; a small gold-inlaid bronze vase and a red-and-gold trencher from Lord Mayeda of Kaga; a clove-boiler decorated in brocade colors and gold from Lord Shimadzu of Satsuma; forty-five rolls of white silk from Lord Sendai," etc. etc.

Thenceforth until 1852, when Ieyoshi slept with his fathers, the Satsuma clove-boiler was the admiration of the shogun, alternating in honor with a place on a stand of Uwajima lacquer in the *tokonoma* (place of bric-à-brac) in his "garden-viewing chamber" and being locked up in the darkness of the fire-proof storehouse. For such is the manner of the Japanese—not to load their rooms with furniture, but to store their precious things away in clay-coated treasure-houses, where they rest safe from the ever-present danger of fire. Thus the connoisseurs have before them at a time only a small, but occasionally varied, collection of fine-art objects. At the shogun's death this bit of Satsuma fell to the lot of a page, who unfortunately, years afterward, fell into bad habits, and to keep his *saké* bottle full pawned it to a broker, who sold it to an attaché of the French legation. After many mutations it turned up at a New York auction-sale, and now adorns an American mantelpiece. Its possessor believes it to be at least three hundred years old, but, to drop all fiction, or even invention founded on fact, it may be mentioned that the Satsuma potters, who are the descendants of Korean captives brought over during the Japanese invasion of Corea (1592-97), did not discover the clay from which the "real old Satsuma" is made until 1624. At first the pieces were not decorated, and it was not until after the year 1680 that colored enamels were used. Hence no piece decorated in the *nishiki* style ("brocade," with bright and gold colors) is older than the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

A LADY'S LIFE IN BRAZIL.

FTER a voyage of seven days from Rio, broken by a rest of twelve hours at the steep and picturesque little city of Bahia, the comfortable old steamer South America of the regular Rio line arrived at Pernambuco (called by resident foreigners "Pernam"), which was to be my future home. In great excitement we went on deck, to find ourselves a long distance from land, with an ugly reef between us and shore, and in the distance a city which looked so exactly like the children's toy villages, with their red roofs and no chimneys, that it seemed like a mirage more than a real town which we were about to inhabit. Indeed, looking back, the whole life there seems like a mirage, so completely do the little annoyances fade away and the beauties and delights of Pernam life remain with us.

Our house was not quite in readiness, but the ever-ready hospitality of S—, the principal American gentleman of the place, furnished us a home until we could arrange our own. His house was three miles from the Recife, our landing-place, and the voyage around the perilous reef having been accomplished in safety, we took a carriage to Jaqueira, the residence of our friend. Seven days of sea-sickness will make a hovel look like a palace, but after-years' acquaintance with Jaqueira never changed the early impressions of it. How roomy, cool and fresh the house seemed! and the garden was a delight to the eye with its trees and shrubs in fruit and blossom, its luxuriant plants, and the pride of S—, a long hedge of jessamine so firm that one could shake it from end to end. In season this hedge was capped with the starry blossoms. Afterward, while resting in my room, I heard the familiar notes of the "Miserere" from the *Trovatore* whistled by the gardener, as black a negro as I ever saw.

B— had already taken the only available small house, a half mile from Ja-

queira, and the work of furnishing had commenced. The house was similar to all tropical houses—built and arranged with a carelessness of purpose quite novel to me. The parlor occupied the entire front, and, although four sided, had not a right angle, while the bedroom adjoining had two windows, one of which contained thirty-five panes of glass, and the other forty. The floor of the parlor was tiled and very uneven. However, practice levelled the floor, as it does many other things in life. Our furniture would have delighted the present judges of household art, being of solid rosewood, carved, square, ugly, and so heavy that Mr. Warner's "cast-iron back," desirable in his garden, was found equally desirable in our Pernam house.

At first, our household comprised B— and myself, a cook, a man and a German maid whom I had brought from a German settlement near Rio. Her language was her own, and having learned that "ma'am" was the proper way of addressing me, she introduced it after each and every word. As she spoke very quickly, and my knowledge of both German and Portuguese at that time was limited, it was a long while before I began to understand her style. The cook was a large, fat, good-natured old negress called Margarida, but her ways were not mine, and ere long we parted. When we had been housekeeping about a week a chicken was served for dinner, but the breast had all been abstracted. Much vexed, I mustered my Portuguese and inquired for it, but sly old Margarida would not understand. I called on B— to scold for me, but, knowing the Brazilian negro well, he declined, saying that if he once interfered with the house-servants I should lose all control, and that they must recognize the lady as supreme. What, then, could I do? The offence must not be repeated, and I could not reprove. I dismissed the cook to the kitchen, and, retiring with B—, I learn-

ed the most expressive, if not the most elegant, scolding which the offence required. Margarida stood abashed before such a flow of language, and my conquest was complete.

The next venture in the way of a cook was a man, whose principal recommendation was his honesty. An English lady who had formerly employed him sent him to us, saying, "He can cook well enough for ordinary times, but we consider honesty his strong point." Luis came one evening, received his market-basket, money for the next day's marketing and instructions. He then went to his home for the night. We never saw our honest Luis again. Whether the devil tempted too hard, or he was robbed, or, native-negro fashion, he lay down and died with no warning, we never knew. To do the negro justice, he is usually honest, particularly if a slave. With few exceptions, slave servants are preferable to free ones: they are neater, more trusty and better trained. But slaves will soon be a thing of the past. All children born after a certain date (I think April 1st, 1872) are now free, but claim support from the mother's master until eight years of age.

The proper dish to be placed on the dinner-table in all native houses, and which has been adopted by many foreigners, is *carne cosida*. It is simply a bit of fresh beef boiled with vegetables, the whole boiled together and served together on one dish. The vegetables are potatoes (from Portugal), cabbage, gumbo, some other native ones, and at the last moment two or three bananas are dropped into the pot. It may not seem appetizing, but it is very nice. Any black can make that and a cup of coffee so delicious that 'tis a revelation.

The experience with servants was varied, trying at times, and on the whole very amusing. The sun is the great dryer or towel. No servant, of his or her own accord, ever uses a cup-towel. The tiled floors are washed, but left to dry, and so, I think, are the natives as a rule. The remembrance is still fresh of my horror one evening before dinner, in looking on the front piazza (a most ex-

posed situation), to find chairs, cuspids and other articles washed that day placed in a most conspicuous position. But even a Yankee girl falls into the easy way of taking life, and one is content with being as neat as one's neighbor.

The climate of Pernambuco is more than delightful. When the thermometer was at seventy degrees we thought it chilly, and at eighty-five degrees hot, but it was never *too* hot or *too* cool. If the days of the dry season (November to May) were hot, the cool land-breeze always set in before night. During a residence of two years our bedroom windows were never closed, while a thin blanket was usually acceptable. One naturally rises early in the tropics, and as we stood in the cool, early morning on the little balcony which led from our sleeping-room, how often have we exclaimed, "What a luxury it is to live in such a perfect climate!" Early morning or moonlight is the time, too, to see the South American palms: they are then beautified and lose all the roughness and scrawniness which the sun's full glare reveals. In the softened light their feathery tops wave against the sky with a gentleness and calmness that make you forget that the little trials of the day must come.

As we stand on the balcony long lines of countrymen pass by with produce for sale. Of them we buy our fruit and various things. These men are called *matutos*, abbreviated to *matute* by foreigners or blacks. Everything is brought to town on horseback. Poor, miserable-looking animals the horses are too, fed at intervals by the roadside in a pail of water with a little molasses in it. They become very fond of this diet, and refuse more expensive and nutritious food, and the grasping matuto does not urge it. One may see a line of seven or eight of these poor beasts loaded with cotton, each horse's head tied to the tail of the one preceding, and the matuto mounted on the leading one, his legs crossed in front of him and his long whip held between his toes. Chickens, fruit, vegetables, coal—in truth, all things needed for the house—were brought in this manner.

You call a man, and he rides into the yard to your very door, dismounts, and with much talk and a final abatement of half his price you conclude the bargain. The amusing thing is then to see him mount: he grabs the horse by the tail, places his foot on the joints of the hind legs, and springs on.

The sacks of *farinha* and beans, which no native can live without, are brought in this way. *Farinha* is made from mandioca, and resembles dry sawdust. The blacks take a plate of it and a bowl of water for a meal. Wetting their fingers in the water, they dip them into the *farinha*, rolling it into a hard ball: then opening their mouths, they toss it in with great dexterity. With black beans, *farinha* and bananas a black lives like a prince, and I grew to be very fond of them all.

I have neglected to describe a Brazilian kitchen and stove. The kitchen is a room with a door, possibly a window, but certainly no chimney. A loose tile in the roof lets out the smoke if the door is too small. A brick oven is built in one corner, and a table and chair furnish the apartment. A few saucers, bowls, plates and knives and forks are all the utensils. A strainer is unknown, as well as a gridiron and many other things indispensable to the Yankee housewife. The stove is native, and consequently simple. A sort of table is built of bricks and mortar. An iron plate the length of the table and half as wide, with five graduated holes for saucers, is supported on the back of this table by means of a few bricks. This is your native stove, and if the kitchen is very hot the plate may be removed to some shady place out of doors, where, rested on stones, it fulfils its purpose as well. The convenience of the arrangement is that you use no more fire than is necessary. The "boy" (a black man is always a boy till he dies) purchases the requisite amount of wood or charcoal each morning. The careful housekeeper knows to a penny how much is necessary, and stint him accordingly: a larger supply would last no longer than a smaller one. The wood is unsawed, and is run under the iron plate

from the end as far as you may have need of it. For instance, if the dinner requires three saucers, the wood is placed under three holes and pushed in as it burns. When charcoal is used, one place is kindled, and as many more from that as may be necessary. The table of masonry raises the stove, so that it is necessary to stoop but little, keeps the clothing unsoled, and its front edge serves to warm the dishes. A primitive arrangement, but excellent for that country. The necessity for heating the brick oven whenever we wished a roast or anything baked was an annoyance, and many times did I wish for a baker of some sort which would do away with the heat and trouble of a brick oven.

In warm countries no supply of food can be kept on hand: what is necessary for the day's use is purchased in the morning. Before five o'clock the baker comes with a huge bag over his shoulder filled with various kinds of delicious bread. A mixture of Trieste and American flour is there considered the best, and certainly never could there be lighter, whiter or sweeter bread. Next follows a black with bottles of milk at a *pataca* (or sixteen cents) per bottle: the bottles are supposed to hold a quart, wine measure.

And here let me say that the currency of the country is a trifle puzzling to one accustomed to the simplicity of the decimal system. Twenty reis are equal to a cent.

20 reis = 1 vintem.	400 reis = 1 cruzado.
160 reis = $\frac{1}{2}$ pataca.	16000 reis = 1 milreis.
320 reis = 1 pataca.	320000 reis = 1 conto.

Does not Mark Twain speak of the terror with which he regarded a bill presented in this Portuguese currency? Certainly he would have been in despair if a black presenting his account had said, "Two cruzados and a half, a pataca, three dumps [a big copper equal to two cents] and a vintem." When new to the country it seemed to me incomprehensible, but as months flew by I found myself familiar with this system of reckoning.

The milk having been purchased, the cook, with market-basket on his arm,

having previously sent in oranges, coffee and bread, comes for orders for marketing and for money. The markets are closed after 9 A. M., and all choice articles must be purchased early in the morning. As soon as the cook has gone the "boy" comes for his instructions. Receiving his money, he goes to the nearest *venda* (or corner grocery) and purchases a bundle of wood for the day's use—a *vintem* of this and a *dump* of that. On returning both boys render their accounts, with the change, and are invariably correct. The vegetables, fruit, etc., are bought at intervals of the *matutinos*. The cook returns in time to prepare the breakfast at 9.30, which usually commences with a dish of fruit. The oranges—called *de embigo*, or naval oranges—and the pineapples of Pernam are famed, and need no description. After a wide experience I know no oranges or pineapples to be compared to those of Pernambuco. Bananas of many and delicious varieties were plenty and cheap: indeed, our own garden furnished a good supply. When one banana shows signs of ripening on the bunch, the whole tree is cut down, and the bunch is carefully put away in a dark place to ripen. A tree will never bear a second bunch, but the old root sends up new shoots which in a short time are ready for fruit. In the season guavas, custard-apples, figs, grapes, *araças*, mangoes, mangabas and many other fruits are in profusion. Lunch took place in the middle of the day, when the English ladies often dropped in for an hour's gossip. At six was dinner, followed by coffee served on the piazza while the gentlemen smoked.

At the time of our residence there English and American society was delightful. Our friend S—, with his equally hospitable wife and son, kept "open doors." Mrs. D—, who, with her sister-in-law, will long be remembered by the young Englishmen who were so happy as to find a home with her, will certainly never be forgotten by those ladies who, homesick and lonely in a new country, felt the need of a mother's love and advice: her heart was, and is, large enough to embrace us all. We knew little of na-

tionality. We were all bound together in that foreign land. Calls were usually made in the evening, husband and wife going together, and at nine o'clock the social cup of tea and a biscuit ended the day. Occasionally, a party, a Christmas tree, a reading or a musical reception, or possibly the theatre, made a change in our evening's enjoyment. The young gentlemen with their own hands built and painted and furnished a small theatre for private use in Mrs. D—'s grounds, and many evenings were passed there, where no small amount of talent was displayed. Calls at Brazilian houses were more serious affairs, where the chair one is invited to take designates the estimation in which one is held by the hostess. The etiquette which obliges one to address a person always by a title is irksome to one unaccustomed. In general, however, great consideration is shown for the sins of omission in foreigners.

An amusing incident occurred one day at a church festival, where the president of the province was very polite, and chatted with a young American lady and myself. As I now felt at ease in my knowledge of Portuguese, the conversation progressed rapidly. On our return home what was our mortification and B—'s amusement when we found that the title of "Your Excellency" should have been used instead of the unvarnished "you" which had so easily slipped into the conversation! But the story does not conclude here. Many weeks after a gentleman, entering the parlor where I sat, inquired for B—, and, learning he would shortly arrive, concluded to wait. We entered into conversation, and with adroit compliments on my proficiency in the language he led me into telling my experience in the cathedral and subsequent discovery of my blunder. The gentleman was so unnecessarily amused that my curiosity was aroused. At that moment B— entered, addressed the gentleman as "Your Excellency," and afterward said he was the only man in the province besides the president entitled to that form of address. The remembrance is much more funny than was the reality.

The garden was always a delight to me, for it seemed as if things grew by magic. A strong, luxuriant creeper with bright yellow blossoms in a neighboring garden excited our admiration, and procuring the seed, B— and I each planted one, and watched with eagerness which would grow the faster, each having, to our knowledge, the same advantages. How proudly I state that mine was victorious, growing six inches in a single night, while B—'s grew but four! Occasionally the roses would seem to take a rest in blossoming, and the garden appeared quite shabby, but the boy at such times could brush up at least a bushel of rose-leaves from the paths. While we had the loveliest of roses, rosebuds were almost an unknown thing. By very early rising B— would sometimes secure a few, and, placed in the cool parlor, they would last the day. But the glory of the garden was a lily, the name of which Professor Agassiz knew and once told me; but botanical names are hard for me to remember, and this one I have forgotten. It was lovely, and the perfume exquisite. The moment one was in bloom a huge moth, with eyes like rubies and a bill that wound up like a watch-spring, would make its appearance and remain as long as a lily was in blossom, and then disappear. And, what makes the incident more strange, if a lily had been brought to the house from a far-away garden, there being none in your own, the moth would find it. He hovers over the flower, and unrolling his bill dives into the neck of the lily for his food.

One excitement of Pernam life was "steamer-day." At home one does not know the meaning of the word. Once a month, on the fifteenth, the American steamer fired her guns at 6 A. M., and American residents were on the tiptoe of excitement for news from home. On that day S—'s family and ourselves received our friends, letters and packages in a vacant room over S—'s office, furnished for our use. Lunch was served there from the French hotel, and the numerous friends who were constantly making the voyage to Rio were always

VOL. XXIII.—32

welcome. The purser contributed his latest news and gossip, the passengers whom he chose to bring with him were sure to know our friends or relatives, our letters were read, magazines and papers skimmed and our boxes peeped into. Was there ever such excitement?

I have mentioned that nothing is purchased beyond the needs of the day. Now and then this is inconvenient. One steamer-day, having given orders to prepare no dinner, as B— could never come home on those days, we learned that there was a party of ladies on board, one of whom we knew, but who would not come to lunch on account of the roughness in landing. About 3 P. M. came news that, as there was much heavy freight to be landed, the steamer would remain over night, and in fifteen minutes more a noise on the stairs told us that the timid ones had come to stay till the morrow. Delighted to see them, we offered lunch there, etc.; but no. Though hungry, they would prefer to wait and dine in our own house, and see how the live Yankee lives in a tropical country. A vision of a cold chicken which might weigh a pound and a half rose before me, and at the same time six hungry souls fresh from a three weeks' voyage to be fed. We started for home, and, leaving our guests to rest, I hunted up the boy and inquired as to the contents of the larder—a small roast chicken, a tea-plate of shrimps and a very small bit of beefsteak. Do you know the value of canned food? With the aid of canned vegetables, preserves and oysters, and by robbing the hen-house, in an hour and a half the boy served a dinner composed of tomato soup, shrimps, oysters on toast, beefsteak, roast chicken, various vegetables, tapioca and apple pudding and coffee. Could the accomplished cooks of the United States do better?

This sketch of Brazilian experience must close with a slight account of a few days spent in the country at the summer residence of Baron (now Visconde) Livramento. It was my first experience in "baronial halls." Baron L. had returned to his very elegant house

in the city, leaving this one with little or no furniture, but everything at our disposal. S—— and his family and ourselves passed a very pleasant fortnight there. We took our servants, a few camp-beds, and as few things as we needed, and camped. A wide veranda ran round the house, where we slung hammocks and read or slept. A brook close by furnished an excellent bathing - place, though shrimps were too plenty to be agreeable. With two pairs of horses, a pair of mules, three or four saddle-horses and a houseful of young people we idled away the days, which were too beautiful to be real. It was there that I saw the first and only tarantula during my life

in Brazil, and that was brought from the woods by a black: in the city they are never seen. Scorpions and centipedes I had seen: indeed, I had killed seven centipedes in one house where we lived, and in another scorpions were numerous, but they are not much worse than bees or snakes. A little ammonia or carbolic acid removes all ill effects.

One lovely day we said "Good-bye" to Pernam, hoping to see it again in all its loveliness of foliage and climate. The memories cling to us yet, and a joyful day will break when we see the toy village of Pernam once more beyond the reef of rocks which separates the Recife from the ocean. M. C. W.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

DANGEROUS GIRLS.

IT may seem a difficult task to decide, *ex cathedrâ*, that this or that type of young lady is the most dangerous to the peace of mind of men, there are so many beautiful and charming girls, endowed with gifts which strike the senses, the imagination, and occasionally the heart. There are New York girls, brilliant, stylish, with a passion for beautiful costumes and grand parties; there are Philadelphia girls, beautiful, graceful, winning, with sweet voices and seductive by a certain rare womanly attractiveness; there are Boston girls, whose mission is less toward fashion and beauty and the more plastic qualities of femininity than toward culture and a high civilization; and there are Southern girls, with charming faces, perfect shapes and small feet, and with aspirations only in the direction of love and flirtation. All these beautiful and ravishing types of the genus woman are dangerous, or ought to be, to the peace of mind of man, for whom they possess irresistible attractions.

Another point which makes it almost

an impossible task to select the dangerous girl, *par éminence*, is that from the age of sixteen to, say, forty—it might be seventy—men have a steadily-developing taste, and the passion of last year is not the passion of to-day.

Qui sait où s'en vont les roses?
Qui sait où s'en va le vent?

Between the cradle and the grave men fancy that they find a great many women "dangerous," but it is not probable that, thinking the matter quietly over at the end, they discover that more than one or two at the utmost of their old loves have survived the disenchantments and disillusionments of years. The "dangerous girl," as we accept the term, is the girl that men want for their wives.

I remember seeing several years ago an absurd little paragraph which went the rounds of the newspapers: "The census embraces seventeen millions of women." This piece of dry statistics was supplemented by some ardent bachelor: "The census embraces seventeen millions of women! Who wouldn't be a census?" This was very popular until some practi-

cal man thought out the matter and wrote several verses of rhymes upon the misery of such enormous privileges. Some of these millions of women would be ill-favored, ugly, sour and sad: he made out the task too severe to be sustained under even the sweetest compensations. Collectively, he did not consider the sex dangerous.

Nothing at first sight seems more dangerous than the young lady whose attire is always faultless, who adopts the latest and most extreme styles (in thorough good taste) and is always in the most elegant costume, with beguiling dresses, gloves and shoes. Everything on this young lady, from the crimps on her forehead to the buckles on her slippers, is perfect: it need not necessarily be costly, but it is correct, natty and "the thing." It is absolutely bewildering to count the various appurtenances which go to make up the sum-total of effect: the mind of man is unable to grapple with so many minute and charming particulars. The ruffles, the laces, the bangles, the earrings, the necklace, the buckles, the belts,—each one of these trivial details seems a snare and fetter to catch and hold the heart. Still, this young lady is not very dangerous. She is a picturesque and pleasing object of study: her toilette is always something to look forward to. But as a companion for life one wants a woman whose soul is not wholly in her bureau-drawers. The lace-edged petticoats, the slippers and delicately-tinted stockings only beguile for a time.

Another young lady who certainly has a look of being dangerous is the ball-room belle. She aims at larger effects than her sister whom we first described. The latter was neat, piquant, rather bewitching: this one is something bewildering to behold. She always carries at least six bouquets to parties, and the man who gains her promise to be his partner in the "German" is considered the most enviable of fellows. She seems born for full costume, and has the air of a queen in entering a room. All the men crowd about her, and she receives their homage as if accustomed to incense. She dances well, talks well, is impressive no

matter what she does, and every one sees at a glance that she was born to take a splendid position. It is a melancholy fact, however, that there are more of these princesses royal than there are thrones to be filled. The worship of such a woman may be a part of many a young man's experience, but, although he is in love with her, he considers her well out of his reach, and does not suffer severely because he cannot enshrine her in his narrow boarding-house quarters and ask her to share his two thousand a year. These girls look down upon paltry matches, and aim, when they first come out, at nothing less than an English peer: after seven or eight seasons we hear, however, of their marrying this or that old lover more or less ineligible, or we look on lamenting their decaying empire if they never marry at all. They may have looked very dangerous, but whose peace have they endangered? Where are their victories? I saw such a woman the other night. It was about her fifteenth season, yet she looked fresh and young and divinely beautiful. One would hardly have thought that the history of those fourteen years since she "came out" was one of disappointment, failure and bitterness. By her side was a man of thirty-five who had been one of her first beaux—one of half a dozen ardent admirers whom in her palmy days we called "The Princess's Guard." An old friend went up to her and said, "Ah, Miss —, I see you have one of your old guard here to-night." She nodded and smiled. I turned to her companion presently, and asked, "What was the motto of the old guard you belonged to—'We die, but never surrender'?"—He laughed a little cynically. "You have hit it," said he: "we never surrendered." These ballroom belles are not always dangerous. A man's heart hardens, if ever so little, against these splendid women born with that fatal prerogative of strength and power.

Now let us describe one more type of the "dangerous young lady." She is the "talking girl." She is clever, she is sharp, and she constantly enjoys the advantage of an aptitude at expression beyond oth-

ers of her sex. Whether she is pretty or not, she can amuse men, stimulate them, free them of their dulness, and make them a charming companion. She is never at a loss: she has read everything, knows everything, is brilliant, versatile and witty. She sends little quivering arrows here and there, stinging those whom she does not love, feeling secure in her friends and in no fear of her enemies. All the men quote her clever speeches, and there is no woman more popular amongst them. The victories of a girl's wit are, however,

Won as towns by fire—so won, so lost.

She is admired, but she is feared: after a time she is misunderstood, and she is made unhappy, and unhappiness mixes a little gall with the acid of her wit, and everybody becomes afraid of her. The discernment of very brilliant people is generally moderate, and she does not realize that although she may please those who come to be amused, it is not the clever women of the world who win love, but the sweet, more simple women, and that she cannot work a miracle in her own favor by drawing hearts when she has only made an effort to humor the fancy and the intellect of men. The "talking girl" is rarely "dangerous."

But now, at last, let us come to the *real* "dangerous girl"—the girl who seems by some fine fitness to walk into the empty room in a man's heart which has never been opened to another woman and take up her abode there. "She is just as high as my heart," Orlando says of Rosalind, and there can be no more accurate measurement for a lover's delight in his sweetheart. She fits him, she suits him. She may not be pretty, she need not be clever: she may be both of these things in a remarkable degree, and a ballroom belle besides, and a *chef d'œuvre* of milliners' art into the bargain. But she has a gift over and beyond all these which renders all others subordinate. She has a way of listening which makes the most reserved man eloquent, and her little speeches, never audacious and rarely

brilliant, have yet something tenacious about them, and cling to his memory when he sits over his fire by night or goes about his daily work. Then her face, her distinct and vivid personality, pursues him: it is the girl herself, not her bangles nor her flounces, that he remembers. It seems natural to him that he is thus taken possession of and held captive. No matter how cold he may have been heretofore, he now becomes ardent, warm-hearted and rash. He may have admired a pretty girl with her furbelows and flounces and her nice perception of the most becoming; he may have been a little heavy-hearted over the sumptuous beauty of the belle, and have enjoyed the society of the clever girl who saved him the trouble of doing all the talking, being able to do it herself so much more brilliantly. But this hankering after private felicity, this fervid belief in attainable happiness, this large faith in the future which marriage may assure to him, only followed his acquaintance with the "dangerous girl" who upset his boasted ideas of independent enjoyment, overturned all his preconceived notions of bachelorhood and set him longing to be engaged. Until he saw her he said with Benedick, "One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces come into one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace." L. W.

MRS. GLENDENNING'S HUSBAND.

You remember Hawthorne's story of *Wakefield*, a man who, from mere oddity and whim, after parting from his wife to go on a short journey, vanished into the wilderness of London and never returned to her, although he lived so near that he watched curiously her comings and her goings year after year, seeing her change from a happy matron into a melancholy widow, and so go on into cheerless age. Other things have happened quite as strange, perhaps stranger. Let me tell you the *true* story of Mrs. Glendenning's husband.

Agnes Holt met Hugh Glendenning before she left school: they fell in love,

were engaged, and by the time she was eighteen she married him. He was a young fellow of twenty-six, and his most striking qualities seemed to be good looks and impetuosity of temperament. In person he was of average height; his figure good; his face remarkably handsome; his hair and eyes dark; his complexion pale. Agnes was a quiet, graceful creature, with blue, bashful eyes and the most charming smile in the world. In speech she was curiously reserved, and rarely expressed herself freely. One of the discomforts of the season of her engagement was that Hugh constantly pressed her for an ample confession of love, which she would never make in words by more than a quiet assent when he demanded if she loved him. She hoped and expected that after marriage he would be less persistent and more ready to take things for granted, while he, on his side, looked forward to wedlock with a belief that, once a wife, Agnes would no longer torture him with her evasions and denials, but tell him with the same freedom and eloquence which he used himself the whole story of her passion for him. The two probably loved each other equally, but their temperaments were too powerfully contrasted to make mutual understanding possible. Agnes was slow, puritanical, and, however faithful and strong in feeling, utterly destitute of spontaneity; while Hugh was quick, ardent, and given to the most powerful expression of whatever feeling or mood came uppermost.

They had been married a month when business-arrangements compelled Hugh to go to England, and he insisted on taking his wife. She yielded, but her inclinations were against the journey: she disliked to leave her family, and was, besides, in great fear of the sea. She was melancholy and nervous in parting from her friends, and for the first three days on the ocean spent the entire time in tears. Hugh could not understand her terror of the water, and felt, besides, that she was using him ill in feeling the least reluctance at severing her connection with her old home. He tortured her with questions: Did she

love him? Did she trust him? If she loved him, if she trusted him, how could she help being glad to accompany him anywhere on the wide earth? These demands, incessantly repeated, insistently urged and pressed, wore upon the young wife: she knew they were actuated by a love which jealously demanded everything from her, but they developed a sort of coldness and perverseness in her mind.

On one occasion, when Hugh asked if she really loved him, she replied listlessly, "How can you expect me to love you when you wear me out like this? I shall soon begin to hate you if you go on in this way."

These careless words produced the most profound impression upon Hugh's mind, and were the beginning of calamity. He brooded over them, incessantly repeating them to himself. Agnes, who was a mere child at heart, and of a nature not wide enough fully to absorb the idea of another's, realized nothing of the suffering she had inflicted. Besides, Hugh's conduct began to estrange her. It became his wont to sit looking at her, his large black eyes growing gradually cavernous in their depths and unearthly in their brilliancy: at times he would exclaim, "You do not love me. You will soon hate me." At night he never seemed to sleep, and, hanging the lantern so that the rays fell on her face, blinding and dizzying her, he would sit on the edge of the berth staring into her face and muttering, "She hates me!"

The voyage was a short one: in ten days they were in London, where they met friends, and for the three months which followed both Hugh and Agnes had a comparatively happy and cheerful time. Agnes upbraided her husband for his absurdities, and he himself seemed to see his conduct in the light of day, instead of the lurid glare of an insane, jealous dread. Still, married life was a palpable disappointment to Agnes, who began to feel that if she must bend her every faculty to the task of pleasing a man whose brain seemed in a whirl of false and distorted ideas concerning her and his love for her and her feelings for

him, she should soon lose all respect for, and belief in, her husband.

Toward the latter part of the time they spent in London her cousin, George Dana, a young man of twenty-two, whom she had known and loved like a brother from her infancy, happened to join their party. His coming was the signal for the most violent outbreaks of jealousy on Hugh Glendenning's part. His mind seemed all astray: he was indifferent to the fact that he placed his wife in a cruel and humiliating position: he persisted in the chimera that an easy habit of intimacy with her cousin George was the expression of a love which far surpassed her affection for himself. Again and again he taunted and insulted her, until she implored her cousin to leave London. George Dana, however, little guessing Agnes's actual position with a man who was half insane, could not be induced to go. He was not through with his sightseeing; he was interested in the races; in short, he liked being in London at this time of the year better than being anywhere else in Europe, and he insisted on remaining, and even felt a sort of boyish satisfaction in augmenting Glendenning's jealousy to the utmost by constant offers of attentions to the young wife. By the first of July, Hugh's business was concluded, and he took Agnes to France and Switzerland for a month, but the two were no longer on terms of affectionate intimacy. Hugh was still jealous, and regarded his wife's steady coldness as a sign of the most chilling indifference: Agnes, on her side, felt that to maintain a semblance of buoyant happiness when she felt so dejected at the way she had been outraged was to lessen her dignity as a woman. The two sailed from Havre for New York on the 14th of August, 186-. On the seventh day out, when they were halfway across the ocean, Hugh Glendenning was suddenly missed. There was no trace of him on board the steamer, and it was readily concluded that the rash and unhappy young man had thrown himself overboard.

It was naturally the cruellest possible trial for Agnes when she was forced to believe that her husband had commit-

ted suicide. She knew, too, that he had been disheartened by her coldness: again and again she had repulsed him when he had tried to have an explanation with her. Naturally, now that he was gone, all the generosity of her first love returned: she forgot his faults and remembered only her own; she accused herself of cruelty and heartlessness, and sorrowed like the most despairing of widows.

It seemed natural, under the circumstances, that Agnes should not only mourn, but mourn with peculiar hopelessness, for her young husband, who had been taken from her only a few months after their wedding-day: she sorrowed a year, two years, three years; but by that time her family all began to make an effort to persuade her that it was wrong thus to continue oppressing not only herself but them with this long-past affliction. She was faithful and tenacious of impressions, but at the end of four years she had resumed her ordinary dress and begun once more to mingle freely in the society at her mother's house. She was more attractive than in her girlhood, and her story too was well known and created a touching interest in her youth and beauty. She had several admirers, but not until George Dana returned did she allow any one to come near her as a lover. George had, perhaps, always been fond of her: he was, at any rate, now ardently in love with her. Remembering as Agnes did poor Glendenning's jealousy of the young man in London, it was with some mental disquietude and outward struggle that she allowed herself to yield to the feeling that she could love again, and love her cousin George. However, his courtship was so far successful that she promised to marry him when she had passed the fifth anniversary of her husband's death. This date, which was to divide her old allegiance from her new, was the 20th of August, 186-. The day passed quietly in the pleasant country-house. George Dana was to come in the evening, and Agnes rose when she heard the train whistling at the bend, and said she would walk across the fields to meet her

lover. Every one smiled, and no one offered to accompany her. The family, consisting of the father and mother of Agnes, her three sisters and four of her married sister's children, all sat on the piazza waiting for Agnes and George to return to tea.

Suddenly, Mary Holt exclaimed, "If Hugh Glendenning were alive, I should say that was he;" and she pointed to a man who passed the house at a distance of some two rods, and who now at her exclamation lifted his hat and bowed.

The sight of this man created the most powerful sensation in the group, and Mr. Holt sprang to his feet and went down to the gate; but he had vanished. The likeness to Hugh Glendenning had been startling: not only his face, but his attitude and gesture and his gait, seemed to have declared that it was Hugh Glendenning himself. In another moment George Dana came running up, calling for help. He had, he said, while crossing the fields to meet Agnes, seen her in conversation with a man who looked like Hugh Glendenning, and who strode away on his approach, and when he himself reached her she had swooned away and was lying on the ground.

The trouble which now overwhelmed Agnes and her family was one of those cruel enigmatical troubles which take all freshness out of life. Agnes, when restored to consciousness, declared that while she was crossing the fields her husband had suddenly started out from behind a tree, caught her by the arm, held her tightly clutched, and said to her in a horrible tone, "Do not dare to marry that man!" and that she remembered no more until she opened her eyes and saw her mother bending over her. A frightful bruise on the tender flesh of her arm corroborated her story. The family too had all seen a man who, if not Hugh Glendenning, was his absolute likeness. George Dana was the only one who combated the truth of these ideas: he declared it to be wholly impossible that Glendenning should be alive; he himself had questioned the captain and officers on board the steamer after the suicide five years before. Everything

pointed conclusively to the belief that the unhappy man had been drowned. The steamer had been searched over and over: on the fatal day of the disappearance they had not even sighted a vessel or a boat; thus there could have been no rescue from the sea. He was dead, George declared with irresistible decision. When confronted with the fact that they had all seen Hugh or his ghost, he declared it to be a chance resemblance—that Agnes was dispirited and nervous, and when the man touched her her disordered imagination supplied the words she believed him to have spoken.

George, however, being broken-hearted at the failure of his engagement, was not to be trusted as a counsellor in such a crisis. The marriage was given up. Advertisements were put in the principal papers for a year, imploring Hugh Glendenning, if alive, to communicate with his wife and family; but not a word was heard from him. Agnes naturally suffered the cruellest form of suffering—suspense and dread and helpless and hopeless misery. Her past was embittered, present she had none, and the future was full of doubts and terrors.

Gradually, as two years, then three years, passed, every one save herself ceased to believe in the reality of the apparition which had startled them all that twentieth day of August. And at times even Agnes herself doubted the evidence of her senses. How could it be possible that Hugh was still alive when in all these past eight years he had only once disclosed himself to the sight of any of his friends? When he might come and claim her before all the world, what possible object could he have for lurking in shadow, only caring to overwhelm her when she made an effort at renewed ties?

George Dana naturally was not slow to help her in these questions and doubts: he tried, too, to inspire her with courage—that, instead of cowering helpless before vague and nameless shadows in the darkness, she should resolutely go on and meet and grasp and defy them. By this time, too, she was legally freed from

her husband, even if he were alive, according to the laws of her State: more than eight years had passed since his apparent death. Agnes was at last persuaded to end the long suspense. She suffered not only for herself, but for George, whose life she was spoiling, and finally consented to marry him privately from her sister's house in New York. Their plans were not discussed beyond the family circle: it was decided that the two should quietly walk out to the city church, and then and there be married by a strange clergyman. Thus everything unpleasant would be avoided, and before consequences were faced they would be actually met and conquered.

This plan seemed destined to bring the happiest results. The morning of the wedding-day dawned. Agnes quietly ate her breakfast: then went to her room and put on her bonnet to go out and be married. As she stood at the window drawing on her gloves a man stopped suddenly on the pavement, looked up and gave a warning gesture, then ascended the doorstep.

A moment later her sister entered the room and found her sitting down by the fire, huddling as if to warm herself. "Why, Agnes," said she, "I expected to find you all ready to start. Here is a little package which some one has just brought for you. Unless it were a secret about the wedding, I should suppose this was a present."

"There will be no wedding," said Agnes in a hopeless tone: "I have just seen Hugh again. It was he who brought that. Let me see it."

She opened the little parcel listlessly. It contained a ring, a man's wedding-ring—the very one she had given Hugh nine years before.

Agnes has never seen her husband since. Whether he is alive she does not know; whether he died that twentieth of August at sea she does not know; whether the chain of contradictory circumstances we have narrated were actual and based upon the correct hypothesis, that he himself appeared twice before her in the flesh, she does not know. George Dana, urged by her entreaties

and her prayers, finally renounced all hope of overcoming her reluctance to even think of him again after her double warning, and married. Agnes is a hopelessly - saddened, changed and melancholy woman. X.

THE TOOTH-MARKET.

AMERICANS of old families are peculiarly light, wiry and well knit. Chinese art and Egyptian monumental sculptures show that the long-continued civilizations were perpetuated by just such slight bodily frames. The hardest of our soldiers who fought that Gray Wolf, the rebellion, were slender young fellows. Redundancy is no evidence of endurance. Our sinewy outlines are a proof not of feebleness, but of refinement and vigor. There is no physical deterioration among Americans.

Nevertheless, our teeth, according to statistics, are eight times the worst in the world. This is the result of pure and unadulterated ignorance. Books, newspapers and magazines have plenty of dissertations on the care of the physique—on exercise, respiration, care of the feet, best way to walk, proper quality of clothing, treatment of the eyes, physiological arrangement of houses, and so on—but nothing is said about the teeth. Ignorance is never bliss. From lack of knowledge on this subject everywhere are seen persons whose shrivelled or distorted and expressionless mouths betray the absence of natural teeth. Columbia might be represented as a lady with false teeth. This state of things implies awful suffering. It implies premature old age, fractured and necrosed jaws, tumors, abscesses, neuralgia, tic-doloureux.

There are in the Union about sixteen thousand dentists, of whom only about two thousand are of the slightest benefit to their patients. Ignorance permits fourteen thousand men to live among us by uselessly torturing their fellow-beings. These men resemble the giants Pope and Pagan in *Pilgrim's Progress*, who sat in dens strewn with human bones waiting for unwary travellers. They are worse than Macbeth: they murder more than innocent sleep—good temper, beau-

ty, youth and health. They should write over their doors, "Cease to laugh, all ye who enter here!" for those who walk in funereal gloom with pale and anxious faces through their portals will come forth toothless or soon to be so.

The dentists who advertise false teeth at ten dollars a set practise horrible barbarisms. All the appliances of dental science do not save as many priceless organs in ten years as these miscreants sacrifice in six months with their bad tooth-fillings, tooth-pullings and filings. Notwithstanding all that has been done to stay the waste of teeth, there are as many destroyed this year as there were last, and *more* dentists. I know a woman who had twenty teeth extracted by a country dentist because they were somewhat loose, and false ones substituted. The timid and uninformed are swindled out of their teeth by mercenary wretches who persuade their patients to submit to permanent injury and lasting mutilation, when the hand of conservative skill would do them abiding good. The ignorant are persuaded that their teeth are worth about fifty cents apiece, and that it is an act of bravery to have one pulled out. To have a tooth pulled out is as monstrous as to have an eye pulled out. A good dentist will never extirpate a tooth. Were all dentists able and conscientious, there would be a panic in the tooth-market. False teeth do not supply the loss of real ones—do not restore the original contour of the face nor the ability to speak correctly and agreeably: a false tooth can be detected as far as it can be seen.

Uncleanliness is the main cause of tooth-decay. Food acidifies if left in the mouth, and there are acids and alkalies in our food and in allopathic medicines that go on the principle, You eat me and I eat you. Where the enamel is cracked by extremes of heat and cold in the food, or where the teeth have never been perfectly matured, and there are minute crevices in the enamel, then acids will penetrate to the limy interior of the teeth and destroy them, unless prevented by perfect cleanliness. If tartar accumulates on the teeth for lack of brushing,

it causes recession of the gums and loosening of the teeth. It must be removed by some sharp instrument. Dentifrices that will remove tartar will remove teeth. All liquid dentifrices devour the teeth. The white ashes of a wood-fire gently rubbed on the teeth with a small stick will remove yellow streaks. Friction of the brush, cold water and a little soap are all that are necessary to greatly improve the worst of teeth and gums.

We do not belong to the rodent species: our teeth, once broken or lost, do not grow again. Still, let all who have defective teeth hope, for their teeth may be in a measure restored. Nutrition goes on in every living structure. The crystals of the enamel are living structures. The teeth are subject to the law of waste and supply, as are other organs. Poor teeth will improve with a good diet. Tooth-ache is often followed by health of tooth and nerve. Juicy beef and mutton, eggs, oysters, milk, and the like, have good tooth-material: starch, oil and sugar have it not. The mineral element that sustains the hard portions of the teeth exists largely in the hull of grain. If our food contains plenty of this earthy matter, our teeth will not be soft and chalky, but dense and capable of resisting decay, and built up atom by atom like hard stone; and will so remain until supplies are diminished. Americans feed to animals or throw away the part of their wheat which contains the tooth-element. The teeth of a foreign peasant that have been built on black bread will break down on a diet of pork, pickles, preserves, pastry and superfine flour.

M. D.

THE AGE OF CONDENSATION.

THE Exposition at Paris has had a wonderful exhibit of potted, canned, desiccated or otherwise preserved articles of food. Among those new to most of us are dried eggs, dried apple-sauce and condensed soup. The first consists of the whites of eggs dried at a low temperature and powdered. The process, it is asserted, in no way injures the substance, and the powder is so light that a single kilogram (2.4 pounds) contains the whites

of three hundred eggs. This powder is recommended to those who *will* "settle" coffee instead of using the simple *cafetière* or coffee-pot of the French, now to be found everywhere, and which, without having a single inconvenience of any kind, makes perfect and perfectly *clear* coffee unfailingly.

Dried apples we are familiar with, but "dried apple-sauce" makes us exclaim involuntarily, "What next?" It seems, however, to be a very valuable thing, especially for use in the army, navy, arctic voyages, exploring expeditions, etc. The cakes of this apple-paste—*pâté de pommes* M. Blaveau the inventor calls it—much resemble chocolate-cakes. They are very simply prepared: the apples are cooked by steam in their own juice, passed through a fine sieve and dried in thin cakes or sheets, which are then cut up into pieces convenient for use. They will keep for years. Their delicacy of flavor depends upon the quality of the apples used and the care in preparing them. They are very nice eaten dry; and for excellent apple-sauce all you have to do is to put some of the cakes in cold water and stew them a minute or two.

The French Society of Economical Soups (La Société des Potages Économiques) exhibited soup-cakes or tablets—literally, condensed and dried *boüillon* or stock. A dozen elegant soups or gravies can be made of this substance in far less time than it would take to describe the process. An enterprising American now advertises "canned fish-balls."

Evidently, we are approaching a period when we are to have every necessity of life in a condensed form. Condensed tea, coffee, meat and milk we have long had; also compressed meat for our poultry, and, better still, compressed hay for our cattle, the last an invention of high importance, because it so reduces the cost of transportation and storage.

In France they use for fuel tablets of pressed peat ostensibly, but more generally made of stable-sweepings, it is said. Similar *mottes*, made of camel's dung, are used for cooking in Algeria and all over the oases of Sahara, for wood is too

scarce to be used for fuel. The *mottes* makes a clean, odorless, sootless and almost smokeless fire. Compressed peat in London, and indeed in all the large towns of Great Britain and Ireland, is rapidly coming into use. The cakes there are made in great blocks, while the French *mottes* are only about six inches long by four wide and two thick. On the Belfast and Northern Railway of Ireland the compressed peat has been tried with great satisfaction. The engineers report that twenty-one pounds of peat raises steam for a mile of transit, twenty-six pounds of coal being required to do the same work. They prefer it, moreover, because so clean to handle and so light compared to coal. Its cost is less than one-half that of coal. "In the manufacture of gas," says our *Scientific American*, "as compared with coal, its illuminating powers are tested and put down as 342 to 100." So the rich and practically inexhaustible bogs of Ireland promise to bring back prosperity to that country. The drying and compressing of this substance render its transportation cheap and easy, and as it is superior to wood in many respects, and less expensive, there is no apparent reason why it should not be very extensively used. A charcoal is also manufactured of the Irish peat, and the compressed cakes are in great demand for land-fertilizing.

A PAPER HOUSE.

At the Grand Paper Exposition in Berlin last year one object attracted unabated interest during the whole term: this was a house made entirely of paper, put up, according to a correspondent of the *Paper Trade Journal*, by a Philadelphia firm. Even the stove in this house was made of asbestos paper, and why the fire in it that was nicely warming the paper house did not consume the stove was a marvel to most of the visitors. The framework of the house was of American pine, but everything else entering into its composition was of paper, even to the venetian window-shutters and the elegant lace curtains. A strong, thick building-paper was first

fixed to the studding, and on this a very handsome wall-paper was pasted. The cornice was very beautiful. All the furniture—chairs, tables, etc.—was of paper properly dyed and stained. Paper vases, filled with elegant paper flowers, ornamented a table that was covered with a very elegant paper table-cover. Even the gas-chandelier was of paper. The outside door was a superb piece of work: no one would have guessed that it was of paper, or that the elegant bronzes ornamenting the room were of the same material. They had every appearance of real bronze until lifted. The carpet was another triumph of art. There were several pretty cupboards in the house, all made of the same material. The roof of the house was of asphalt paper, which has long been used for roofing. There were also at the same Exhibition paper bath-tubs, urns, wash-basins, floor-cloths, belting, jewelry, etc.—all American goods. One article is not mentioned—paper umbrellas—yet the Chinese have used them for centuries of course: everything is centuries old in China. It would be a desideratum to have paper umbrellas, because, being cheap, we could afford to indulge them in their passion of *keeping lent*.

JAPANESE PYROTECHNY.

IT seems that our "fireworks," though magnificent, do not compare with those of the Chinese and Japanese except in mechanical arrangement. They send up their explosive packages at right angles to the horizon by means of mortars set in the ground. These are of all sizes, from a foot or eighteen inches to seven feet in length. The ordinary range for the higher rockets is twelve hundred yards, augmented somewhat by affixing wings to the missile. The missiles are spherical, but more generally cylindrical in form. The bursting-charge is contained in a globe at the bottom of the cylinder. Suppose one of these about to be discharged. "A mortar of suitable

bore is sponged out, a charge of powder is dropped into the muzzle, a quick fuze is put into the touch-hole. If you have looked closely at the projectile, you have seen at the flat extremity two little loops of twine, the object of which may have puzzled you. It is now apparent. The operator passes through them from side to side a piece of stout cord, with the aid of which he lets the cylinder down carefully till it touches the charge, and then withdraws the cord." The fuze is now lighted, and the contents of the mortar are hurled straight upward. Now, the lower end of the rocket, that containing the bursting-charge, is weighted: consequently, it turns, by a well-known law, heavy end up, as soon as it leaves the mortar. But the fuze is burning on this now upper end, and "the explosion or explosions take place *upward*," the wisdom of which arrangement will be at once apparent.

Japanese night-fireworks are of two kinds—ground displays and rockets. Day-fireworks, which are very popular, are wholly of the latter kind, as "effect can only be produced by them in the air and at a distance; and as many of them consist of more or less sombre imagery traced in smoke or cloud, a clear blue sky is the best background for their disclosure." There is practically no limit to the "surprises" that may be unfolded from one rocket except the time of descent; and this time may be very greatly extended by certain devices. For example, a large dragon of silk in brilliant colors will have holes artfully pierced here and there to allow the air to pass through, and tiny leaden weights in certain places, so that the dragon, emerging a mere mass from the rocket, will soon develop head, legs, claws and a huge tail, making a hideous monster, writhing and turning and contorting himself as he descends. These, with flags, kites, fans, umbrellas, screens, pictures, ships, are the common objects evolved from the mortar-projected missiles. M. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Signor Monaldini's Niece. (No-Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is not so much a novel as a romance. The first thing which charms us in the book is that it removes us at once from our daily life, American or English; and it not only carries us amid distant scenes and foreign people, but out of the circle of those commonplace characters, circumstances, sentiments and emotions to delineate which faithfully appears to be the highest aim of most modern story-tellers. The reader must not bring to its perusal the disposition of mind in which one takes up a book of Mr. Trollope's, nor yet the expectations with which one begins a new story by Mr. Howells or Mr. James. The tale opens well with an account of the principal scene of action—the Palace of the Naiad. "The history of the Palace of the Naiad is very like that of the Prodigal Son," and its origin, heyday, degradation and rehabilitation are related in a few lively pages which bring several pictures of Roman life before us. There is in this description, and throughout the book, not good word-painting alone, but the impression of that which constitutes the power or charm of a face, a locality, an inanimate object, a time of the day or night—that characteristic look, whether habitual or fugitive, which every true artist endeavors to seize. "Below, on the street, was everything which makes Rome—the splendor, the misery, the strength and terror of earth and rock and gold. Here, in the air, was all which occupies the poetic soul—the unveiled glories of the skies from rim to rim, a view of the grandest physical achievements of the world, and a silence which was scarcely broken save when two *campanili* in the vicinity beat the air to a foam of sound with the ringing of their bells, and sent their little birds out in rustling and twittering clouds to circle about till silence should allow them to settle into their lofty nests again."

The peculiar and exquisite sense of freedom, nearness to the sky, lightness, which belongs to high places, hilltops, towers, safe porticos on lofty roofs; the participation in a life above the life of earth, yet mortal too; the more ethereal portion of terrestrial exist-

ence—the flight of birds, the sound of church-bells at one's own level, the first and last beams of sun and moon, the stooping of the clouds, the untainted upper breezes, the crests of trees, the softened chorus of the world's voice, the rarefied incense of her purer, lighter perfumes,—the combined effect of all these is given more than once truthfully and beautifully. The rapid flight and whirl of the landscape from the window of a railway carriage is most originally treated: "'She is better where she is,' he muttered as he watched the city of St. Francis swing round behind a mountain. . . . It was afternoon, and the sun seemed running a race with them round the horizon. Now its golden wheel whirled through a mountain-gap and disappeared behind the near precipice. 'It has set,' Camilla would say to herself; and almost with the thought out it would burst again, dazzling with joy and power, to hide itself afresh behind another rocky screen. Shadows, long lurking in the valleys, rolled up the heights and beat upon the parapets of gold on their topmost edges. At length the sun rushed against a perpendicular cliff, seemed to splinter itself there into a million arrows of fire, and disappeared to be seen no more: then the stars came out, the mountains melted like noise dying into silence, and the Campagna lay about them, low, rolling and black under the night."

It is natural to linger over the descriptions even at the outset, for, although this is not one of those tiresome books in which the actors seem to have been put in merely to enliven the scenery, like a landscape-painter's figures, they bear the same relation to the personages and events of the story as the scenes of a theatre do in a well-presented play. The story is of Camilla, a beautiful orphan girl who lives in the family of her uncle, Signor Monaldini, very rich people, distinctly of the middle class—a distinction which is very clear in a country where even the difference between high rank and long descent is so well remembered. Camilla's mother, Signor Monaldini's sister, ran away with a Spanish painter of good birth who lived in Paris: both families were estranged by the marriage, but

when the offenders died Signor Monaldini brought home their only child, a girl of twenty, to live with him in Rome. We are led to infer that she is twenty-two or -three when she appears as the heroine of the story. Her unusual style of beauty—tall, dark, yet goddess-like—as well as her pure, proud, enthusiastic nature, is made living to us without minute analysis or laborious detail. After our first glimpse of her we are certain to recognize her again. When we have been told that she "was of an exalted temperament, sensitive to sublime ideas and capable of sublime actions, . . . welcomed with joyful relief anything which suggested high thoughts and any person who seemed to her possessed of a noble nature, and gladly forgot all that was offensive in her daily life," and that she had an "ardent whiteness of soul,"—when we have heard her scornfully repel the worldly counsels and base insinuations of the people among whom she is thrown, and welcome the sacrifice of material well-being for the sake of freedom and self-respect,—we know the sort of young girl the author wishes to place before us. She has an ideal, but by no means an impossible, nature; for, whether she is meant so to appear or not, she has the self-will and self-absorption of youth in a high degree. Her whole thought is about herself, her liberty, her happiness, her preferences: she does not try to content herself in the not unpleasant home where her lot is cast, nor to attach herself to the not unkindly or unattractive people whom she finds there. Interesting, noble, high-strung as she is, she is rather too haughty and huffy to her uncle, who gives her such pretty clothes and wishes her to marry well, as if she were his own daughter. The picture of the Monaldini family, prosperous, handsome, fleshy, débonnaire, scheming, without aspirations, but amiable and affectionate, is a pleasing exhibition of human nature on its lower planes. The chief difficulty with Camilla arises from their desire that she shall accept some of the numerous good offers which result from her beauty and the generous dower her uncle is known to have promised her. She will not marry without love, and she cannot love any of her suitors. She is subjected to a gentle persecution, the torture of the perpetual drop, but not to harshness or tyranny, and there is temper as well as spirit in her way of resenting it. Camilla,

as we have said, is not an impossible being, but for an Italian, Spanish or French girl she is a very improbable one. She must have heard all her life exactly the same notions about young ladies walking in the street alone and having asides with gentlemen as those which offend her so much in her uncle's household: her determination to break away and support herself is not in accordance with the education she must have received. The suspicion and spying which might have driven an English or American girl into rebellion were no more than she was already inured to, as neither France, Spain nor Italy knows any other code. She is also too much of a princess for her beginnings and belongings: there is nothing to account for her superiority to her mother's family nor the unconsciousness with which she adopts a luxury to which she had never been accustomed. Her independence of mind and character is American or English: perhaps her impassioned nature and the simplicity with which she speaks of her love spring from a different race from ours.

Love does not tarry long in coming to a creature so formed for it, and, as may be supposed, its course does not run smooth. The incidents and catastrophes of the latter part of the story are more than romantic—they are madly melodramatic; yet one has been gradually worked up to them, and they are not so startling in their order as considered separately. But such violent measures are fatal to verisimilitude: one begins the story with an agreeable sense of rolling away from the ruts of the beaten track—one ends it with as much sense of comfort and reality as one might have in alighting from a chariot drawn by fiery dragons.

The book has many merits besides those named. There are passages which show knowledge of the human heart in its inner recesses. There is a good conversation in the third chapter, in which one woman who knows another to be untruthful tries to guard against her subsequent misrepresentation, conscious the whole time of the futility of the precautions. But this episode of Mrs. Brandon and Miss Conroy is superfluous as well as disagreeable and distressing: it seems like raw material for another story hastily thrust into this. The declaration of one suitor revealing to Camilla her love for another is a natural stroke, and so is the following passage: "Her temptation grew

weaker with the presence of him who caused it. She had the delicate shrinking of a woman who has never had an accepted lover; and while she could stretch her arms out to him afar off, she shrank from him when near." This delicacy of Camilla's is conveyed by more than one exquisite trait. She has had a little quarrel with an older friend, and wishes to make it up: "She arranged the light as she knew madame liked it: then she stepped behind her, laid her two fair hands on the silvery hair and drew them softly down till they touched the lady's cheeks. Madame had often said that Camilla kissed with her hands. 'I am sorry to give you pain, for you have been very kind to me,' she said, and was gone before another word could be spoken." But the finest bit of psychology in the book is the following: "By some strange association, Camilla's own affection, so lofty and pure in her eyes but a minute before, felt a shadow fall over it at this avowal. If some exceptions prove the rule, too many undo it. Her position was no longer unique. It was as though, walking with reverent steps over the yet untrodden snow, and seeing only her own white footprints, which left no stain, she should all at once be conscious of a crowd pressing on behind her. The snow was no longer white. It would soon be defiled, and fouler to walk upon than the mud itself."

Madame von Kleuze is capital: she is not an absolutely new or original conception, but she is extremely well drawn and consistently maintained. Anybody who knows Roman society can recall more than one such figure. The men in the book are feebly expressed. The Monsignore is well sketched, but a mere outline; Carlisle is colorless, San Claudio a stage-villain, His Excellency too Olympian, although he not unfrequently makes that short step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Signor Monaldini is the best male personage, and he is a type rather than an individual. There are delightful passages of mere padding, such as the peculations of the servants, and the account of the Umbrian peasant-life by Sor Angelica of Assisi. The social strategy of the Monaldini family, if contemptible, is amusing: they grovel in graceful, spirited attitudes. The comprehension of Italian character and its captivating ways and figurative phraseology is excellent: "Yellow jasmine betrays one so,"

says the Signora Nina, and relates how all the flowers dropped off and left her with a bunch of stems when she was going to an audience of the pope's.

Yet there are some strange flaws and slips in a description of the Roman middle class which shows such a familiarity with its modes of existence and thought. If the Monaldinis were "good, even high, livers," they were exceptions to their class and nation; and where, oh where, in Assisi is the woman to be found who supplies travellers with "a delicious meal"? A handsome, rich Italian woman of noble birth would hardly marry into such a family as the Monaldini, for she would be a prize for a prince. Again, it is incredible that a young girl should be allowed to ride to Frascati with no other escort than a handsome cousin-in-law who is more than suspected of being in love with her. There is too much upholstery, although it is very pretty, and it is in far too good taste for Italy: the interiors give no idea of any Roman interior except in an English or American home, at least previous to 1874. These are trifles of no moment as regards the story, but they are defects in a picture of life and manners.

The style of the book, although on the whole simple and agreeable, is occasionally overloaded and far-fetched: "The air was like a blue wine beaded with fire;" Camilla's ring of blue enamel set with diamonds is "like a blue eye full of tears;" the comparison of a planet to "a bright bubble newly blown from the mouth of God" is a real blot. There are a few, a very few, inaccuracies and inelegances, a confusion of *shall* and *will*, "subtile" always used for *subtle*, "deceptive" where *deceitful* is meant. "She belongs in the *appartamento nobile*" is unworthy of the superb Don Filippo, and there are three or four more similar *misères*, as the French would call them. The great interest, talent and beauty of the story entitle it to severe criticism. Of the many novels which have been written about Rome few deserve to be remembered: at this moment we can recall only *Corinne*, *The Improvisatore*, *The Marble Faun*, *Mademoiselle Mori*. *Signor Monaldini's Niece* comes near deserving a place in the list.

Records of a Girlhood. By Frances Ann Kemble. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The records of the few years which comprise this unique girlhood bring together a

fund of anecdote, an array of distinguished names and an abundance of interest such as few long careers, however brilliant, have furnished to their biographers. Mrs. Kemble's disposition of this wealth of material is an excellent one, although appearing, at first sight, rather to lack plan, the sequence of her narrative is so buried in digressions and glimpses before and after. The introduction, in due course of events, of any noteworthy person is immediately followed by a *résumé* of the writer's intercourse with him, taking us forward perhaps half a century: then we go back to our path, to leave it again as some anecdote is recollected, which itself may call forth another. The book is a delightful one to pick up at any time and open at random; and what reader does not find the books which serve this purpose prime favorites in his library, affording as they do a literary pleasure analogous to the social one of a cheerful, inspiring *causerie*? And, pleasantly informal as the arrangement of the book is, its style is never caught in undress. From the girl's letters and diaries to the *old woman's gossip* it keeps its clearness and vigor, together with a certain old-fashioned stateliness which, combined as it is with a striking freedom and frankness, has a distinct charm.

No introduction being necessary in the case of the Kembles, the writer begins her autobiography with an account of her mother's family and early life. Maria Theresa Decamp, the daughter of a French officer who emigrated to London to find himself reduced to poverty, was, as a child, an actress in a French troupe of liliputians, the favorite of the troupe and the pet of fashionable ladies. She grew to be a highly-gifted woman, from whom Mrs. Kemble believes herself to have inherited much of her own talent. Seldom, however, has talent been so largely accounted for. Sources were not lacking, direct or indirect, from which it might, with some reason, have been deduced, and its absence would have been far more phenomenal than its presence in an heiress to the Kemble wealth. She herself speaks slightly of her dramatic powers, and appears anxious to impress the reader with a sense of their shortcomings, together with an idea that going on the stage was with her an accidental matter, even partaking a little of amateurishness. But were her fascinating records a new work of fiction, the reader would find himself fully prepared for this event by all that precedes it.

Everything pointed to the stage as a career for Fanny Kemble—the physical qualifications of fine eyes and a magnificent voice, hereditary talents, family connections and early association, even to a tinge in her blood of the dramatic nature which accompanies the dramatic gift of the Kembles—everything but inclination, which, of all the desirable attributes of an actress, is the least needful, and is moreover as apt as not to be found where all others are wanting.

Her first dramatic lessons were given by Charles Young, who amused himself in the Kemble nursery by making the little Fanny fold her baby arms and “with a portentous frown, which puckered up my mouth even more than my eyebrows, receive from him certain awfully unintelligible passages from *Macbeth*; replying to them, with a lisp that must have greatly heightened the tragic effect of this terrible dialogue, ‘*My handth are of oo tolor.*’” Some years later, when she had made her *début*, and was acting Shakespeare on the same stage as Charles Young, she found an adviser in Sir Thomas Lawrence, who used to sit in the stage-box every night of her performances, and send her in the morning a letter full of minute criticism and suggestion, and whom she distinguishes as the only unprofessional person she ever met whose critical opinion on the subject appeared to her of any worth. The whole story of Lawrence's connection with the family is highly curious and amusing—his admiration for Mrs. Siddons, his successive engagements to her two daughters, and his semi-paternal interest in the writer of this book, which she intimates might have ended in her being added to the list of his victims had not his sudden death put an end to their intercourse. He was, in short, one of those men of eccentric heart whose most tragic love-affairs are provocative of mirth to the world.

The book, as we have already intimated, is rich in material of a kind not suggested by the title. Its dramatic and musical gossip and criticisms would entitle it to a place beside the *Diaries and Correspondence* of Moscheles, if its other claims did not place it in a higher category. Several of the notabilities that figured in the records of the composer are here presented anew, some of them more fully and more vividly. Malibran and Sontag, for example, are the subjects of a keenly appreciative notice illustrated by interesting

details, in which, by the way, we regret to find such a glaring misprint as "*Rhodes Air*." Of Mrs. Inchbald, that mediocre actress, admirable writer and lovely woman, Mrs. Kemble has preserved a few delicious little anecdotes from her mother's recollections. Mrs. Inchbald stuttered in her conversation, though not in acting. "An aristocratic neighbor of hers, with whom she was slightly acquainted, driving with his daughter in the vicinity of her very humble suburban residence, overtook her walking along the road one very hot day, and, stopping his carriage, asked her to let him have the pleasure of taking her home; when she instantly declined, with the characteristic excuse that she had just come from the market-gardener's, 'And, my lord, I—I—I have my pocket f—f—full of onions.' Somebody speaking of having oysters for supper, much surprise was excited by Mrs. Inchbald's saying that she had never eaten one. Questions and remonstrances, exclamations of astonishment and earnest advice to enlarge her experience in that respect, assailed her from the whole green-room, when she finally delivered herself thus: 'Oh no, indeed! I—I—I—I never, never could! What! e—e—e—eat the eyes and t—t—t—the nose, the teeth a—a—a—and the toes, the a—a—a—all of a creature!' She was an enthusiastic admirer of John Philip Kemble. She and Miss Mellon were one night in the green-room, "laughingly discussing their male friends and acquaintances from the matrimonial point of view. My uncle John, who was standing near excessively amused, at length jestingly said to Mrs. Inchbald, who had been comically energetic in her declarations of who [*sic*] she could or would, or never could or would, have married, 'Well, Mrs. Inchbald, would you have had me?' 'Dear heart!' said the stammering beauty, turning her sweet sunny face up to him, 'I'd have j—j—j—jumped at you!'"

A considerable portion of these *Records* is occupied by letters written to an intimate friend with whom the writer maintained a close correspondence from the beginning of their friendship; that is, for more than forty years. These letters have their *longueurs*, being apt at times to become a little didactic—a common trait in the correspondence of very young and very clever persons; and, in spite of their remarkable maturity of expression and thought, the letters are those of a young girl full of youthful enthusiasm, fresh resolutions

and high spirits. A characteristic bit of enthusiasm is shown in her devotion to her cousin, Mrs. Harry Siddons—a devotion which exhibited itself by decking its object every evening with sprigs of myrtle (to be carefully preserved after the idol had worn them), and by wearing a sash which she had let fall for a long period, regardless of its effect upon her own costume. The self-revelation which is the essence of autobiography is made in these pages with a directness and sincerity that have no tinge of offensive egotism. The tone is thoroughly healthy, and, while it arouses sympathy, commands always a cordial respect.

Books Received.

Who Found Jamie? By Helen W. Ludlow.—*Preventable Diseases.* By Mrs. M. F. Armstrong.—*Duty of Teachers.* By E. W. Collingwood.—*A Haunted House.* By Mrs. M. F. Armstrong.—*The Health-Laws of Moses.* By Helen W. Ludlow. (Hampton Tracts for the People.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Last Days of Pompeii. By Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton).—*Jane Eyre.* By Charlotte Brontë.—*Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier.* By "Maori."—*Through Asiatic Turkey.* By Grattan Geary. (Franklin Square Library.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

Bryant among his Countrymen: The Poet, The Patriot, The Man. An Oration before the Goethe Club. By Samuel Osgood, D. D., LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Primer of Spanish Literature. By Helen S. Conant.—*The Vicar of Wakefield.* By Oliver Goldsmith. (Half-Hour Series.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

Soldier and Pioneer: A Biographical Sketch of Lt.-Col. Richard C. Anderson. By E. L. Anderson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

As it may Happen: A Story of American Life and Character. By Trebor. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

The Bride of Gettysburg: An Episode of 1863. In Three Parts. By J. D. Hylton. Palmyra, New Jersey.

Captain Nelson. By Samuel Adams Drake. (Library of American Fiction.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

Samuel Johnson: His Words and His Ways. Edited by E. T. Mason. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mrs. Merriam's Scholars. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers.